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SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE I.—REGENT-STREET.

THE buildings that compose so much of the line of the New Street as is contained between Oxford-street and the Quadrant, comprise great variety of character, as well as gradations of merit. The annexed engraving, which represents the portion of it commencing a short distance from New Burlington-street, and viewed southward, is not without its fair claim to distinction. The assemblage of houses on the right of the picture is unique in richness of embellishment for street-building, particularly as it is devoted to purposes of trade, and its basement wholly occupied as shops. The style is Italian, which is the diminutive of Roman architecture; it admits a greater latitude of playfulness in disposition, and is better suited to the purposes required, than its more stately and severe original. This line of building has a very imposing effect as the street is entered from the Quadrant, particularly when it receives the light of the sun boldly on its surface, towards which its aspect is admirably situated, and disposed to project agreeable shadows. This quality of picturesqueness is not unusual in the New Street; indeed it claims great approbation on account of it.

It has, however, been questioned, and perhaps not without reason, if such high architectural embellishment for mere purposes of shops and trade be not carried beyond its legitimate bounds, so far as to trespass on the property of dignified public buildings.

To say that this has not been done would not be true, and to discuss this departure from the correct line of critical observance may not be too fastidious, perhaps, at this moment, when something remains to be done in the New Street, and a great deal is on the eve of being done in other parts of the

metropolis. To exemplify the justness of the remark, the man of taste need only pass through the [illegible] and he will not fail to be impressed with the conviction, that too much use has been made of columns; that they have been introduced unnecessarily; and that this commanding feature of architecture is often prostituted there, to mean and ineffective purposes.

Columns should be sacred in architecture, and introduced only in situations worthy of them. The ancients felt this, and protected them from familiar use, dedicating them to their temples and to stately edifices. If such free employment be permitted, and that to every purpose of mere decoration, instead of to actual support, and this too to common buildings and to common shops, to what shall the architect resort for the component parts of dignified buildings, cathedrals, churches, and palaces? Surely the profuse use of them, of all sizes and in all places, will eventually produce satiety and disgust. Rather let us confine the use of columns to public and dignified buildings, at least within the metropolis and other cities, where only the offence can appear with very great force, because more subject to the results of comparison; and call on the powers of the artist to fulfil the purposes of his art without their aid. To supply the deficiency of columns in common buildings is greatly within the power of an architect, if he be a man of genius. In this case, plagiarism would be defeated, for the refuge of the unskilful would be withheld from them: they know little or nothing of the art of design who use it, and many of them cannot comprehend that a building, in a fine style of architecture, can exist, unless columns are its chief and leading feature.

It is a mistaken notion that nothing is architectural unless composed with columns of some one or more of the *orders:* whereas every thing is architectural that is designed on the principles of that art, and which is good or bad according to the degree of perfection with which those principles are brought into action and illustrated in the work.

The absurdity of expecting a fine work of architecture to be the result of the mere employment of the orders, is admirably shewn in the court-yard elevation of the schools at Oxford. There the whole of the five orders are piled one upon the other, in due course, and according to established rule; but although all the most elevated materials of art are there, it exhibits the strongest proof that they are of no avail, if the more requisite qualities of architecture are absent.

Imagination, proportion, propriety, and feeling are not to be found in this structure, and it stands a proof of the position here advanced — and the worst, not altogether modern, work in Oxford. In fact, it is not necessary to enter into detail to shew, that all in the New Street is not pure architecture; that plagiarism has sometimes superseded genuine design; and that in several instances columns are only used for the same reason that some plain women wear more showy ornaments than the beauty, because

they are substitutes for it, and hide defects.

Although great simplicity in architecture is certainly a suspicious virtue, yet no axiom can be more true, than that all which is introduced into a work of taste that ought, with propriety, to be done without, is not adding to its excellence, but is destroying its perfection. ———

The letter of *Amicus*, mentioned in the notices to correspondents in the last *Repository*, contains some acknowledgment, why himself, and perhaps the public, have so long failed to study the beauties of architecture, as they have the sister arts of painting and sculpture. The fact is, both have erred in "not distinguishing architecture as a fine art, subject to all its laws, and those of fitness and sound judgment; but have rather considered it as a mechanical operation, in which the mere builder is fully competent to all its duties."

"I have looked into Johnson," says our inquiring friend, "and find the word *architect* explained —a professor of the art of building *(Wotton)*—a builder *(Milton)*. You, sir, seem to think," he continues, "that they admit a distinctive difference: if it exists, you will oblige me, and serve your object, by shewing it." For this purpose competent authorities have been consulted, and *Amicus* is welcome to the result.

Architecture, in the sense in question, is both an art and a science, or rather is a science over which art presides. Its works, unlike to those of the sculptor and the painter, are so extensive and ponderous, as to require many workmen to execute and raise; and the knowledge required exhibits so vast and extensive a field of research, as necessarily to make an adequate attainment in all extremely difficult. The term is originally from the Greek, signifying the *chief workman:* to him, in Greece, the design was intrusted, and the executive parts were performed by others under his inspection. He was an artist of the first class, skilled in design and sculpture, and probably in painting, as many Greek works of architecture exhibit evidences of its application as accessory to their completion. The fine works of Greece were only confided to such architects, and the result is, that, after the lapse of two thousand years, they yet command the admiration of mankind.

Such should be the architect; endowed with a capacious grasp of mind, full of imagination, extensively versed in art and science, firm, yet conciliatory in manners, and practically an artist. Not so the builder: the demand upon his time in the execution of the works is ample for all that he can bestow upon them; the purchase and arrangement of materials, the government of numerous work-people, the financial cares and his calculations in matters which involve either profit or loss, fill up every moment of his leisure, and leave him no time to devote to the depths of study and the theories of art.

Thus it will appear that architecture, in the proper sense of the word, is "less dependent on physical than intellectual skill;" and that the architect is he only who is absolutely an artist in his profes-

sion; and that the builder's duties belong to the execution alone.

Milton's use of the term *architect*, as quoted by Johnson, is figurative, and implies creative power in its highest signification. It would indeed have partaken of the bathos if it had held none higher than those of the bricklayer or mason; and Wotton, himself an artist and professor, defines the architect to be "a professor of the *art* of building," as he would have defined the builder, "a professor of the *science* of building."

Perhaps an extended review of the qualifications of an architect would have afforded a more satisfactory reply to *Amicus*, but the space for each article being limited, it must necessarily be deferred to a future Number; and, on the same account, the proposed information on the subject of lighting and pavements must be withheld; with the information, however, that although an experiment of street-pavement has been made in the New Street with large and channeled granite stones, nothing of the kind on the principle of compound arches has been adopted. If the party be interested in that question, he is referred to Mr. Nash the architect.

*** In No. LXXVIII. p. 312, l. 3, for *North-street* read *Norton-street*.

MISCELLANIES.

THE FAIR POLICE-AGENT:

A TRUE STORY.

The devil, it is well known, has a peculiar taste in music. He is not fond of melodious instruments, but the harshest discords of the rudest machines are to him the most exquisite harmony. This saying, like many others, is pregnant with sound sense: for it is verified by every terrestrial devil, by every tyrant. Sowing the seed of discord among the possessors of thrones, he contrives to produce thereby a disharmony, which to him is the sweetest music. Examples of this kind are furnished by the history of all ages, and are not wanting in that of late years.

The sun of the late tyrant of the west was just at the zenith, when a small cloud arose, and threatened to obscure it. This was Mr. O. a native of Holland, who, though in a private station, was more profoundly initiated into the political relations of his time than many a statesman by profession, and recorded his views on this subject in a manuscript destined for publication at some future period. In a tour through Germany, he became acquainted with a French emissary resident at the city of D. with whom, not knowing him to be such, he soon found himself on friendly terms. The sentiments of this well-bred and accomplished man seemed to coincide so exactly with his own, that, turning a deaf ear to the caution of his tutelary spirit, he read to him several passages of his manuscript. The faithful delineation of the then state of af-

fairs, the luminous analysis of the political interests of Europe in general, and of each monarch in particular; the able exposition of the means of counteracting the ruinous plans of the tyrant, and the energetic language which pervaded the whole of these passages, threw the servile hearer into such embarrassment, that during the reading of them he several times changed colour. In vain did he strive to compose himself; his agitation was observed by the reader, who, divining the cause, broke off, and turned the conversation to subjects not of a political nature. To no purpose did the emissary, after he had recovered his serenity over a glass of wine, endeavour to revert to politics, to which O. waved all farther allusion. Nor was he more successful when, with the most unbounded praises of the fragments which he had heard, he sought to coax the writer into a communication of the whole. The spell was dissolved: notwithstanding the speciousness of the traitor's behaviour, O.'s suspicions were thoroughly awakened, and he determined to be on his guard.

Exasperated at the return of his prey, when it was decoyed half way into his snares, the emissary now resolved to drive it into them by force. He denounced the writer and his work to the French ambassador at D. who, however, durst not recur to violence in a friendly country, but contented himself with dispatching a speedy report of the matter to the French minister of police. Thus twelve days or a fortnight elapsed, and O. had abundant time to make farther inquiry concerning his suspected friend. The information he gained was not calculated to allay his apprehensions: nay, a hint from an unknown hand advised him to destroy his manuscript, to change his name, and to quit D. without delay. When, therefore, after an interval of twelve days, a secret order for his arrest arrived from the minister of police, he was gone, and not a trace either of himself or his work was to be found.

All the arts employed by the police for his apprehension proved ineffectual: it seemed as though he had sunk into the earth. The emissary was rewarded for his negligence by dismission from his honourable office and a severe reprimand; and thus the whole affair would have been attended with no farther consequences, had not the unfortunate O. a second time disregarding the admonitions of prudence, rushed of his own accord into destruction. The plan of his literary tour led him into the very den of the enraged lion. He thought, however, that he might venture to visit the French capital under the disguise of an assumed name, especially as he had no longer any part of the obnoxious manuscript in his possession. At first every thing went on according to his wishes: not a creature, excepting his few acquaintance, seemed to notice him, and he took good care not to betray his sentiments and opinions. Keeping his literary plans steadfastly in view, he seemed to concern himself about nothing else, and hastened to accomplish them as speedily as possible. He had nearly finished his business, and was beginning to think of his departure, when the

demon which had once before crossed his path again interposed.

Passing along the street late in the evening, two days before that fixed for his departure, he was met by a person who seemed to be much struck with the sight of him, but whom in the dark he did not recognise. In the middle of the night, however, the same figure made its appearance, and a commissary of police, accompanied by guards, ordered him to rise from his bed without noise, and follow him. O. now discovered in the unknown figure the emissary from D. and a presentiment of his fate darted through his soul.

On his arrival in one of the infamous subterranean dungeons, he immediately perceived that he was discovered, and what course the affair was likely to take: for these places were destined only for the most heinous and the most dangerous offenders. The very next day he was summoned to a secret examination, and confronted with his accuser. To no purpose did he deny his real name and his residence at D. in a few weeks such convincing proofs were adduced as compelled him to acknowledge the truth. Inquiry was next made for his work, which had been sought for in vain among his papers. He replied that he had destroyed it, which was really the fact. His persecutors naturally disbelieved him; he was put to the torture, but he had nothing to confess, and soon fell a victim to that atrocious despotism, which strove by all the means at its command to stifle every expression of independent opinion.

The death of the unfortunate writer, however, did not put an end to the inquiry after his work. The heads of the police were satisfied that it was still in existence, and set all their engines to work to discover the author's connections. The result was, that the last place at which he resided before his journey to Paris, was with his most intimate friend at Prague, in Bohemia. Here, then, it was concluded he must have left the dangerous manuscript. But how were they to get at it? In an independent state force was not to be used, and all other means were the more difficult, inasmuch as the friend of the deceased lived in profound seclusion at his country-seat near Prague. To the French police of that time, however, nothing was impossible, and it contrived a method of gaining access to the friend of its unfortunate victim.

Ferdinand von L. was a young and wealthy private gentleman of Prague. He had visited at an early age the most remarkable countries of Europe, and in one of these tours had become acquainted with O. in Holland. Long and familiar intercourse had knitted a bond of friendship between them; and neither had in the sequel any secret from the other. Nearly as they resembled one another in their talents and the desire of intellectual improvement, so much did they differ in their dispositions and propensities. O. felt an irresistible impulse to investigate the history of mankind, and to analyze its social relations; while his friend was a passionate lover of nature, of which his numerous journeys had but increased his admiration. On his return to his native city, he

had settled in a romantic valley in the environs, and lived in tranquil retirement to the Muses and the Graces; for his heart was far more susceptible in regard to animate than inanimate nature; and he soon selected a distinguished beauty for the partner of his life. In her society, blest with two lovely children, he spent four happy years, when the birth of a third infant deprived him of his beloved wife: despairing of ever being able to supply her place, he withdrew into profound solitude, devoting himself to his children and the sciences. A *penchant* for the fair sex was by no means extinguished in his heart, but it was under the control of a taste which was not satisfied with any of the females whom he was in the habit of seeing. An inward voice nevertheless bade him hope, and urged him to pay occasional visits to the capital, where he attended plays, balls, and concerts; but among all the brilliant figures he there met with, none came up to the model which he had formed in his own mind. It is probable, however, that his passion for the living beauties of nature expressed itself loudly enough to be heard by the watchful French police, and on this vulnerable point of his heart it built a plan for getting at him and his secret.

About a year after the execution of O. at Paris, a lady, far surpassing in beauty and grace the most lovely and elegant females of the capital, made her appearance in Ferdinand's neighbourhood. Rumour described her as a Frenchwoman, who, from political motives, had retired to Bohemia with immense property, and purchased an estate in that romantic part of the country. She resided in one of the most magnificent mansions in the environs of Prague, and seemed to have no desire to enter into any social intercourse with that capital. All the overtures made to this effect by its principal inhabitants proved unsuccessful, and the fair stranger seemed determined to retain the veil of mystery which enveloped her. Her establishment was splendid but not numerous, and was entirely composed of elderly persons. With one of these, an experienced huntsman, she frequently took the diversion of the chase in the forest belonging to her domain; and this was the only amusement by which she seemed disposed to break the uniformity of her life. Ferdinand frequently saw her ride by, and the elegance and gracefulness of the Amazon never failed to draw him to the window at the hour when she was accustomed to pass. The mystery in which she wrapped herself had also attractions for him, and he would soon have been puzzled to tell whether sympathy or curiosity drew him most powerfully to her. She occasionally eyed him with a haughty air, and seemed to notice him no farther. This piqued his vanity not a little; he was bent on extorting her notice, and every failure only served to confirm him in his purpose.

One fine September evening he was returning home from a visit to the city. He ordered his coachman to drive fast, for it was just the hour at which the fair huntress was accustomed to pass. And behold, she actually came along, not riding, but on foot, limping, and

leading her snorting English hunter by the bridle. Under such circumstances Ferdinand felt that he ought not to pass her in silence. He instantly desired the coachman to stop, sprung out of the carriage, and eagerly inquired concerning the state of the goddess of the chase, who seemed to have received some injury. She related with more than stoic indifference that her four-footed favourite had taken fright, run away, and been rude enough to throw her: having sprained her left ancle, she had not been able to mount again without assistance, her attendant having been left behind in consequence of her forced march, and she was therefore necessitated to lay the gentleman's gallantry under contribution for this assistance. With these words she patted the neck of her favourite with a benignity which almost made the envious Ferdinand forget the duty of the moment. His officious servant reminded him of it, and they lifted their lovely burden as carefully as possible into the carriage; the rude hunter was tied behind it, and the coachman, by his master's command, drove on at a slow pace.

Thus then was Ferdinand all at once seated by the side of a woman whose acquaintance he had so long sought in vain—a favour of chance which he both rejoiced at and deplored, as he was the only gainer, while she, whose presence made him so happy, was manifestly and doubly a loser. This torrent of gallantry, poured forth in the French language, seemed to make but little impression on the fair stranger: she remained the same as usual, excepting that the carriage and the pain from her ancle softened down the Juno into one of the Graces, and emboldened the timid Ferdinand to prefer a request that he might next day be permitted to inquire how she did—a request which, after the obligation conferred by him, could not well be refused.

By eleven o'clock on the morrow, our friend, dressed as elegantly as possible, set out for the mansion of the Countess d'Argenteuil, for so she had the preceding day styled herself. He found her still in pain, and extended on a sofa, and was, if possible, still more struck than at the first sight of her. Stripped of the military costume, feminine grace and loveliness had taken possession of her whole frame, and spoke expressively in the milder tone of her voice and gestures. Her figure had lost nothing in *contour*, but gained exceedingly in point of interest: her dress both hid and revealed more than that of the day before, and her glowing cheek seemed to share with her visitor the effect of this discovery. She slowly raised her eyes, and a slight movement of her hand towards a chair assigned him his place opposite to her. He was too confused to be able for some time to speak. With truly French politeness she anticipated him, declaring herself doubly indebted to him for his assistance on the preceding day, and his kind visit on that. This compliment unbound his tongue, and he expatiated on the happiness he had found, and should continue to experience from this sort of debt, if her favour would allow him occasionally to refresh his memory by the contem-

plation of her charms. She, however, declined in such flattering terms any *tête-à-tête* with so amiable a man, which might be injurious to her reputation, that he knew not whether to rejoice or to be vexed at this denial. He begged permission to attend her sometimes in her hunting excursions, which she granted, after a moment's consideration.

(To be concluded in our next.)

PROMENADE OF LONGCHAMPS.

"Why, what in the name of wonder are you doing poking here?" said my friend Bonfront, as he unceremoniously entered my apartment last Good Friday morning: "don't you know that every body, that is every body of any consequence, is at Longchamps?"

"You are mistaken: every body of consequence is not at Longchamps, since you are here."

Whether you mean a compliment or not, a Frenchman will construe it into one if he can. Bonfront received my ironical speech with a gracious nod. "You are right," cried he; "but I am here only on your account: it is now the fashionable hour, and this is generally the most brilliant day, so come along!"

Though I detest public promenades, yet I knew that with so determined a teaser as Bonfront my refusal would avail nothing; for if he could not have tormented me into going with him, he would have remained with me, and perhaps have fastened himself upon me for the day; and as the consequence must have been a hearty head-ache from his incessant chatting, I resolved to go with him, but to escape as soon as I could.

We proceeded through the Tuileries into the Champs Elysées, and my prating conductor had half a dozen times inquired what I thought of the spectacle before I could so far recover from my astonishment as to answer him. Conceive, if thou canst, dear reader, an assembly the most motley that the wand of fancy ever conjured up. The promenade was crowded with a multitude of persons, mostly of the lowest description; several of them would have cut a distinguished figure in those days when rags and nastiness were accounted marks of good citizenship: they were not, it is true, absolutely *sans culotte*, but a good many had dispensed with the luxury of shoes and stockings; and it was evident, from the hands and faces of a still greater number, that they were sworn enemies to soap and water.

Mingled with this group, but in a very small proportion, you saw some elegant and well dressed women, and a few gentlemanly men, who, seemingly insensible of any feelings either of compassion or disgust for the miserable objects by whom they were every moment jostled without ceremony, fixed their whole attention on the string of carriages with which, as far as the eye could reach, the drive was crowded, and where, as in the promenade, you saw a confusion of ranks, which, though less offensive to the eye, was incongruous enough. The splendid carriage that contained the family of a marshal of France

was followed by the *fiacre* which a *marchand boucher* had hired for the accommodation of his wife and daughters; and the coach where sat an ancient countess, whose dress, equipage, and liveries appeared coeval with the *Fronde*, contrasted strangely with the gaudy modern vehicle from which the overdressed wife of a *parvenu* marquis scowled contempt on some few of the returned emigrant nobility, who, unable to afford a carriage of any sort, and unwilling to forego the pleasure of the sight, sauntered along the promenade.

"Well, Mr. Snarl," cried Bonfront exultingly, "have you any thing like this in England?"—"No," replied I, as a sentiment of honest pride swelled my heart while I gazed on the mixture of squalid wretchedness and idle pageantry by which we were surrounded; "no, thank God!"

The exclamation, and the feeling which prompted it, were equally lost upon the Frenchman. "I am glad to hear you acknowledge it," cried he in a satisfied tone: "but to do justice to the English," and he cast his eyes with complacency on the splendid equipages of my countrymen, "they make a respectable figure here."

"Their carriages would make a much more respectable figure at the gates of their respective parish churches," replied I.

"Every thing in season, *mon ami*," returned he, with *sang froid*, "people can't be praying all day long: but you islanders are so gloomy, you have no notion of innocent pleasures. Look," continued he, "at that beautiful creature in the blue pelisse; see how she changes colour as she returns the salute of that lady so elegantly dressed in white! I will lay any wager she came here with a determination of outshining her, and now she is ready to cry with spite because she has not succeeded. Observe that handsome carriage to the right; the young lady who smiles so bewitchingly on its venerable owner, the gentleman in the corner, is the wife of one of the most obliging husbands in Paris. See what pains he takes to entertain his next neighbour, in order that his lady may be able to give her undivided attention to the *bon ami*, who is equally her favourite and his. Why, how the deuce is it, that Frivole suffers himself to be seen in public with that vulgar family? There must then be some truth in the story of his loss at the *salon*, and no doubt he is seeking to repair his fortune by an alliance with one of the daughters. Yes, yes, it must be so, from the smiling attention he pays her. Ha! is not that the carriage of Madame la Merveilleuse? and as I live, the lady herself in the splendid shawl, which they say she pawned her plate to pay for: I thought her husband had forced her to return it, but I suppose they have compromised the matter, and she keeps it till it has been exhibited at Longchamps." So much for the *innocent pleasures* of your boasted promenade, thought I, while he ran on in this manner, dragging me up and down amidst a cloud of dust, and the deafening cries of the *poissarde*-looking women, who stunned us with, *Demandez vous une chaise, monsieur? Voulez vous une chaise?* till at last I was lucky enough to extricate myself from his clutches, by introducing to him

my old acquaintance Sam Spyall; and I hastened home, determined never again to be drawn into the motley group of promenaders at Longchamps.

THE REFORMED GAMESTER.

Mr. Grotzler was equally well known as the richest merchant and the most singular man in the city of Leipsic. Fortunate in all his speculations, and frugal in his expenditure, his wealth was very great; in fact, it would have been immense but for the indulgence of certain benevolent propensities, which he concealed with greater care than other people take to display them. With all his care, however, some of his charitable actions became known, and they saved him from the charge of parsimony, which his frugality in other respects would have brought upon him.

One morning a stranger came to him to solicit employment: he was apparently about twenty-three years of age; his figure was noble, and his features handsome and regular, but the deep gloom which overshadowed his countenance took much from its manly beauty.

"I am unacquainted with business," said he abruptly, in reply to the merchant's inquiries, but I am master of the modern languages, can write a good hand, and understand arithmetic. You may make me useful; till you can do so, I will serve you for nothing."

"And who is to answer for your honesty?"

"No one; I have not a friend on earth."

"By my faith, you have an excellent method of recommending yourself! Do you suppose now, that I shall be so mad as to take you into my service?"

"Yes," cried the stranger energetically, "yes, I think you will employ me, when you know that your doing so may perhaps be the means of saving me from destruction."

"Umph!" cried Grotzler, "that might be a reason if I were sure that it was a true one."

The stranger replied only by a look.

"Well, but though you have no one to recommend you, I suppose you can give some account of yourself: what countryman are you?"

"French."

"Ah! I thought so; they are a sad harum-scarum set of people, never quiet at home or abroad. Well, you have fought a duel, or carried off a girl, or ——"

"I am unfortunate, nay criminal," cried the stranger, interrupting him: "this much I acknowledge, but nothing more relative to myself shall ever pass my lips. I will earn my subsistence by the lowest manual labour, sooner than reveal who and what I am."

Grotzler fixed his eyes for some minutes steadily but in silence upon the countenance of the young man: at last he said, in a softened tone, "You may come, and when you have attended my counting-house for a few days, we shall see what you are fit for."

A week passed; the merchant found that Lalande, so the youth

called himself, had not deceived him in the account he gave of his acquirements. His knowledge of the languages, the beauty of his writing, and, above all, the uncommon quickness with which he comprehended the instructions given to him, delighted Grotzler. He offered Lalande his board and a salary rather proportioned to what he expected his services would be worth, than their actual value. At the same time he told him, that if he chose to board himself, he would double his salary. Lalande caught eagerly at this offer; he took a lodging in the neighbourhood, attended regularly at the counting-house, and in a short time became a prime favourite.

Two things in his conduct, however, were equally inexplicable and vexatious to the worthy merchant. The first was the young man's constant refusal to partake of his hospitality. Whether this proceeded from pride or reserve no one knew, but he pertinaciously declined every invitation, and confining himself to the strict discharge of his duty, he constantly avoided all intercourse with the family, or even the merchant himself, but when business required.

His second offence was, that every year, on the feast of St. Genevieve, he absented himself from the counting-house; why, or for what purpose, nobody could tell, for the people at his lodgings declared that he remained during the whole day locked in his apartment. Grotzler had a mortal antipathy to holidays, for he considered the time lost that was not employed in getting money: nevertheless, if Lalande had made a *jour de fête* in the French fashion, that is to say, to eat, drink, and dance, the good merchant would, as it was only for once a year, have winked at it; but as, on the contrary, Lalande's gloom and dejection were always observed to increase about that time, Grotzler, in the third year, tried his authority to defraud the saint of her day, but unavailingly; Lalande was firm: he gave, however, no explanation, and the merchant was forced to content himself with wishing the day was blotted out of the calendar.

Five years passed, and the young Frenchman, in spite of his solitary and unsocial habits, was a favourite with every body; the fifth year was just turned, when one morning a messenger came to excuse his non-attendance that day at the counting-house, with a promise that he would be sure to come the next. He did not, however, make his appearance, and the merchant, who began to be uneasy, went himself to his lodgings; but, to his equal surprise and disappointment, he was refused admittance. Mr. Lalande could see nobody. He went away in a pet, but his anger was always short-lived, and the following morning, finding Lalande was still absent, he presented himself again at his door; but this time he used a golden key, and it soon gave him admission to his clerk's apartment.

Lalande's salary was amply sufficient to afford him every comfort, but to the surprise of his master, he occupied a small room, the scanty furniture of which was of the meanest description. Lalande was in bed, and had apparently fallen into a dose, for it was some

time before he perceived the entrance of Grotzler; at last he asked, in a tone whose hollowness startled the merchant, "Who is there?"

Grotzler, who conjectured from the meanness of the apartment, the reason that Lalande had refused to see him, was almost afraid to reply; but, contrary to his expectation, the young Frenchman regarded him with a look of satisfaction. "I was going to send for you, my friend," said he; "come near me: to your generous friendship I am sure I may trust to rescue my name from ignominy; it will soon be the only kind office you can perform for me."

This address overcame the fortitude of Grotzler; he sent instantly for medical assistance, and had it been possible, he would have interdicted Lalande from speaking till after the physician had seen him; but Lalande protested vehemently against it. "I feel," cried he, "that my days are drawing to a conclusion, and I cannot die in peace without opening my heart to you, my only friend. In telling you that I am a Frenchman, I spoke the truth, but I concealed from you my real name, which is De Clairville: my family is noble, and once was rich, but when the property came into my possession, it was barely sufficient to support with decency the honour of my name.

"I became my own master at an age the most dangerous, for I lost both my parents before I attained my twentieth year. A good education, and a passion as pure as it was powerful, for some time shielded me from vice. The object of my love was an orphan, equal to myself in birth, but far superior in the gifts of fortune. She was left under the guardianship of her uncle, and he resolutely opposed our marriage on account of my comparative poverty. In vain, however, did he try by entreaties, and even menaces, to compel Genevieve to reject me. She pledged herself to become mine as soon as the term of his guardianship expired; but there were still nearly three years before I could hope for our union, and all personal intercourse with Genevieve was during that time to be denied me. I endeavoured, but in vain, to prevail on her to become my wife without the consent of her guardian, but as that step would be attended with the forfeiture of her property, she refused.

"Her uncle, finding that she could not be prevailed on to abandon me, confined her in a convent, with a declaration that she should not leave it till she became her own mistress. She was thus placed completely out of my reach. I could neither write to nor hear from her, and I was almost distracted at the thoughts of the artifices which might be used to prevail on her to abandon me. Ah! how vain would those fears have proved had I but been true to myself!

"Let me not dwell upon the steps which led to my ruin: I sought to dissipate the fears that tormented me by mixing more in society, and I began to accustom myself to play, not from any fondness for it, on the contrary, I disliked it, but merely as a refuge from thought: by degrees, however, I imbibed a passion for gambling, but for some

time I indulged in it without materially injuring my fortune.

"Some months passed in this manner, when I was roused from my delirium by a letter from Genevieve. She had obtained intelligence of my infatuation, and she used every argument that reason and tenderness could suggest to wean me from it; concluding with a declaration, that if I persisted in the indulgence of this destructive passion, she must renounce me, for she never would unite herself to a gamester.

"This letter revived my slumbering passion: I internally execrated the madness which had made me hazard the affections of Genevieve; I determined from that moment to renounce cards entirely, and for some time I kept my word. At length, in a fatal moment, I suffered myself to be drawn into play: my steps were watched; the intelligence of what I had done was conveyed to Genevieve, and she wrote me a last farewell. I hastened instantly to the convent; the good abbess, moved by my despair, permitted me at last to write to Genevieve; but vain was every effort to shake her resolution. She was lost to me, lost for ever!

"For some time I shut myself up from the sight of every human being; at last pride came to my aid. She can renounce me, said I, renounce me for a single fault! Shall I then afford her the triumph of seeing that I sink under her loss? No, I will tear her from my heart.

"I tried to do so, and in order the more effectually to banish her from my mind, I plunged deeply into the accursed pursuit to which I owed her loss. I met the fate I merited, for in a short time I was ruined; nay, worse than ruined: I borrowed money from different friends under various pretences, and it was not till I could raise no more, that my eyes were fully opened to the misery and disgrace I had brought upon my head.

"Soon after Genevieve renounced me, she quitted the convent, and returned to her uncle's house. I heard that she was free from all restraint, but she spent her time chiefly in solitude. In the first moments of my despair, on finding myself utterly ruined, I tried to relieve my mind in some degree from the weight of self-reproach by ascribing my misfortunes to Genevieve's severity, and I formed the dreadful resolution of putting an end to my existence in her presence. Her *femme de chambre* had been my friend; I told her that I was about to quit France for ever, and prevailed upon her to conceal me in Genevieve's apartment, that I might bid her an eternal adieu.

"It was on the feast of St. Genevieve that I obtained admission to the apartment of my beloved, about an hour before she retired for the night. Ah! what a conflict of passions did I endure during that hour! but despair triumphed. To live with honour, cried I, is impossible! Can I bear to be pointed at as a wretch, who, to the indulgence of a mad passion, has sacrificed the property of others, as well as his own? No, there is but one way—I must perish!

"At the moment that I had wrought my resolution to the highest pitch, Genevieve entered: it was a year since I had last beheld her, and scarcely could I credit

my eyes when I saw the ravages which that year had made. Her paleness and dejection proved what she must have suffered, and my heart whispered that she had suffered for me; but I durst not, in that dreadful moment, dwell upon the thought that she still loved me, lest it should shake my resolution. Wrapping myself in the folds of the window-curtain, I scarcely dared to breathe, and I dreaded lest the tumultuous beatings of my heart should betray me, before I had taken a long last look at a being so truly and so tenderly beloved.

"She soon dismissed her woman, and a moment afterwards, she undrew a curtain, nearly opposite to where I stood, and exposed to my view an oratory. Genevieve prostrated herself before the symbol of our faith, and during some time she prayed in silence, but her deep sighs, and the tears which streamed from her eyes, proved the fervour of her devotion. 'Oh, my God!' murmured she at length in a low tone, 'have mercy on that unfortunate! Wean his heart from the vice which has obliged me to renounce him, and grant that hereafter at least we may be united!'

"Ah, my friend! what were my feelings to find that, even in the moment in which I was blindly devoting myself to perdition, the voice of an angel was raised to Heaven for my salvation! Bursting from my concealment, I threw myself at her feet. speech was denied me, but the pistol, which fell from my nerveless hand, sufficiently explained my dreadful purpose.

"I cannot detail to you the scene that followed. We parted for ever, but I carried with me Genevieve's pity and pardon. I concealed from her the extent of my ruin, for I could not bring myself wholly to crush her gentle spirit, and instantly quitting Paris, I hastened hither. I had no fixed plan, save that of endeavouring to gain a subsistence by my labour. The character I heard of you led me to solicit employment from you, and your liberal remuneration of my services has enabled me to redeem my name, in some degree, from the dishonour with which it was overwhelmed: part of my debts are paid."

"And that you might be able to pay them, you have denied yourself comforts, and even necessaries," cried Grotzler. "Oh! my dear boy, how could you be so rash? Why did you not confide in me? But it may not yet be too late."

It was, however, nearly so, for grief, joined to excessive abstinence, had brought De Clairville to the brink of the grave. At last, however, he began, though slowly, to mend: he had been removed in the first stage of his disease to Grotzler's house, where the worthy merchant watched over him with the affection of a father, till he was convalescent. He then left him to the care of an excellent nurse, and merely saying that he should be obliged to be absent for some time, he hastened to Paris: he had previously ascertained that Genevieve was single, and he did not lose a moment in presenting himself to her.

"Madam," said he, "you have once already been the means of saving the life of an unfortunate young man, who is as dear to me

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as my own child: I am come to ask you to preserve it a second time." At these words Genevieve became pale as ashes.—"Ah! my God," cried she, "you speak of De Clairville! What has happened to him?" Grotzler related all that had occurred since De Clairville parted from her, and he ended by saying, "Your prayer has been granted: De Clairville has returned to his duty; he has done even more than the most rigid justice would have demanded—does he not then merit your pardon?"

"Ah! sir, he received it long since."

"But in what manner? You banished him from your presence; you denied him even hope: is it thus that Heaven pardons us? Penitence will expiate our faults in the eyes of the Omnipotent; and dare you be more rigorous than him, by whom you must one day be judged?"

"What would you have me do?"

"Accompany me to Leipsic."

"Impossible."

"Well then, remain, and sacrifice the life of De Clairville to false delicacy; for, from the state in which I left him, I am convinced that his ultimate recovery must depend on his mind being restored to peace."

The tender Genevieve could no longer hesitate; in a few hours she was on the road to Leipsic: need we say with what transport she was received? A few days beheld the union of the lovers; but before it took place, De Clairville, whose spirit could not brook dependence even upon a wife whom he adored, asked and obtained permission of his Genevieve to drop his title, and establish himself as a merchant in Leipsic, where he lived for many years in the enjoyment of that happiness which his sincere repentance had deserved.

PLATE 2.—THE PRISONERS OF WUFFLENS.

THE castle of Wüfflens, which is still standing, and a view of which, in its present state, is given in the annexed engraving, is situated a mile and a half above Morges, in the Pays de Vaud, in Switzerland. Part of its walls is supposed to be the work of the Romans, while another part owes its origin to Queen Bertha.

Rudolph II. King of Little Burgundy, of the house of Strattlingen, departed this life after a glorious reign of twenty-seven years. His widow, the benevolent Bertha, gave her hand to Hugo, King of Italy, and quitted for a long time the beloved fields of the Pays de Vaud. Before her departure, she determined to bestow a mark of her favour on the family of her page, Adalbert, who, from the excess of his passion for her, had lost his reason, and been killed by lightning in the castle of Wüfflens, where he was confined: she therefore made his elder brother, Count Grimoald, a present of that castle, which, since this melancholy event, she had never inhabited. This truly royal gift flattered the vanity and the cupidity of that nobleman, who was not in the least like his younger brother. The new proprietor of the castle was as hard-hearted, cold, and unfeeling, as Adalbert had been generous, affectionate, and virtuous. His bosom

was closed against all the softer emotions: his only passions were pride and selfishness. Already past the years of youth, he had renounced the gentle bonds of matrimony. He considered a wife and children as incumbrances, from which he determined to keep aloof. Incessantly at war with men and beasts (for he was a mighty hunter), he was much more inclined to inflict death on his fellow-creatures, than to propagate life. When, however, he found himself in possession of such a noble castle and extensive domains, he began to think seriously of procuring an heir to his wealth, and resolved to marry. His choice fell upon the young and beautiful Gertrude de Vergi, whose father had, like himself, been honoured with the special favour of Queen Bertha, who had at a still earlier period granted to him as a fief the castle of Champvent, which she had likewise erected. Gertrude, the younger daughter of the Chevalier de Vergi, had been brought up at the court of the queen with her youngest daughter, the Princess Gisela, till the latter was carried off by a malignant disease at Chavornay, the then residence of King Rudolph. After her decease, Gertrude had returned to the castle of her father, and had passed some years in dutiful attentions to her aged parent, when, unfortunately for her, Grimoald cast his eyes on her, and solicited her in marriage. In those days it was not customary for fathers to consult the inclinations of their daughters in the disposal of their lot for life. "Count Grimoald is a suitor for you," said Vergi to his daughter, "and you must give him your hand."—Gertrude's heart was free: she had scarcely seen the man who was destined to be her husband, and at this first glance she disliked his haughty and unfeeling carriage, but she was so accustomed to obey, that she submitted without the least opposition to the mandate of her beloved father. She was sensible that she could never be quite happy with so rugged and arrogant a husband; but she consoled herself with the feeble hope, that she might perhaps be able to soften his harshness, and inspire him with softer sentiments. Besides an ample dowry, she brought her husband an inestimable treasure of amiable qualities, sufficient to ensure the felicity of the married state. Grimoald, however, was incapable of appreciating this treasure: he saw nothing but her youth and blooming health, which seemed to promise him a numerous progeny of male heirs. His hopes were soon raised still higher when Gertrude found herself pregnant. Grimoald never anticipated the possibility that she might give birth to a daughter, and made early preparations for giving a worthy reception to the future lord of Wüfflens, the heir to his possessions, and the perpetuator of his name. The long-wished-for moment at length arrived; Gertrude was safely delivered, but unfortunately of a girl, beautiful, however, as an angel. The mother pressed the infant to her bosom, and at the sight of the lovely little creature she forgot all her sorrows; but the enraged father, disappointed in his expecta-

tions, would scarcely deign to look at the child. He denied his wife the gratification of suckling it, and sent immediately for a nurse, declaring that he could never endure the crying and squalling of an infant, to which nothing but the fulfilment of his hopes could possibly reconcile him. He gave orders that the child and her nurse should be shut up in one of the four towers of the castle, and that no person whatever, not even his wife, should have admittance to them till she brought him a son. In vain did the distracted Gertrude implore him to revoke this cruel decree. Grimoald was inexorable. "Give me a son!" cried he with tremendous execrations; "then, and not till then, shall you see your daughter. This I swear by the sacred cross and by my sword."—Gertrude knew the potency of this oath, and the unconquerable obstinacy of her husband. She made no reply, bedewed her beloved infant with her tears, and merely requested that she might be named Adelisa, after her mother, who had given birth to her at the expense of her own life. "And thou too, my darling," said she, "art destined like me to be deprived of a mother's tender care; but thou hast not a father's fondness, as I had, to make some amends for the loss!"

Grimoald had an attendant, named Raymond, who had been brought up with him, and in whom he placed unlimited confidence. Though his manners seemed to be equally rude with those of his master, to whom he was devoted with body and soul, still he was endowed with a more humane heart. Gertrude, who had witnessed many proofs of this disposition, felt some relief when Grimoald sent for him, and in her presence delivered the nurse and the infant into his hands, with orders to confine them in one of the four towers of the castle; charging him, upon pain of his severest displeasure, to take care that they should never leave it, and that no individual, not even his wife, should have access to them. "My wife must produce me a son," said he in a harsh tone, "and I will compel her to wish she may." Grimoald was right in supposing that the prayers of an angel, like Gertrude, imploring Providence to bless her with a son, would be more efficacious than his. Ardently, indeed, did she pray night and day for a son, that her beloved daughter might be restored to her arms. Raymond, meanwhile, was directed to make a suitable provision for the infant and her nurse. Gertrude recovered but slowly; a mortal anguish preyed upon her heart. Not out of affection, but merely for the sake of an heir, Grimoald was extremely anxious for the re-establishment of her health, and accompanied her from one celebrated bath to another, to churches and convents, and to all the places of pilgrimage in the country. She cheerfully assented to all his wishes, and for two years was but little at the castle. As often as she returned from one of these journeys, and reached the steep stony road leading between the vineyards from the banks of the lake to Wüfflens, so often did she raise her tearful eyes to the towers of the castle, to see if she could discover some trace of

the habitation of her daughter; for she did not even know in which of the four towers her darling was confined. The windows, however, or rather the loop-holes in the massive walls, prevented her from obtaining a sight of the interior of the apartments: yet once she thought she perceived a sweet little face between the bars. "Poor infant!" sighed she, "what good it would do thee, couldst thou like me inhale this fresh, salubrious, vernal air! instead of which thou art destined to languish in a dull narrow prison. Oh! that I were destined to pass my dreary life in that solitary apartment in thy stead, while thou wert enjoying youth, health, and the charms of renovated nature! Should the Almighty but grant my earnest prayer, and give thee a brother, with what transport would I hasten to thy dungeon, set thee at liberty, and clasp you both to my maternal heart!"

At length, at the expiration of two years, her health was perfectly restored, and she felt the joyful certainty that she was soon likely again to become a mother. Grimoald stood in anxious suspense near the bed of his consort. He heard the first sound uttered by his second child: it was like that which he had heard before. "I have yet no son!" cried he, with a voice choked with rage, and roughly pushing aside the innocent little creature that was presented to him, "I have yet no son; but I have yet towers to hold the disgusting girls that my wife keeps bringing me: for I swear that if I have to build ten towers, all the daughters she bears shall be shut up, till I have a male heir." With these words, which were accompanied with a furious look at the unfortunate Gertrude, he hastened out of the room to give his cruel orders. When he was gone, the mother took the infant in her arms. "Poor little thing!" said she, "thou too art spurned from the presence of thy father, on thy entrance into life; and I am doomed to be deprived of thee too! Would it not be possible to conceal thee somewhere, to save thee from the hard lot that is preparing for thee?" So saying, she looked wildly around; but her attendants represented that concealment was impossible, and that it was better to resign the infant to the will of its cruel father, that it might remain in the castle, and that Gertrude might be the more sure to find it again when she should have a boy. At this moment Raymond entered the apartment with a young, blooming nurse; for the sly servant always selected these nurses from among the comeliest females of the neighbourhood, that he might lighten as much as possible his unpleasant duty of gaoler. He removed the child from the arms of the countess, and delivered it to the nurse, promising to take the same care of it as he had done of its sister, who was hearty, lively, and thrived apace.

This was the first intelligence that Gertrude had received of her Adelisa, for hitherto, whenever she had questioned Raymond concerning her, he had returned no answer, but respectfully retired. His present brief intimation therefore poured a soothing balm into the wounded heart of the unhappy la-

dy, and she parted with the more resignation from the little angel. "Let her be called Bertha," said she; "I wish her to bear the name of the good queen, our illustrious benefactress, and my second mother. This respected name may perhaps soften her father's heart towards her." At these words Raymond, who was but too well acquainted with that heart, and knew that it was unsusceptible of any tender emotion, significantly shook his head. The countess commended the infant a thousand times to the nurse and Raymond, who conducted his new charge to the second tower of the castle.

Scarcely had Gertrude recovered from her lying-in, when a calamity not much less painful befel her, and gave a different direction to her melancholy thoughts. Her father, the lord of Champvent, was seized with a very dangerous illness. He had two children besides Gertrude; a son, the pillar of the noble race of Vergi, who had joined the banners of King Hugo, and accompanied him in a crusade to the Holy Land; and a daughter, named Gabrielle. The latter also had been compelled by her father to give her hand to a Chevalier de Grandson, who stabbed her in a paroxysm of jealousy, and threw her body into the lake near Iverdun: there it was found by fishermen, who carried it to her father. The anguish of the old knight was soon converted into rage; he surprised the murderer with his people, challenged him to single combat, and slew him. He had thus indeed avenged the death of his daughter, but not pacified his conscience, which incessantly reproached him with being the original cause of her murder in marrying her to such a monster. Grief and remorse had ever since preyed upon his vitals, and at length brought him to the brink of the grave. Believing that his end was approaching, he sent for his younger daughter, Gertrude, that he might embrace her before his death, and assure himself that she was happier than the unfortunate Gabrielle; for he knew not that his surviving son-in-law was almost as cruel and hard-hearted as the other, since Gertrude had carefully abstained from the slightest complaint concerning her situation. Grimoald durst not deny the last request of his wife's father, and permitted the countess to repair to Champvent. "Go," said he, "as he assisted her to mount her horse, "go and learn of your father whether a man can wish to have daughters. But beware of mentioning to him a syllable concerning yours, upon pain of never beholding them again, even if you should bring me a boy."—Gertrude sighed, raised her eyes to the towers, commended to Providence the beloved objects whom she left behind there, and hastened with a heavy heart to Champvent. Her father was somewhat better, and continued to struggle a few weeks longer with death, while Gertrude nursed him with filial affection, and never quitted his side. "Would to God," he would frequently exclaim, "my poor Gabrielle had died as soon as she was born! for it is better to die young, than to live under a cruel father, and such a father have I been to her!" Gertrude sighed,

and strove to comfort him. In her arms he at length expired, without suspecting that she too was a miserable victim of his rigour. Immediately after his interment, Grimoald brought back his wife to the castle of Wüfflens, and nine months afterwards she was delivered of a third daughter. It is impossible to describe the rage of the infuriated Grimoald at this new disappointment of his hopes. Already had he extended his hand to dispatch the unwelcome stranger, but pausing for a moment, he took the child from the arms of the midwife, delivered it to Raymond, and without uttering a word, pointed to the third tower. Gertrude neither saw nor heard any thing of this scene, for no sooner was she aware that this third infant was a daughter, than she fell into a deep swoon. When her senses returned, child, father, and Raymond were gone. "Tell Raymond," said she in a faint voice to her maids, "that I wish my third daughter to be named Gabrielle. My dear sister, who is now the companion of angels, will watch over her from her blissful abode."

The oftener Gertrude produced girls, the more ardently did she wish for a son, who was to confer on her the felicity of embracing her daughters. During her fourth pregnancy, therefore, she scarcely ever quitted the chapel of the castle, where, on her knees, she earnestly prayed to the Blessed Mother for the fulfilment of her desire. Providence, however, seemed to have decreed, that the pride of the cruel Grimoald should be punished, and that he should have as many daughters as there were towers to his castle. Gertrude actually gave birth to a fourth girl. When the sex of the infant was ascertained, all present were filled with such consternation, and with such dread of the fury of the terrible Grimoald, that they precipitately retired. On this occasion, excessive rage produced an extraordinary effect on the count. He stood for some minutes overwhelmed with a kind of stupor, and motionless as a marble statue. His passion already threatened a tremendous explosion, when it was anticipated by Gertrude. She suddenly felt herself endued with supernatural energy, and patient and resigned as she had hitherto been, she now snatched up her new-born infant, and with a vehemence which filled the savage Grimoald himself with astonishment and awe, she protested that nothing in the world should part her from that child, which she clasped with convulsive movements to her bosom. "If it is your determination, obdurate, unnatural father, to confine her in the fourth tower, I will go along with her. I will be the nurse, the attendant of my daughter; and I call God to witness, that from this moment I renounce all connection with you, and that by me you shall not have an heir, whom a just Providence denies to your arrogance and cruelty." Grimoald was thunderstruck at this unlooked-for opposition; but soon recovering himself, he said, in a low tone, "It shall be as you wish. Yes, you shall accompany this miserable brat, which you prefer to me and your bounden duty, and which completes the measure of my wretchedness, to the fourth tower.

But never shall you leave it again alive. Not a human being shall know of your existence. From this day you are dead to the world, and I shall spread the news of your decease, that I may take another wife, who shall give me boys worthy of myself, and not useless creatures, like you and your female puppets. Prepare to remove this very night to your prison!" With these words he retired.—Gertrude was overjoyed. "Let me die to all the world," exclaimed she, apostrophizing her lovely infant, "so I can but live for thee alone, my dearest Gisela; for by that name thou shalt be called, after the beloved companion of my youth, the daughter of the excellent, the generous Bertha! With her I passed the only happy days of my miserable life. With thee, those happy moments will return. I shall at length be truly a mother: I shall be allowed to suckle thee, and to perform for thee the most sacred of maternal duties; and at last I shall have reason to rejoice, that there is one being to whom I have given life."

With these words she exercised that delicious duty which bounteous nature has imposed upon mothers; little Gisela already drew the stream of life from the maternal breast, and all her sorrows and sufferings were forgotten. During this sweet occupation, both mother and infant fell asleep. No person had ventured to remain in the chamber after the departure of the furious Grimoald.

(To be continued in our next.)

SIMPLE RECIPE RECOMMENDED FOR PULMONARY CONSUMPTION.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

It is no new observation that an old woman's simple remedies sometimes effect a cure when those prescribed by learned physicians have been resorted to in vain. I am not one of those who are ready to give implicit faith to the assertions of every nostrum-monger, but when I hear of successful cases of the kind to which I allude, attested by persons of established character, who have nothing to gain by their recommendation, I cannot help thinking them deserving of some attention.

Such I consider the following circumstance, related in a letter from Madame Karschin to Mr. Gleim, both eminent in Germany for their poetic talents, towards the conclusion of the last century.

"A girl of thirteen," says this lady, "was so far gone in a pulmonary consumption, that professor Fritz gave her over. She was reduced to a skeleton; her voice was like the hissing of a goose, when danger approaches her goslins. She was placed for two or three weeks in a house situated in a garden, and at length conveyed entirely into the country, for the benefit of the fresh spring air. All was to no purpose. The physician followed, and declared that nothing could save her. An old rustic dame laughed sarcastically at the sentence pronounced by the physician. She took two quarts of

black beer, put it into a new earthen pot, together with two-pennyworth of the leaves of lung-wort, picked from the stalk, clarified honey to the like amount, and a handful of bran; covered the pot, and simmered the contents down to one half. When cool, she strained the liquor through a fine linen rag, and put it into a bottle. Of this beverage the patient drank as often as she pleased, and recovered. Her mother has since cured many afflicted with the same disorder by this simple drink, which I have had prepared for myself, and from which I have found great benefit. Let me beg of you to recommend this remedy to all whose lungs are affected: it is easy, cheap, and will infallibly afford relief."

The doctors may smile, but I am not ashamed to avow my belief, that there are many domestic recipes treasured up in the memories of old women, which, were they fairly brought to the test, would shame the skill of very learned and experienced practitioners.

PATER-FAMILIAS.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. XI.

FRENCH BULL.

IN the year 1793, one of the modern Brutuses of the French Revolution, in an address from the tribune, concluded in these emphatic terms: "Yes, citizens, should tyrants ever find means to triumph over the republic, I would cut off my head with my own hand, present it to you, and cry, 'Behold the act of a free man!'"

JOHN WESSEL.

John Wessel of Gröningen, one of the most learned men of his age, was highly esteemed by Pope Sixtus IV. who sent for and thus addressed him: "My son, demand of me what thou wilt: I can refuse thee nothing that is consistent with thy character, and that thou art qualified to accept."—"Most holy father," replied Wessel, "my most gracious patron! I will not be troublesome to your holiness. You know that I never aspired to high things: the only favour I request of you is this, that you would be pleased to give me a Greek and Latin Bible out of your Vatican library."—"Thou shalt have it," replied Sixtus: "but what a simpleton thou art! Why didst thou not ask for a bishopric?"—"Because," rejoined Wessel, "I did not want one." Was he not happier than they who, had it depended on them, would have given all the Bibles in the Vatican for a bishopric?

PHILIP V.

In the year 1707, when Philip V. passed through Mont L'Heri, on his way to take possession of the throne of Spain, the priest of the place went out to meet him at the head of his congregation, and thus addressed him: "Long harangues, sir, are fatiguing to the speaker and tedious to the hearer; I will, therefore, sing you something." It was a piece of a few stanzas in praise of the monarch, who was so well pleased, that when it was finished, he cried *Da capo*. The par-

son cheerfully repeated his song, and the king ordered ten louis-d'ors to be given him. The parson, in his turn, cried *Da capo!* and Philip, for *the sake of the joke, gave him ten* more louis-d'ors.

MADAME DE STAEL AND TALLEYRAND.

Madame de Stäel's daughter, the Baroness de Broglie, was an extraordinary beauty. Her charms made such an impression on Prince Talleyrand, that in contemplating them, he was often deficient in his attentions to her highly gifted mother. One day, being on a party of pleasure on the water, she determined to confound him, and put *this question: "If our vessel were* to be wrecked by a storm, which of us would you strive to save first, me or my daughter?"—"Madam," instantly replied Talleyrand, "with the many talents and acquirements you possess, it would be an affront to you to suppose that you cannot swim; I should therefore deem it my duty to save the baroness first."

ARDENT LOVE.

DONNA ELVIRA was one of the greatest beauties of Madrid; but her virtue surpassed even her personal charms: all the efforts of the most distinguished, wealthy, and amiable of her countrymen, who were competitors for her favour, proved absolutely unavailing.—Death had deprived her of the beloved of her heart, and she had vowed internally to continue faithful to him for ever: to this resolution she inflexibly adhered.

One fine summer night, her house was all at once observed to be in flames. Cries of *Fire! fire!* roused her from her slumbers. Her domestics, losing, in their consternation, all their presence of mind, ran about, and either seized the least valuable articles with a view to save them, or sought their own security in flight. At this critical moment, when the mistress of the mansion seemed to be abandoned to her fate, Don Manuel rushed into her chamber, clasped the half dead Donna Elvira in his nervous arms, bore her off through smoke and flames, and carried her to a place of safety. Meanwhile, the alarm of fire had brought the requisite assistance to the spot, and in a few hours the conflagration was extinguished.

How such a fire could have originated was a mystery to all: it had broken out in a place where none of Donna Elvira's domestics had been, and still less, either a candle or lamp. It happened that a young Spaniard was that night returning with his guitar under his arm from serenading his mistress, and before Donna Elvira's house he met a man, muffled up in his mantle, carrying a burning torch. In a moonlight summer night, he could not help noticing this circumstance; and he thought he recognised in the torch-bearer, Don Manuel, whom he knew to be one of the most passionate admirers of the coy Elvira. On his stating this fact to the alcalde, the latter sent for Don Manuel.

The magistrate hinted with the utmost delicacy at the occasion of his summons, and asked Don Manuel whether it was he or some

other who was walking that night with a burning torch before Donna Elvira's house; and in case he was the person, what had induced him at that season of the year to use a torch. "The intention of my question," added he, "is merely to clear you with the public from the suspicion of having caused the fire: for my own part, I cannot suppose you capable of such an act."

"Sennor," replied Don Manuel, coldly and haughtily, "I shall never deny what I have done. What has been told you is perfectly true. I was the person who was seen that night before the house of Donna Elvira."

"And with the burning torch?"

"Yes."

"For what purpose?"

"To set fire to the donna's house."

"Is it possible! And do you confess this without compunction?"

"Oh, sennor!" rejoined Don Manuel, elevating his voice, "you know not what it is to love! I did it that I might clasp in my arms for a few moments only the lovely female whom I adore. I attained my object, and have enjoyed this felicity after long languishing for it in vain. I desired nothing more—now perform your duty."

The alcalde, filled with astonishment at such a passion, after some consideration, thus replied: "Be of good cheer, Don Manuel; the affair shall go no farther. Love so ardent deserves great allowances."

SINGULAR CASE OF DOUBTFUL PARENTAGE.

In the year 17— a youthful pair of lovers presented themselves at the hall of justice at Amsterdam for the purpose of inscribing their names, according to the custom of Holland, in the marriage-register. They were to be united in the course of a few days. After they had given their names, they were also asked for those of their parents, and a written certificate of the assent of the latter to their union. To the no small astonishment of the judges, the bride and bridegroom each gave in the names of two couple as their parents, and the written document which they produced was subscribed in the same manner. Unable to solve this riddle, the judges sent for the parents, and required an explanation, when one of the fathers, named Van der Hard, thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen, you are puzzled by the statement of these young people, and yet it is the only one that we are able to give you. I and my worthy friend are, together with our wives, in the most embarrassing uncertainty to which of us the damsel belongs, and to which the young man. The circumstances which occasioned this uncertainty were these:

"Nineteen years ago we sailed from this country in the same ship; both our wives were near the time of their delivery. All at once there arose a furious tempest, which filled every one on board with the utmost consternation. In the midst of the confusion, the noise and the shrieks of the passengers and crew, who gave themselves up for lost, the fright operated so powerfully on both mothers, that before we were

aware, they brought into the world the two children whom you see here before you as bride and bridegroom.

"While my friend and I were alternately rendering all the assistance in our power to our suffering partners, the extraordinary nature of the emergency had so far deprived us of our presence of mind, that after the children had been laid beside each other on a pillow, we could not decide to whom the boy belonged, and to whom the girl. In the sequel, as there were no other witnesses present on the occasion, the very similarity of their features, for my friend and myself, together with our wives, were not very distantly related by blood, contributed to increase this uncertainty.

"As soon as the storm subsided, and tranquillity was restored to our troubled minds, we parents mutually agreed to regard and bring up the infants as our joint children, and if their inclinations did not run counter to our intentions, to unite them together in marriage. We returned to Amsterdam, where we lived together; our plan succeeded, and to reap the fruit of the education we have given these young people, we present ourselves before you, gentlemen, this day, which is the anniversary of the extraordinary event that I have related."

The judges were filled with astonishment, and with emotion gave their consent to the union of the lovers.

COUNT DE DULAU, OR FALSE APPEARANCES.

Count de Dulau lived many years together with his consort at Paris, in a happy union founded on mutual love and respect, and both were therefore universally esteemed by their acquaintance. As the count kept one of the best houses in that capital, his whole establishment accorded with the prevailing tone of the great world. He frequently gave parties at which his wife was not present, and she did the same without his participation: on certain days of the week, however, an exception was made to this arrangement; and the hours passed in his house by persons of rank and fashion were seasoned by interesting conversation, so that both natives and foreigners were anxious to obtain admission to his elegant board.

Count de Dulau was more rarely at home than his wife. He was extremely fond of play, but this propensity was so far under the control of prudence, that he never risked the derangement of his circumstances. For the rest, he never concerned himself about the manner in which the countess spent her time, for her exemplary conduct gave him not the slightest cause for suspicion.

An old valet-de-chambre, who had been many years in his service, and on whose fidelity he placed the utmost reliance, one day entered his room with a look of extreme dejection. The count, observing it, kindly inquired what was the matter. A loud sigh was the only answer. The count then urged his old attendant to explain

frankly what afflicted him, promising that he would gladly assist him if it lay in his power. "Alas!" replied the valet, in a low tone, "it is not on my own account, but on yours, that I am distressed!"—"How so?" asked the count in astonishment.—"Ah, sir!" rejoined the valet, lowering his voice almost to a whisper, "I have long observed with concern that you are duped by your people, and unless you make haste to check the doings in your house, you will be the talk of the whole town."—"Explain yourself more clearly," cried the count: "what doings do you mean?"—"You may easily conceive, sir, that the scandal must be too notorious already, since I can no longer keep silence about it."—"Tell me quickly, what scandal do you allude to?"—"Well then, almost every day, as soon as you have gone out, a young handsome abbé comes to visit the countess. He is immediately conducted to her apartment, where they usually remain an hour and a half, or even two hours, alone together. No sooner is he gone, than she falls to work to write letters to him. Her servants are sent with two or three to him every day, and they have strict orders to wait for his answer. You may easily imagine, sir, what kind of comments both men and maids make on all this, and how they censure your too great confidence."

The count felt no mistrust of the truth of the report of so old and faithful a servant, but a charge of such importance required minute investigation, and he was desirous of obtaining irrefragable proofs. "Can you procure me one or two of the letters which the countess is in the habit of sending to the abbé?" said he. The valet assured him that this might easily be done. Nor was it in fact a difficult task with so brisk a correspondence. As the servants were kept continually running to and fro with letters, they were glad to spare themselves a walk, and the valet one day said to the countess's man, when he was just setting off on such an errand, "I have something to order for my master: give me the letter, I will save you the trouble of leaving it." The man, not suspecting the design of the valet, gave him the letter, which he immediately delivered to his master. It was addressed to the Abbé Nolac. The count opened it, recognised the hand of his wife, and, to his extreme mortification, found four closely written pages, in which the tenderest and most romantic passion was but too plainly expressed.

The count was no Othello, but still he was deeply sensible of the inevitable evil consequences of such an intrigue. He endeavoured to repress his temper, wisely considering that it was the best way for a rational man to avoid all *éclât*. He therefore resolved to seek an explanation with the abbé, disagreeable as it must be to see a man who had so deeply injured him; but he feared his indiscretion, and was consequently necessitated to take this painful step.

He therefore proceeded to the residence of the Abbé Nolac, sent in his name, and was immediately admitted. The abbé received the count with the utmost politeness, and the latter soon perceived that he had before him one who com-

bined no ordinary talents with the most polished manners.

"I cannot deny, sir," at length began the count, "that I have been much surprised to learn that you pay very frequent visits to my wife, without my ever having the pleasure to make your personal acquaintance. As I have now obtained it, I might beg you to excuse this inattention. But you seem to me to be a gentleman of such honour, that I shall not hesitate to inform you frankly of the real motive of this call. I will therefore not dissemble, that the frequent visits which you are in the habit of paying to the countess have given rise to reports and insinuations injurious to her character. Out of regard for her I should therefore hope that you will in future discontinue them."

"Monsieur le Comte," replied the abbé, "I have long wished to have the honour of being introduced to you, but it has always happened that you have been from home when my business permitted me to wait on your lady. As I have now the unexpected pleasure of seeing you, I cannot forbear expressing my sincere regret that our acquaintance should commence by your requiring me to promise to desist from visiting the countess, the known purity of whose conduct ought to be the surest protection against all malicious insinuations. I shall nevertheless punctually comply with your wishes, and have merely to request that you will have the goodness to communicate to her ladyship the reasons for my staying away."

"I perceive," rejoined the count, "that I am not mistaken in the *opinion which I formed of your* integrity: but my situation compels me to solicit a fresh proof of the confidence I place in you. I have no doubt you will oblige me by delivering to me all the letters which my wife has written to you. I give you my word of honour, that I will not make any use of them by which your character or future prospects can suffer injury."

"You astonish me, sir," replied the abbé; "I never had any such correspondence with your lady; and I must once for all decline the favour of a silence for which there is not the slightest cause."

The count, thoroughly convinced that he was not mistaken, persisted in his demand; while the abbé coolly but firmly persevered in his denial. The altercation became more and more vehement, and the count at length lost his temper to such a degree, that drawing a pistol from his pocket, he threatened to blow out the abbé's brains unless he delivered to him immediately all the letters of the countess.

"I should never have imagined, Monsieur le Comte," said the abbé, with more composure than might be expected of a person in so perilous a situation, "that you were capable of committing such an outrage on an unarmed man. Recollect that you are in my apartment, and that you run the risk of disgracing your hitherto honourable name by such a paroxysm of insensate rage. Would you brand yourself with the character of an assassin?"

This *sang froid* brought the count to his senses: he returned the pistol to his pocket. "I am wrong, sir," said he, "I admit. I have

*been urged too far by the vehe*mence of passion, which nothing but the occasion can excuse. But at any rate I must insist on the surrender of my wife's letters: I am certain that they are in your possession. Let us adjust the matter amicably. I will give you twelve thousand francs for them. Will that satisfy you?"

With these words he took out his pocket-book, opened it, and laid the above-mentioned sum in bank-notes on the table. At this sight the abbé appeared surprised; his resolution seemed to be shaken. "But, count," he stammered forth, "how, how can I give up for money what I denied to you when you attempted to extort it pistol in hand? What would be thought of me? What opinion would you yourself entertain?"

When a person expresses himself in this manner, it is not long before he comes to a complete compromise. The abbé signified his compliance, and took a large packet of letters, all numbered, and in the hand-writing of the Countess de Dulau, out of a desk, delivered it into the hands of her husband, and received the sum offered in return. The count departed with the dear-bought written evidences of the infidelity of his wife and his own shame.

On his return home he had not an opportunity of speaking in private to the countess. It happened to be one of those days on which there was a large party at his hotel. Next morning he went to her; she was alone in her room.

He opened the conversation with the bitterest reproaches that can suggest themselves to a husband wounded in the tenderest part; then, firmly resolved to maintain in future the most profound silence respecting this circumstance, and to avoid all *éclât*, he added: "Your denial can be of no avail. I have in my possession damning proofs that you fully deserve all the reproaches which I have made you. I will not, however, expose your shame and mine to the scorn of the world; and in the confident expectation of your amendment, I give you back all the letters which you could so far forget your honour and duty as to write."

He expected no other than that the countess would sink at his feet, overcome with shame and confusion, and moved by his generous conduct to her, promise him amendment. No such thing. The countess with unruffled composure replied, "Your series of letters is not perfect. You want one which I have not quite finished yet, and which will complete the collection."

The count was beside himself with rage. This he thought was carrying shamelessness to the highest pitch. "I am quite astonished," continued the countess calmly, "at your violent behaviour; but I hope when you have heard what I have to say, that you will be ashamed of yourself."—"What impudence! Do you presume then to justify your conduct?"—"Yes, that I certainly do: only listen to me with patience. You understand and speak English perfectly well——"—"That has nothing to do with the business."—"Indeed it has. This very circumstance is of the utmost consequence to me. I have long remarked what pleasure you took in conversing with persons

who are acquainted with that language. I was desirous of acquiring an additional claim to your fondness, and therefore took English lessons in private, that I might surprise you. The Abbé Nolac was my teacher. I enjoined him to keep the strictest silence on the subject; and I find he has not betrayed me. In a short time I made such proficiency—for love renders the most difficult task easy—that I was able to translate the *Letters of Miss B—*. I sent him the translations to revise and correct my errors: he returned them with his remarks on my blunders, and I promised to give them back to him, as he intended to collect and have them printed, thinking the novel wrought up in this epistolary form extremely interesting. You may compare these letters with the original, which I took out of your library: you will find that they correspond. For the rest, I am acquainted with all the particulars of the interview which you had yesterday with the abbé, whose sentiments are far too noble for him to harbour for a moment the idea of profiting by your mistake. The letter in which he gives me an account of all that took place between you deserves to be read by you when you are cool enough: it is a master-piece of good-humour and harmless wit. He inclosed with it the twelve thousand francs, to be returned to you. But they are not destined to go into your pocket again, my dear jealous friend. You must be punished. I have several little debts to discharge, and many articles of fancy to purchase—to these purposes I shall apply the money. But for this singular accident, I should never have had the courage to lay your kindness under contribution for such a sum. The abbé has desired me to assure you, that he shall never drop a single syllable concerning this affair, by which you might be committed."

The countess soon convinced her husband that he had suffered himself to be deceived by appearances. He humbly implored forgiveness of his amiable wife for so injurious a suspicion, and in the sequel he was even candid enough to make no secret of his error and of the trick played him by the abbé. The latter was allowed free access to his house, and his pleasing and unaffected manners and behaviour amply indemnified the count for the painful emotions which he had felt on occasion of their first acquaintance.

CONFINEMENT OF DOGS AT CAPUA.

At Capua in Italy there is an ancient prohibition to keep dogs in the town, unless chained up, or led about by a cord: hence not one of those animals is to be seen running about the streets as in other places. Some assert that this regulation originated in a kind of civil war occasioned at a very remote period by a dog, when the inhabitants were divided into two parties, to the great injury of the town. Others ascribe it to an occurrence which happened at the time when there was a theatre at Capua. A recent traveller says, that he was shewn, among a collection of anecdotes made by a native

of the town, the following statement: One day a fight being represented on the stage of this theatre, *a dog belonging to one of the actors, observing the attack made* on his master, sprang upon his adversaries, killed two of them, and wounded a third so dangerously that his life was despaired of. But this is nothing to what followed that tragic adventure. In the first place the owner of the dog was apprehended, as if he had been the occasion of the accident, and very severely called to account. Several persons, however, convinced of his innocence, espoused his cause, and thus this theatrical sham fight terminated in a real combat. The parties were in such good earnest, that more than twenty-five persons lost their lives. After this catastrophe, a decree was issued, forbidding any one on pain of death to keep a dog without tying him up, and all dogs found at liberty in the town were knocked on the head. This regulation is still rigidly enforced.

On the same authority it is related; that when New Capua was built, one of the inhabitants, being of opinion that the prohibition did not extend to the new town, suffered his dogs to run at large. Many begged him to fasten them up, but to no purpose. At length one of his dogs was killed; and this circumstance gave rise to the above-mentioned civil war. The prohibition issued for the old town was renewed; and since that time all the dogs in the place have been confined. It is added, that whoever kills a dog strolling about at liberty receives a reward of twenty-five ducats out of the fine imposed upon the animal's master, who is no longer punished with death for violating the law, but with the forfeiture of half his property.

REMARKS ON FRENCH PARTY SPIRIT.

(In a Letter from an English Traveller.)

Heaven help the poor man who presumes to sit down in Paris without a decided political opinion: he must expect to undergo a regular siege from each of the adverse parties; and if he does not surrender to one or the other, he will find himself despised by both. Every thing here is viewed through the glass of party, from the *Solitaire* and *Renégat* of M. d'Arlincourt, down to the *bonnet du soir* of the pretty little Madame ——, who, for once in her life, is contented to be out of the fashion, because she will not be seen in the *bleu eclodie*, or the *brun solitaire*, which take their names from a man who is not of her party. However, as she is a fair beauty, it is a real disappointment to her not to wear colours so particularly becoming to her complexion; and accordingly she revenges the affront which her vanity sustains by being ten times a more violent Jacobin than she was before her favourite hues were prohibited, by becoming, in some degree, indicative of royalism.

From this mode of viewing things, it follows that you must either enlist under party banners, or else be perpetually called upon to judge for yourself; which, to an idle man,

is a matter of wonderful trouble and difficulty. Oh, dear London! *how often have I regretted the thousand comforts with which thou* aboundest, and particularly that one, not the least of thy blessings, the monthly and even weekly publications, by which a man is saved the trouble of forming an opinion of his own, or the injustice of deciding upon the works of art or genius, not according to the merit, but to the politics of their authors! There is no possibility of doing this in Paris: here are no convenient ready-made opinions to be found, which, steering between the extremes of severity and adulation, may be uttered without much prejudice to your conscience, since, at all events, there is at least a chance of their being something like truth; but you see nothing but newspapers, in which you don't read criticism, you meet only with panegyric or invective; and in conversation the matter is still worse.

"What a sublime work is the *Solitaire!*" cried a pretty *bel esprit* to me the other day. "How full of noble thoughts, of natural and affecting incidents! And then the language—flowing, nervous, every where abounding with graces! In a word, the work is a master-piece."

"So it is, madam," said a little dark man, in a sarcastic tone, "a master-piece of absurdity. Surely no mortal but the sublime viscount would ever think of sending into the world such a farrago of unnatural and unconnected incidents, delivered in language at once bombastic and commonplace. There is not a page that does not betray the poverty of the author's genius, and the scantiness of his resources. In order to form the character of his hero, he has committed a series of petty larcenies upon all the misanthropes of our celebrated authors, as well as those of other nations. And what, let me ask, can be more mawkish than the fair *Eclodie?*—a fit mate it must be confessed for the *Solitaire.*"

"You speak," cried I, "with more malice than truth: the work has great beauties——"—"I knew you would think so," cried my pretty friend, interrupting me with great quickness.—"But," resumed I, "it has also great faults."—"Oh! I was certain you could not deny that," exclaimed the little man with equal eagerness. I was now attacked by both parties with the same degree of warmth, and as neither could succeed in bringing me over to their opinion, we parted with the firm conviction on their minds, that I had neither taste, judgment, nor politeness.

But it is not merely the productions of a man's genius that suffer by his politics; his actions and character are regarded through the same glass, and as the French deal more in superlatives than any other nation on earth, a man with them is either the worthiest or the vilest fellow on earth, according to his political creed.

As to the women, Heaven bless their pretty souls! the contagion has seized them even more violently than the men, but it displays itself in a form a hundred times more disgusting. How have I blushed to see those eyes that nature intended only to sparkle with the gentle fire of love, lighten with party rage; while the voice, which

a few minutes before had by its dulcet tones enchanted the heavens, was strained to the most discordant pitch in anathematizing a member of the opposite party!

It happens however here, as in England, that desertions from one side to the other are not unusual. In one respect indeed the French go beyond us, for they change their party with an easy negligence, which a clumsy Englishman cannot assume. To do the women justice, they are in general more stanch than the men: there is, however, one temptation which they cannot resist—that of adding to their train a lover whom they hope to convert into a husband: a curious instance of this kind occurred a few days since.

Madame d'O—— was for a long time a firm adherent to the Liberals: her deceased husband, for she was a widow, had been one of the most violent of that party, and she seemed to consider herself bound in honour to maintain his principles. On a sudden, she ceased to declaim against religion; nay more, she listened without reply to an observation made in favour of a royalist minister. Every body was astonished, till the riddle was explained by her being observed to ogle the young Comte de —— at the opera. As there was some talk at the time of a union between the comte and a lovely young heiress, and as Madame d'O. was neither rich nor handsome, no one supposed that she could have any chance against so formidable a rival; but they were mistaken. As there is no difficulty in setting a Frenchman's tongue going on any subject, she soon drew the comte into a political controversy, but she took care that on her side it should be managed without bitterness. His vanity was gratified by perceiving the impression which his arguments appeared to make on a woman who had the reputation of being very clever. She took care that her conversion should not be too sudden, and while the comte was effecting it, she drew him imperceptibly into that sort of awkward situation, in which a man of honour and principle sees no alternative but that of marrying a woman, or running the risk of making her unhappy. French vanity might probably go a step farther, and perhaps De —— supposed, that his marriage with another might break the heart of his pretty convert. Added to this, his vanity was gratified by the glory of bringing over so determined a Jacobin; and to these united considerations he sacrificed the blooming heiress and her half-million of Louis. They are just married, and the fair bride, though she knows herself to be detested by her old acquaintance, and regarded with suspicion by her new, yet harangues as fluently and unblushingly for the cause she has just taken up, as she did for the one she has deserted.

What strikes one as very singular is the general *sang froid* with which the common people seem to regard this grand question of politics. There is in this respect a wonderful difference between them and the same class in England. Honest John Bull thinks very little about his own actual situation,

but he listens eagerly to what he hears of the state of the nation. It is the interests, the safety, and, above all, the glory of Britain, that *occupies his thoughts; and this feeling, so noble in itself, is frequently made the most unworthy* use of for party ends. Speak to a Frenchman of the working class of a change in the government, his first thought is, What shall I get by it? The sentiment is a selfish one no doubt, but it has its use.

Some time ago, a few hot-headed students of the law took a fancy to restore the days of anarchy. They went to one of the magazines of wood, where a number of men were at work, and endeavoured by a flourishing enumeration of the glories which France must gain by a change of government, to persuade them to revolt. They listened in silence, and at the conclusion one of them asked, "What *shall we be the better for all that?*" This plain and natural question stopped for a moment the mouth of the revolutionary orator. The man continued: "We have work, our work gets us bread: under any government we should not have more, but we very probably might have less, and for that reason we shall not join with you: so go about your business." The students continued their efforts, and the workmen finding that they would not desist, seized them, and delivered them to the military.

COOKE'S FOLLY.

On the summit of St. Vincent's rocks, in the neighbourhood of Clifton, looking on the Avon, as it rolls its lazy course towards the Bristol channel, stands an edifice known by the name of "Cooke's Folly." It consists of a single round tower, and appears at a distance rather as the remnant of some extensive building than a complete and perfect edifice, as it now exists. It was built more than two centuries ago, by a man named Maurice Cooke—not, indeed, as a strong-hold from the arms of a mortal enemy, but as a refuge from the evils of destiny. He was the proprietor of extensive estates in the neighbourhood; and while his lady was pregnant with her first child, as she was one evening walking in their domain, she encountered a strange-looking gipsy, who, pestering her for alms, received but a small sum. The man turned over the coin in his hand, and implored a larger gift. "That," said the lady, "will buy you food for the present."

"Lady," said the man, "it is not food for this wretched body I require: the herbs of the field, and the waters of the ditch, are good enough for that. I asked your alms for higher purposes. Do not distrust me if my bearing be prouder than my garments: do not doubt the strength of my sunken eye when I tell you, that it can read the skies as they relate the fates of men. Not more familiar is his horn-book to the scholar, than are the heavens to my knowledge."

"What, thou art an astrologer?"

"Aye, lady! my fathers were so before me, even in the times when

our people had a home amidst the pyramids of the mighty—in the times when you are told the mightier prophets of the Israelites put *the soothsayers of Egypt to confusion: idle tales! but, if true, all reckless now.* Judah's scattered sons are now desolate as ourselves; but they bend and bow to the laws and ways of other lands—we remain in the stern stedfastness of our own."—"If, then, I give thee more money, how will it be applied?"—"That is not a courteous question, but I'll answer it. The most cunning craftsman cannot work without his tools, and some of mine are broken, which I seek to repair — another crown will be enough." The lady put the required sum into his hand, and at the same time intimated her desire of having a specimen of his art. "Oh! to what purpose should that be? Why, why seek to know the course of futurity? Destiny runs on in a sweeping and resistless tide. Inquire not what rocks await your bark; the knowledge cannot avail you, for caution is useless against stern necessity."—"Truly, you are not likely to get rich by your trade, if you thus deter customers."—"It is not for wealth I labour. I am alone on the earth, and have none to love. I will not mix with the world, lest I should learn to hate. This present is nothing to me. It is in communion with the spirits who have lived in the times that are past, and with the stars, those historians of the times to come, that I feel ought of joy. Fools sometimes demand the exertions of my powers, and sometimes I gratify their childish curiosity."—"Even though I lie under the imputation of folly, I will beg that you predict unto me the fate of the child which I shall bear."—"Well, *you have obliged me, and I will comply. Note the precise moment* at which it enters the world, and soon after you shall see me again." Within a week the birth of an heir awoke the clamorous joy of the vassals, and summoned the strange gipsy to ascertain the necessary points. These learnt, he returned home, and the next day presented Sir Maurice with a scroll, containing the following words:

"Twenty times shall Avon's tide
In chains of glistening ice be tied—
Twenty times the woods of Leigh
Shall wave their branches merrily,
In spring burst forth in mantle gay,
And dance in summer's scorching ray—
Twenty times shall autumn's frown
Wither all their green to brown—
And still the child of yesterday
Shall laugh the happy hours away.
That period past, another sun
Shall not his annual journey run,
Before a secret, silent foe
Shall strike that boy a deadly blow.
Such and sure his fate shall be:
Seek not to change his destiny."

The knight read it, and in that age, when astrology was considered a science as unerring as holy prophecies, it would have been little less than infidelity to have doubted the truth of the prediction. Sir Maurice, however, was wise enough to withhold the paper from his lady, and, in answer to her inquiries, continually asserted that the gipsy was an impostor, and that the object of his assuming the character of an astrologer was merely to increase her alms. The child grew in health and beauty; and as we are most usually the more strongly attached to pleasures in proportion to the brevity

of their continuance, so did the melancholy fate of his son more firmly fix him in the heart of Sir Maurice. Often did the wondering lady observe the countenance of her husband with surprise, as watching the endearing sportiveness of the boy; his countenance, at first brightened by the smile of paternal love, gradually darkened to deepest grief, till, unable to suppress his tears, he would cover the child with caresses, and rush from the room. To all inquiries Sir Maurice was silent, or returned evasive answers. We shall pass over the infancy of young Walter, and resume the narrative at the period in which he entered into his twentieth year. His mother was now dead, and had left two other children, both girls, who, however, shared little of their father's love, which was almost exclusively fixed on Walter, and appeared to increase in strength as the fatal time drew near.

It is not to be supposed that he took no precautions against the predicted event. Sometimes hope suggested that a mistake might have been made in the horoscope, or that the astrologer might have overlooked some sign which made the circumstance conditional; and, in unison with the latter idea, he determined to erect a strong building, where, during the year in which his doom was to be consummated, Walter might remain in solitude. He accordingly gave directions for raising a single tower, peculiarly formed to prevent ingress, except by permission of its inhabitants. The purpose of this strange building, however, he kept secret; and his neighbours, after numerous vain conjectures, gave it the name of "Cooke's Folly." Walter himself was kept entirely ignorant on the subject, and all his inquiries were answered with tears. At length the tower was completed, and furnished with all things necessary for comfort and convenience; and on the eve of Walter completing his twentieth year, Sir Maurice shewed him the gipsy's scroll, and entreated him to make use of the retreat prepared for him till the year expired. Walter, at first, treated the matter lightly, laughed at the prophecy, and declared that he would not lose a year's liberty, if all the astrologers in the world were to croak their ridiculous prophecies against him. Seeing, however, his father so earnestly bent on the matter, his resolution began to give way, and at length he consented to the arrangement. At six the following morning, therefore, Walter entered the tower, which he fastened within as strongly as iron bars would admit, and which was secured outside in a manner equally firm. He took possession of his voluntary prison with melancholy feelings, rather occasioned by the loss of present pleasure than the fear of future pain. He sighed as he looked upon the wide domain before him, and thought how sad would it be to hear the joyous horn summoning his companions to the chase, and find himself prevented from attending it—to hear the winter wind howling round his tower, and rushing between the rocks beneath him, and miss the cheerful song and merry jest, which were wont to make even the blast a pleasant sound. Certainly his time

passed as pleasantly as circumstances permitted. He drew up in a basket, at his meal-hours, every luxury which the season produced. His father and sisters daily conversed with him from below for a considerable time, and the morris-dancers often raised his laughter by their grotesque movements. Weeks and months thus passed, and Walter still was well and cheerful. His own and his sisters' hopes grew more lively, but Sir Maurice's anxiety increased. The day drew near which was to restore his son to his arms in confident security, or to fulfil the prediction, which left him without an heir to his name and honours. On the preceding afternoon, Walter continually endeavoured to cheer his parent, by speaking of what he would do on the morrow—desired his sisters to send round to all their friends, that he might stretch his limbs once more in the merry dance—and continued to talk of the future with such confidence, that even Sir Maurice caught a spark of hope from the fiery spirits of the youth. As the night drew on, and his sisters were about to leave him, promising to wake him at six by a song, in answer to their usual inquiry, if he wanted any thing more that night, "Nothing," said he; "and yet the night feels chilly, and I have little fuel left—send me one more faggot." This was sent him, and, as he drew it up, "This," said he, "is the last time I shall have to dip for my wants, like old women for their water, thank God! for it is wearisome work to the arm." Sir Maurice still lingered under the window in conversation with his son, who at length complained of being cold and drowsy. "Mark!" said he, as he closed the window, "mark, father, Mars, the star of my fate, looks smilingly to-night—all will be well." Sir Maurice looked up—a dark cloud-spot suddenly crossed the planet, and he shuddered at the omen.

The anxious father could not leave the spot. Sleep he knew it was vain to court, and he therefore determined to remain where he was. The reflections that occupied his mind continually varied: at one time he painted to himself the proud career of his high-spirited boy, known and admired among the mighty of his time; a moment after he saw the prediction verified, and the child of his love lying in the tomb. Who can conceive his feelings as hour dragged after hour, while he walked to and fro, watching the blaze of the fire in the tower as it brightened and sunk again—now pacing the court with hasty steps, and now praying fervently for the preservation of his son. The hour came. The cathedral bell struck heavy on the father's heart, which was not to be lightened by the cheerful voice of his daughters, who came running, full of hope, to the foot of the tower. They looked up, but Walter was not there; they called his name—he answered not. "Nay," said the youngest, "this is only a jest; he thinks to frighten us, but I know he is safe." A servant had brought a ladder, which he ascended, and looked in at the window. Sir Maurice stood immoveable and silent—he looked up, and the man answered the anxious expression of his eyes. "He is

asleep," said he.—"He is dead!" murmured the father.

The servant broke a pane of the window, and opening the casement, entered the room. The father, changing his gloomy stedfastness for frenzied anxiety, rushed up the ladder. The servant had thrown aside the curtains and the clothes, and displayed to the eyes of Sir Maurice his son lying dead—a serpent twined round his arm—and his throat covered with blood. The reptile had crept from the faggot last sent him, and fulfilled the *prophecy*.

PROPHECY OF A GENERAL DELUGE IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

MAGISTER STAFLER, an eminent German astrologer, in a *prognosticon*, addressed in 1518 to the then King of Spain, and afterwards Emperor Charles V. predicted a general deluge, which was to commence in the month of February 1524, and to desolate the whole earth: because at that time there would be a conjunction of Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars, which could not fail to prove calamitous to the earth; and as it would happen in the sign of Pisces, or the Fish, nothing was more clear, than that the threatened calamity would be a general deluge. Stäfler was celebrated, on account of his almanac, as a man of learning and acute observation: his prediction therefore excited a strong sensation throughout all Europe. The emperor and his court were filled with alarm; and the consternation became universal, when several astronomers supported the notion of an approaching deluge on similar astrological grounds.

The terror and anxiety of the courtiers induced Niphus, an Augustin monk, whom the emperor highly esteemed for his erudition, to write a refutation of Stäfler's prophecy. His arguments tranquillized the emperor and those about him; but his majesty's general, Count Veit Range, who was a firm believer in astrology, was apprehensive lest the emperor should be lulled into too great security by the work of Niphus, and neglect to provide for the safety of the army. He had on the first alarm applied to the emperor, requesting him to order the loftiest mountains to be sought out, to which he might repair with the army, and where magazines might be formed: but the emperor's first zeal had been greatly cooled by the refutation of Niphus. The general then instigated Thomas Philologus, the celebrated teacher of astronomy at Padua, to attack the performance of the Augustin friar; and Michael de Petra Sancta, professor of metaphysics in the Gymnasium of Rome, also adduced proofs that the conjunction of the planets in Pisces could not be productive of any thing short of a general deluge.

In all the countries of Europe the alarm was equally great, but especially in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; in France it even deranged the intellects of many. Numbers who resided on the seacoast, or on the banks of rivers,

sold their lands and effects, and repaired to the tops of high mountains, intending there to await the approaching deluge; while others built ships, and even arks, for their preservation. Each adopted such measures as his ingenuity or circumstances suggested, to secure himself from the threatened inundation and its attendant inconveniencies. Aurial, president of the parliament of Toulouse, caused a vast ark to be constructed, and provided with all kinds of necessaries, to which he and his family might have recourse in case of emergency. It was placed on four piers of masonry, that it might float at the first impulse of the rising waters. Gendorf, burgomaster of Wittenberg, on the other hand, made his preparations in the garrets of his house, and had a hogshead of beer carried up to them, that he might have something better to drink than mere water.

At length the month of February, expected with so much fear and trembling, arrived. In most countries, the weather was fair, serene, and without rain; and the deluge was postponed to another time.

THE WILLI-DANCE:

An Hungarian Tale, by Count MAILATH.

THE proud Baron of Löwenstein looked down from the lofty battlements of his castle at the road which, descending the hill, wound through the narrow valley towards Trencsin, and then traversed the populous plain along the banks of the Waag. When he perceived a comely youth mounted on a light courser ride forth from the castle-gates and bound nimbly away, he burst into a wild laugh, and ordered one of his attendants to desire his daughter, Emelka, to come to him.

As the luminary of love bursts from among sable clouds, so did the damsel enter her father's apartment. He conducted her to the battlements. "Seest thou yon rider?" said he, "and dost thou know him?"—"Yes, father," replied she, striving to suppress her rising emotion; "it is your page, Zalan."—"Never wilt thou behold him more," rejoined the baron. Her senses forsook her, and she would have fallen from the tremendous height, had she not been supported by the vigorous arm of her father. He bore her to her chamber, and there consigned her to the care of her women.

Zalan meanwhile pursued his way, without suspecting what the gloomy baron had prepared for him. The hospital of Knights Templars at Pösteny was, as he supposed, the end of his journey. He was furnished with a letter to the prior, and had directions to deliver it to him secretly. Anxious to ingratiate himself with the baron, he regarded this commission as a favourable opportunity for acquiring his confidence. Who can conceive all the delicious reveries in which the youthful lover indulged by the way—for every reader must have already guessed that he loved Emelka, and was beloved by her in return?

Towards the close of day, he

stopped in the forest contiguous to the convent, resolving to wait till nature should be shrouded in the mantle of night before he went to the prior. It was one of the most brilliant days of May: the rich tints of sunset, the cloudless azure of the firmament, the pathetic strains of the nightingales, the fragrance of the innumerable blossoms, the whisper of the rustling leaves, filled his heart with soft emotions. At length the toll of the vesper-bell, which broke upon his ear, the increasing brilliance of the stars, and the gradual quiescence of animated nature, warned him that it was time to depart; and an involuntary awe pervaded him as he rode along the bank of the impetuous Waag.

All at once the monastery met his view—cold and cheerless as the realities of life often appear to love. He gave the signal taught him by the baron: the porter opened the iron door, which turned without noise on its hinges, and asked in a low tone, "Is it from the Order?"—"No," replied Zalan: "from the Baron of Löwenstein to the prior."—"Follow me."—They proceeded along a narrow passage, which reverberated the sound of their steps, and ascended a winding staircase. The porter stopped at the first door, and knocked thrice, rapidly but softly: a voice answered, "I am alone." The porter pointed to the door, which Zalan opened, while his conductor disappeared in the dark cloisters.

In a chair of antique carved work, by the feeble glimmer of a lamp, sat the prior motionless, so that he almost resembled one of the figures of knights on ancient monuments. As the youth approached, and the hoary prior began to distinguish his features, he raised his hand to his forehead like one striving to recollect something that has long escaped his memory. Zalan delivered to him the baron's letter, which the prior opened in silence and read. His looks assumed a still graver cast, and his eyes were stedfastly fixed on the paper. All was so still, that Zalan could hear the throbbing of his heart. The prior at length broke silence. "Thy name, young man?" said he.—"Zalan."—"And thy parents?"—"My father's Theikal Geisa, my mother's Lodan Agnes—both dead."—"The ring on thy finger?"—"It was the last gift of my dying mother." A slight flush tinged the pallid cheek of the prior. He pointed to a seat, and said, "My predecessor was summoned away so suddenly, that he seems not to have had time to acquaint the baron with his departure, for this letter was intended for him. 'To death,' writes he, 'with the bearer of these lines—to death! The low-born varlet presumes to raise his eyes to my daughter—to death with him, that I may never see him more—but privately!'"—"What has love to do with the pride of ancestry?" cried the youth.—"Silence!" rejoined the prior: "I am directed by my superiors to comply with the wishes of the baron. Thee, however, I neither will nor can harm: but swear that thou wilt never reveal what I am going to tell thee." Zalan swore.

He grasped the hand of the prior, who, with a voice tremulous

with the tenderness of long dormant passion, thus spoke: "Thou must depart this night, nay this very hour. Here is a letter to our master in Croatia: it was intended for another, but thou shalt have it: look here, and take good notice of the name. The master will place thee in our army: behave well; leave the rest to Heaven, and though all forsake thee, still I will be thy friend."—"How have I deserved this kindness?" exclaimed the youth, deeply affected.—"Thou hast transported me," answered the prior, "into times long past: my heart is softened, and it urges me to tell thee what has been hitherto buried in its recesses, and never yet escaped my lips, that thou mayst know thou owest thy life to thy mother a second time. I loved her with all the ardour of youthful passion; I love her still, as the mariner the star that guides him in the dreary night. I saw her very often, while yet a girl, at her father's castle—and thy father too, I saw there to my misfortune—he loved her as well as I: for who, indeed, could behold without loving her?—Need I describe to thee all the torments of my heart? Weary of this uncertainty, I determined to decide my fate at once, and repaired to the castle of her father, fully resolved to acquaint her with my passion. A servant met me, and told me I was just in time to participate in the rejoicings at the castle on account of the betrothal of Agnes. On hearing this I gave the man a ring, the same which thou now wearest on thy finger, to be presented to her in my name, turned my horse, and galloped away. I entered into the Order of the Templars. She was already married, and I bound by indissoluble vows, when a knight came to our hospital. He talked a great deal, to which I paid no attention, till he mentioned thy mother: he described the ceremony of the nuptials, relating how melancholy she looked, and how, according to report, she was attached to another, and married merely out of obedience to her father. This intelligence stabbed me to the very heart. Since that time I have not heard of her, nay, I have abstained from inquiring after her. I was sent to the East, where I sought death, but found it not. It is but a few weeks since I returned, and but a few days that I have been here; and now I cease to regret that I have not fallen by the hand of some Saracen, because I have an opportunity of saving thy life. But time presses—farewell!—and when thou art overwhelmed by the weight of affliction, then remember me and what I have suffered."

The youth sunk into his arms in speechless emotion: the prior rung his bell; the porter entered; Zalan retired with tottering step, and had mounted his horse before he had recovered himself. He looked sorrowfully back at the towering Löwenstein, and his heart was oppressed with grief, when he was obliged to strike out of the well-known path into a new one, with which he was not acquainted.

Deep gloom meanwhile overspread the castle of Löwenstein. No sooner had Emelka recovered from her swoon, than a messenger, dispatched by the prior of Pöste-

ny, brought intelligence that the young Baron of Löwenstein had been drowned in an attempt to ford the Waag in his way home.

Emelka, now the sole remaining hope of the family, fell dangerously ill. The obdurate bosom of the baron was filled with apprehension. He summoned a monk, who was a skilful leech, to her assistance, but though he saved her from immediate death, it baffled his art to extirpate the root of the disease. Her health evidently declined during the summer; autumn came, and was succeeded by winter in all its rigour. The baron passed great part of his time in the forest, hunting the wild boar of the mountains, and still more of it at Jemetveny. It seemed as though he had some important business on foot with the lord of that castle. When the snow descended in large flakes, when twilight spread its shadowy wings over the creation, when nought broke the awful silence of solitude save the scream of the hungry eagle, or the cry of the lonely watchman on the castle-top, Emelka would call her nurse, Gunda. While the faggot crackled on the hearth, and the young lady was pensively reclined on pillows, Gunda would relate to her all the tales she knew of ancient times, of the knight Argylus and his Iatos, of the first migrations of the Hungarians, of the miracles performed by the apostles of that country, of the happiness that crowns constancy in love, of the inevitable punishment that overtakes infidelity; how even spirits issue from the grave to chastise perfidy, or to unite in death those lovers who have been separated in life. But what pleased Emelka better than all the rest was the story of the *Willi*, which the dame always began in these words: "The Willi, my dear, are damsels who die as brides before marriage. These Willi, unable to rest, wander about, and hold their dances in cross-roads; and if they find a man there they dance him to death. He then becomes the bridegroom of the youngest Willi, who gains rest through him, and such a one is my sister. Ah! I have often seen them in the moonlight!"—and then followed the history of the passion, sufferings, and death of that unfortuate young woman. In these tales relative to the world of spirits, the unhappy Emelka strove to forget the sorrows of this mortal life.

Thus spring approached, when the baron one day on his return from Jemetveny announced to his daughter that she was a bride, as he had given her hand to the lord of that domain. Emelka, knowing her father's inexorable disposition, retired without reply. The baron looked out with exultation on the valley watered by the Waag.—"Here," thought he, "there to the right and to the left, and beyond those distant hills, I shall now share the authority of my son-in-law!" Meanwhile Emelka, in the despair of her heart, besought Heaven for deliverance, and Heaven heard her prayer. She grew paler and more pale, the ruby fled her lips, the fire of her blue eye became extinct, her auburn hair flowed uncurled adown her neck and shoulders, as though death had thrown his mantle over her—she expired. "Father, I forgive thee for sending Zalan away from me," were

the last words she uttered; and they cut the cruel baron to the quick. When the coffin was closed, he ordered it to be conveyed to a cave in the forest, in which he himself took up his abode as a hermit, speaking little, but praying much, and with great fervour.

The report of the deserted state of the Löwenstein was circulated with extraordinary rapidity by travelling merchants throughout Croatia: it reached Zalan, who set out on his return home. "Is not my life," said he, "like a flower which is cut off in full bloom? Well then, my withered leaves shall at least be scattered there where all my happiness lies buried. If the baron will not permit me to guard her grave along with him, he may kill me himself; but this I swear, that no power on earth shall part me from her."

It was late in the evening when he reached the Löwenstein. An unaccountable impulse urged him into the mysterious recesses of the forest. He heard near him a rustling like that of autumnal leaves driven about by the wind; notes saluted his ear like the strains of plaintive nightingales; a faint light, resembling that of moving glow-worms, issued from among the bushes. The full moon burst forth; the clock struck twelve; he stood in a cross-road amidst a circle of the Willi. They softly raised their voices; a song, full of melancholy and disappointed love, poured from their unearthly lips; quicker and quicker still they threaded the mazes of the dance, and the rings on their fingers and their myrtle garlands glistened, and their hair streamed like a driving mist. One of them stepped up to him, and took him by the arm; he looked her in the face, and cried aloud, "Emelka!" She clasped him to her heart—his ceased to beat—she pressed his lips to hers, and he was dead.

Next morning, when the baron went forth into the valley, he found the corpse under a rose-bush, and recognised his luckless page.—"Lord, forgive my sins!" ejaculated he with eyes raised to heaven. He lifted the unfortunate youth upon his shoulders, and with a flood of tears buried him beside his daughter. Henceforward the page and Emelka often appeared to him in his dreams, brilliant as the morning star, and seemed to regard him with looks of forgiveness and consolation.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

A favourite Waltz, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss Emily Fulleck, by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 3s.—(Lavenu, Edward-street, Manchester-square.)

Although we are heartily tired of variations, Mr. Eavestaff's labour before us has succeeded in lulling our aversion for a while. His theme is extremely well chosen, and his variations present many features of great merit and interest. No. 1. is so natural and lightsome, that it might be danced just as well as the subject. The appli-

cation of crossed hands in No. 3. produces the best effect. No. 4. represents the subject in the form of a cantable melody, full of grace and sweetness; and the little transient modulation in the 5th and 6th bars could not have been more happily imagined. No. 6. the andante, is very fine: it evinces a degree of chasteness and feeling, in which the performer cannot but sympathize with the author; and it contains also some modulating touches of a very select cast. The concluding quick movement is appropriate and highly satisfactory.

"*Les belles Fleurs,*" *petite Recreation pour le Piano-forte, composed, and respectfully inscribed to Mesdames E. Russell, Powell, and Rayner,* by N. Rolfe. Pr. 1s.—(Chappell and Co.)

This book contains three divertimentos, one of which is dedicated to each of the above ladies. There is a family likeness between them, all being in the waltz style, in triple time, and all having their trios in the respective relative minor key. A little more variety of character would have been desirable, although we are free to say, that the good taste in which these little divertimentos are written, renders them very pleasing, and their executive facility adapts them particularly for the practice of young players. The modulations are conducted with great propriety, and the ideas succeed each other in an easy and natural connection. One passage, however (p. 8, l. 2,) appears to us naked and unmeaning.

"*I'll remember thee,*" *the Words by Edward Cobbold, Esq.; set to Music by J. F. Danneley.* Pr. 1s. 6d. —(Chappell and Co.)

The text of this ballad, simply affecting as it is, and musical in its very choice of words, holds out great encouragement to a composer; and, as far as *melody* goes, Mr. D. has done justice to his author. The *air* is replete with tender expression and good feeling; it is correctly rhythmed; in short, it is so entirely as we would wish it to be, that we should be glad to see another accompaniment made to it. The harmony in several instances is very hard (gall. *dure.*) As we flatter ourselves Mr. D. will, on a re-investigation of the song, coincide in this remark, we shall not transcribe the notes which we made on its trial, and which would require more room than we can spare this time.

"*The red rose is queen of the garden-bower,*" *a pastoral Song; the Words taken from the London Magazine, for May* 1821; *the Music composed, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. Ellis,* by her humble servant, T. Burrell. Pr. 2s. —(Chappell and Co.)

This ballad presents several interesting portions of melody, and the harmonic arrangement evinces a considerable degree of judgment and skill; but the rhythmical keeping of the different successive ideas appears to us not to be sufficiently regular and well marked, so as to maintain the desirable symmetry and balancing between the melodic phrases: this is partly observable even in the symphony. The three successive pauses (p. 2,

l. 4,) especially that on "the," are not altogether to our mind; and the assumption of a new tonic, "E b," at the very end of the song (p. 3, l. 4), although transient, may be deemed objectionable.

Henry R. Bishop's celebrated Air, "Bid me discourse," arranged as a Duet for two Performers on the Piano-forte, and respectfully dedicated to Miss Malvina Byrne, by Ch. T. Sykes. Pr. 3s.—(Goulding and Co.)

This duet is constructed in a manner similar to the one which Mr. S. formed upon Rossini's air, "Di piacer mi balza il cuor," and of which we made mention in our last critique; and it presents, like that, very decisive features of attraction, Mr. Bishop's interesting subject being arranged in a very pleasing and effective style, without entering upon any intricacies of harmony or execution. A short slow movement *by Mr. Kalkbrenner* has been prefixed by way of introduction.

"*Ce que je desire,*" *a favourite French Air by Boieldieu, arranged, with Variations for the Piano-forte, and inscribed to Miss Ann E. Gray,* by J. W. Holder, Mus. Bac. Oxon. Op. 62. Pr. 2s. 6d. —(Goulding and Co.)

Variations flow upon us so plentifully, and they are so much like each other, that we find it no easy matter to devise some variation in the expressions by which we are to convey our opinion of them. Now this is really the fact, and if these publications go on increasing as they have done hitherto, we are thinking of making and promulgating, once for all, a scale from No. 0. upwards, by which we shall be able in two words to tell our readers of what degree of strength the production appears to be; something like the way in which rums and brandies are proved.

Mr. Holder's variations might fairly be called "proof." They are good, they are pretty, they are of due diversity, and they are not difficult. Boieldieu's theme, which is very cantable and square in proportion, has no doubt contributed its share to these merits; but it is due to the talents and matured experience of Mr. H. to add, that these advantages of the original have been brought into play in a judicious and very conspicuous manner.

Valse pour le Forte-piano, composée, et dediée à Madame Louise Maltass, par Gaspard Franceschi. Pr. 1s.—(Mayhew and Co. Old Bond-street.)

The accompaniment of the left hand might have been devised in a style of greater freedom and diversity; for the bass, with a slight exception, is beating quavers from beginning to end: but the melody of the waltz itself, including the several successive parts, is interesting, and at times truly elegant, and there is a proper and agreeable variety in the ideas. In the second bar, the E's in the bass must be considered as typographical errors —they should be D's; and at the end of page 2, the right hand, instead of leaving the bass to complete the rhythm, ought to have gone on with another half-dozen of semiquavers.

New Music to the Morning and Evening Hymns, for one, two, and four Voices, also for the Harp or Piano-forte, composed, and respect-

fully dedicated by permission to M. Clementi, Esq. by T. Purday. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

Mr. P.'s melodies to the Morning and Evening Hymns are written with a due feeling of pious simplicity; the ideas are not novel, but they are appropriate and impressive. The parts of the duets and quartetts are carefully set, but rather too much in thirds and sixths; and in the duet, the first voice is once or twice *below* the second, a method of harmonizing which ought to be avoided. The accent given to "Awake," viz. āwāke, my soūl, &c. is awkward.

Love's Tale, a Serenade, as sung by Mr. Watkins Burroughs, in the grand Dramatic Romance entitled the Pirate, at the Surrey Theatre; composed and arranged, with an Accompaniment for the Harp or Piano-forte, by J. Sanderson.—Pr. 1s. 6d.—(J. Fitzwilliam and Co. New-st. Covent-Garden.)

This tale has been told to us in different ways by nearly a dozen of composers, and five or six of the specimens of Love's Tale have been told over to our readers; for a story loses nothing by telling. The way in which Mr. S. has told his, is satisfactory and pleasing, if we leave the text out of view. The melody is natural and well proportioned; but we conceive that the words of the poet were susceptible of, and indeed required, strains of greater tenderness and feeling than those which Mr. S. has assigned to them. In the 13th and 14th bars, p. 2, the fifths, B F and C G, come harshly upon our ears: we will not say that they are strictly ungrammatical, as they are not in immediate succession, but that succession is sufficiently close to affect the ear unfavourably.

A popular Sicilian Air, arranged as a Rondo for the Harp or Piano-forte, by Augustus Voight.—Pr. 2s.—(W. Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

We have with pleasure for some time past observed considerable improvement in Mr. V.'s compositions, and the present Sicilian air goes in further confirmation of this remark. The theme is regular, of sweet melody, and well adapted for the purpose of variation. The variation in the second page is written in a free and tasteful style; the modulations in the second and third line evince graceful conception and good scientific arrangement: in the latter respect, the improvement in Mr. V.'s musical labours appears striking and decisive, when compared with his publications of some years ago. In the fourth page a sort of trio, in four flats, also calls for favourable notice. The conclusion is in character, and in good style.

The rival Flowers, a favourite Song, sung by Master M. Metz at the Public Concerts, composed by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 1s. 6d.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

A ballad of a lively, lightsome, and agreeable melody; the ideas are unaffected, their succession natural, and their rhythmical keeping in strict symmetry. The modulation into the relative minor key (p. 2, l. 4,) has become so threadbare by constant use, that we should not care never to see the like again. The accompaniment is throughout very proper, and oc-

casionally it is thrown into the form of running passages, which proceed independently of the melody, and whose good connection and appropriate character tend to support the voice in a very effective and attractive manner.

A Selection of popular Waltzes, arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. No. 3. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

A Selection of the most admired Quadrilles, with their proper Figures in French and English, as danced at Almack's, the Argyll Rooms, &c. arranged for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. No. 5. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll.)

Hodsoll's Collection of popular Dances for the Piano-forte, Harp, or Violin. No. 31. Pr. 1s.

The former numbers of these different collections of dances having at various times been brought under the notice of our readers, it will be sufficient to introduce these additions to the series with the general remark, that the selection has been made with judgment, and that the accompaniments are devised in a satisfactory manner. Many of the tunes are deserving of attention in a musical point of view, and will afford entertainment to those who, like us, cannot enjoy them pedestrially.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

In our last Number we briefly noticed the opening of the British Institution for the summer season, with an exhibition of pictures by the Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and Dutch schools, and enumerated the principal masters whose works were in this gallery. The Directors of the Institution have been indefatigable in their exertions to collect for the public and the students in art, the best specimens for the improvement of their taste, and promotion of their interests; and from the liberality of his Majesty, and the other principal proprietors of old pictures, they have been enabled from time to time to exhibit some of those great standard works which have long established the great capabilities of art in all civilized nations. The present Exhibition displays a fair specimen of the schools to which it belongs: we have seen in this gallery some better pictures by the eminent masters who are named in the catalogue; but, on the whole, it contains fair examples of their skill, and cannot fail to prove generally interesting and useful. The stores of the Directors must be as inexhaustible as their efforts, or else they must have long since expended their whole stock in the realms of art in gratifying the public taste: they, however, bring fresh attractions to each successive Exhibition, and we may say in the language of our poet:

> "Age cannot wear, nor custom steal,
> Their infinite variety."

The present Exhibition is remarkable for the display of pic-

tures by the Dutch masters. The pictures by Teniers, Cuyp, Ruysdael, Vandervelde, Maas, &c. are excellent representations of their several styles. If great success in the minor branches of art can command attention, these pictures necessarily must, for they are full of familiar touches of minute execution.

A Female listening.—Maas.

This picture is, in point of painting, clearness, and force of effect, really beautiful; the tone in the lower part near the chair, and on the wall, is exquisite, and strongly resembles some of Rembrandt's best touches. We do not recollect to have seen a better picture by this artist: it belongs to his Majesty's collection.

Banditti, in a Landscape.—Salvator Rosa.

There are two pictures bearing the same name by this artist, and both belonging to the same proprietor. They are full of the wild grandeur which abounds in Salvator Rosa's compositions; but No. 13 in the catalogue, we think, the superior one in effect: the painting is firmer, and the drawing, and even the colouring, appear to be in a superior style.

Belshazzar's Feast.—Rembrandt.

We select this picture, not that it is the best by Rembrandt in the collection, for he has others here which better fix his high character in art; but because we think it will be consolatory to our own artists, to see now and then a great master missing his aim in his flight, and shewing himself mortal in his struggles. The poets say that "Homer sometimes nods;" and why not Rembrandt? He has displayed some astonishing execution in this picture; but as a composition it cannot be classed with any of his other works: it wants grandeur and sublimity, and without these characteristics, what is such a subject? or rather, is it the subject at all which it professes to designate?

Of a very different character is the inimitable *Landscape, with Cattle and Figures* (No. 92). This is indeed a brilliant little picture, full of redeeming qualities for a hundred like the other; it has all the magic of art in Rembrandt's happiest hour. The cows reflecting as it were in half tones the principal light on the water, have a beautiful effect. This is quite a poetical picture.

Landscape, from the Corsini Palace. —G. Poussin.

The last landscape deserves to be classed with Poussin's, the best in the Exhibition, to which alone it can be said to be inferior. The scene is beautifully chosen, and there is something massy, as well as simple and elegant, in the composition of the landscape: for invention and execution it is peculiarly happy. No. 117, by the same artist, is also a beautiful picture.

The Chemist in his Elaboratory.—A. Ostade.

This is a beautiful specimen of Ostade's style. The colouring is lively and transparent, and the warmth and clearness uncommonly attractive.

View on the Coast of Holland, with Boats and Figures; Men of War in the distance.—W. Vandervelde.

A fine example of the silvery tone of this artist's pencil, and exquisitely finished in every part.

The *Seashore*, by the same artist, with boats and figures (No. 93), is worthy of the royal collection to which it belongs. The huge cloud obscuring the sun, and the ship of war presenting its heavy mass, are well conceived, and happily executed. It is one of the most pleasing sea-pieces we have seen from Vandervelde's pencil, remarkable as it was for uncommon correctness in the delineation of such subjects, and more strongly displays that union of truth with grandeur and elegance in his compositions, which forms so large a part of the value of his pictures. *The brisk Gale* is also a beautiful picture; the agitation of the water is admirable.

Prince Charles, James Duke of York, and the Princess Mary, Children of King James I.—Vandyke.

Vandyke's noble powers as a portrait-painter are displayed in this picture, and in that of *Spinola* from the Balbi palace, Genoa, which is also in the British Institution. They are equal in many parts to the celebrated portrait of Mary of Medicis, once in the Orleans collection. This portrait of the family of Charles I. (which is from his Majesty's collection) is beautifully painted; the colouring is pearly and clear, and the effect refined and delicate. The figures are true, graceful, and elegant, and their appearance playful and delicate, notwithstanding the heavy folds of an unseemly and fantastic costume. We have rarely seen portraits more full of graceful air and natural variety.

A Man playing on the Violoncello.—Metzu.

This picture is exceedingly beautiful; the simplicity of the composition, and the subdued brightness of the colour, are extremely pleasing. It is a good specimen of that harmony of tone which Metzu obtained, less by an opposition, or contrast of colour, in the manner of other artists, than by a skilful gradation of tone: the composition is full of nature, and particularly pleasing.

Landscape, with a View of the House of the Painter.—Vanderneer.

For finish and tone, as well as execution, this is a good specimen of the artist's powers; the imitation of nature is good, and the penciling extremely light, free, and clean.

Landscape, with a grey Horse, and an Encampment in the Background.—Cuyp.

Very fine, and broad in the execution; the tone of colouring is sweet and agreeable. There are some other excellent works by this artist in the British Gallery.

Landscape, with a Fall of Water.—Ruysdael.

This is a sparkling, spirited painting, possessing great truth and beauty of execution. The waterfall has all the force and foam of nature. The scenery is composed with great skill and judgment. No. 123 (Ruysdael's *Gate)* resembles this picture in beauty of execution and colour.

The Interior of a Room, with Figures smoking.—De Hooge.

This picture, if less rubbed, would be a good example of De Hooge's powers. The figures are

drawn with great force, and the design is remarkably correct.

Venus and Adonis.—Titian.

A fine picture; but inferior to the *Titian* of the same subject in Mr. Angerstein's collection.

The Wise Men's Offering.—B. Bisciano.

A good effect of colour, and spiritedly painted: the design is also excellent.

Landscape and Figures.—The joint composition of Vanderneer and Cuyp.

An exceedingly pleasing picture, full of all the freshness of nature.

A Larder, with Figures and dead Game.—Rubens.

The imitation is excellent, and the colouring good.

There are several other pictures in this Exhibition well entitled to the attention of artists and the public. The subjects are various, and full of attraction in every department of art; many of these pictures are studies which cannot be examined too attentively, and he who feels their merit must be capable of profiting from his application to their beauties.

We presume these works will be open to the students for a short interval when the public Exhibition is over.

MR. BONE'S EXHIBITION.

Mr. Bone has liberally thrown open his rooms in Berners-street, two days in the week for three months, for the Exhibition of a series of Enamel Paintings of distinguished persons who flourished in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, upon which he has been long engaged. About seventy of those illustrious characters are here pourtrayed with the utmost fidelity, and transport the spectator in imagination to the glorious era which they adorned. These performances possess a high degree of interest, independently of the beauty of their execution, from the fine associations which they produce in the mind. The lovely Mary is here seen smiling beside her haughty and inexorable kinswoman; and the eye contemplates the features of rival statesmen, or dwells with admiration on the traits of those geniuses who shed a lustre upon their age, which succeeding times have not eclipsed.

HEATH'S PRINT FROM CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.

It will be recollected that the Directors of the British Institution purchased of the late President of the Royal Academy, his magnificent picture of *Christ healing the Sick*, for 3000 guineas. This sum was raised by fifty-guinea subscriptions among the Governors of the Institution, for which each subscriber was to receive two proofs, one print, and two etchings of a plate to be engraved from the picture by Mr. Charles Heath. This work, which Mr. Heath contracted to finish in four years, but which has required eleven, is now completed; the plate is printing, and impressions are on delivery to the subscribers to the picture. Mr. Heath's engagement was for eighteen hundred guineas.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE annual meeting of this useful Society, for the distribution of its premiums and medals, was held on the 29th of May. A circumstance which seems to indicate an increased prosperity of the Society, or an increased interest taken by the public in its transactions, or both, is the removal of these meetings, on account of the want of space, first from its own house in the Adelphi to Freemasons Tavern, and now from the latter place to a public theatre. The use of Drury-lane was granted for the present occasion by Mr. Elliston, and every part, excepting the stage, which was appropriated to the business of the day, was filled with spectators. After an able exposition of the rise, progress, and intentions of the Society, had been delivered by the Secretary, Mr. Arthur Aikin, the prizes were delivered to the successful candidates by the Royal President, the Duke of Sussex, with apposite remarks on such performances and inventions as possess the strongest claims to attention.

We subjoin, according to custom, a list of the prizes so distributed:

IN AGRICULTURE & RURAL ECONOMY.

Messrs. Cowley and Staines, Winslow, Bucks, for drawing turnips in November 1821, and preserving same in a sound state, fit for feeding cattle, to the end of April 1822—large gold medal; and for cultivating four acres of the white poppy (*papaver somniferum*), and extracting from it 60lbs. of solid opium, equal to the best Turkey—gold Ceres medal.

J. Peart, Esq. Settle, Yorkshire, for reclaiming 56 acres of waste moor land—large gold medal.

Mr. A. Biddle, Playford, Ipswich, for a hay-borer—large silver medal.

IN POLITE ARTS.—*Original Oil Paintings.*

Mr. S. Platt, for original oil painting of fruit—gold Isis medal.

Mr. R. Turner, for original portrait in oil—silver Isis medal.

Miss E. A. Drummond, original portrait in oil—gold Isis medal.

Mr. E. Fancourt, for original portrait in oil—large silver medal.

Mr. Fred. W. Watts, for original landscape from nature, in oil—silver Isis medal.

Miss Joanna Smith, for original landscape in oil—large silver medal.

Miss S. Matilda Arnald, for original painting of flowers in oil—large silver medal.

Mr. T. Gwennap, for original painting of fruit in oil—gold Isis medal.

Mr. M. H. Holmes, original composition in oil of still life—silver palette.

Mr. H. B. Zeigler, for original landscape in oil—large gold medal.

Mr. Fred. W. Watts, for original landscape-composition in oil—gold Isis medal.

Miss Caroline Hanning Evatt, for original portrait in oil—silver Isis medal.

Mr. H. W. Watts, for original composition of figures in oil—silver Isis medal.

Copies in Oil.

Mr. Ed. Knight, for landscape in oil, a copy—large silver medal.

Miss Emma Davies, for copy in oil of an historical figure—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Knight, for copy in oil of an historical figure—large silver medal.

Mr. S. Drummond, for copy in oil of an historical picture—silver Isis medal.

Mr. P. Corbett, for copy in oil of an historical figure—silver Isis medal.

Mr. J. Bridges, for copy in oil of a portrait—large silver medal with a gold rim.

Mr. P. Simpson, for copy in oil of a portrait—silver Isis medal with a gold rim.

Original Paintings in Water Colours.

Miss S. Hefer, for original painting of flowers in water colours—silver palette.

Miss S. Eliz. Bowley, for original painting of flowers in water colours—silver Isis medal.

Miss M. Heape, for original composition of figures in water colours—large silver medal.

Miss L. A. Shaw, for original painting of flowers in water colours—large silver medal.

Mr. R. Hudson, for original historical composition in water colours—large silver medal.

Copies in Water Colours.

Mr. J. H. Farrer, for copy of a print in water colours—silver Isis medal.

Original Drawings in Ink, Pencil, Chalk, &c.

Mr. J. F. Taylor, for original pencil drawing of a landscape—silver palette.

Mr. G. Nicholson, for original drawing in pen and ink of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Copies in Ink, Pencil, Chalk, &c.

Mr. J. Flaxman Denman, for copy in Indian ink of figures—silver palette.

Mr. R. H. Horne, for copy in Indian ink of a print—silver palette.

Miss Jane Simpson, for copy in chalk of a head—silver palette.

Miss Palin, for copy in chalk of a head—silver palette.

Miss Ann Smith, for copy in chalk of a head—silver palette.

Miss Sarah Sophia Seabrook, for copy in chalk of a head—silver palette.

Miss Eliz. H. Peacocke, for copy in chalk of a holy family—silver Isis medal.

Miss Richardson, for copy in chalk of a figure—silver palette.

Miss E. Clarke, for copy in chalk of a Madona and Child—silver Isis medal.

Miss M. Birch, for copy in Indian ink of figures—silver palette.

Mr. T. D. White, for copy in chalk of a head—silver palette.

Mr. Jos. Phelps, for copy in pen and ink of a head—silver Isis medal.

Miss J. Turner, for copy in pencil of a landscape—silver palette.

Copies in Outline.

Mr. E. Williams, for outline drawing of a figure—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. Fairland, for outline drawing of a figure—silver palette.

Miniatures.

Miss Smith, for original miniature—silver Isis medal; and for copy of a miniature—large silver medal.

Drawings from Statues and Busts.

Mr. W. Gill, for drawing in chalk from a bust—silver Isis medal.

Mr. J. Padgett, for drawing in chalk from a bust—silver palette.

Mr. L. Macartan, for drawing in chalk of the Farnese Hercules—silver Isis medal.

Mr. G. Presbury, for drawing in chalk of the boxers—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Middleton, for anatomical drawing from a cast—large silver medal.

Mr. W. Fairland, for anatomical drawing from a cast—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. Fairland, for drawing in chalk of a horse's head, from the Elgin marbles—silver Isis medal.

Mr. F. Hayward, for drawing in chalk of a horse's head, from the Elgin marbles—silver palette.

Models in Plaster.

Mr. J. Preece, for copy of a group—silver Isis medal.

Mr. W. Theed, for copy of a single figure—silver Isis medal.

Mr. J. Legrew, for copy of a single figure—silver palette.

Mr. T. Smith, for original group of two figures, Œdipus and Antigone—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Wood, for original group of three figures, Adam and Eve lamenting over the body of Abel—gold Isis medal.

Mr. C. Smith, for original group of more than three figures, the fight for the body of Patroclus—large gold medal.

Architecture.

Mr. J. B. Bunning, for drawing of Bow Church, from actual measurement—silver Isis medal.

Mr. C. Purser, for drawing of St. Martin's Church, from actual measurement—large silver medal.

Mr. T. Plowman, for original design in Gothic architecture—large silver medal.

Mr. C. Papendiek, for original design for a Court of Justice—large silver medal.

Mr. E. Taylor, for original design for a Court of Justice—gold medallion.

Engravings.

Miss M. Radclyffe, for etching of a landscape—silver Isis medal.

Mr. T. F. Ranson, for finished historical engraving—gold Isis medal.

Mr. T. Lupton, Burton-crescent, for portrait in mezzotinto on soft steel—gold Isis medal.

Needle-work.

Mrs. Nicholson, for copy of an historical picture—gold Isis medal.

Medal Dies.

Mr. B. Faulkener, Birmingham, for a medal die, a portrait—large silver medal.

IN MANUFACTURES.

Mr. E. Richards, Bethnal-Green, for an improvement in the silk weavers' draw-boy—twenty guineas.

Mr. J. Hughes, Patience-street, Bethnal-Green, for an improvement in the silk weavers' draw-boy—five guineas.

Mr. J. Thompson, jun. Coventry, for an

improvement in the silk ribbon-loom—gold Vulcan medal and fifty guineas.

Mr. Stephen Marshall, Merton Bridge, Surry, for improved blocks for calico-printers—fifteen guineas.

Mr. J. Parry, Little Mitchell-street, Bartholomew-square, for the manufacture of plat from Leghorn straw—large silver medal.

Mrs. Wells, Connecticut, United States, for a new material for fine plat, in imitation of Leghorn—large silver medal and twenty guineas.

Mr. T. Starkey, Huddersfield, for fine broad cloth, made entirely of wool from New South Wales—gold Isis medal.

IN CHEMISTRY AND MINERALOGY.

Mr. H. W. Reveley, King-street West, Bryanstone-square, for his communication respecting the nature and preparation of the stones used in Tuscany for grinding fine flour—large silver medal.

J. Meigh, Esq. Shelton, Staffordshire, for the discovery of a glaze for vessels of common red earthenware, not prejudicial to the health of those who make use of them—large gold medal.

IN MECHANICS.

Mr. G. Holditch, Lynn Regis, for a life-beacon—large silver medal and ten guineas.

Mr. J. Millikin, Strand, for an improved bistoury—large silver medal.

Lieut. R. P. Littlewort, R. N. for an improved ship's compass—large silver medal.

Mr. J. Watson, Western Exchange, for a system of musical notation for the use of the blind—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. C. Goodwin, London-Wall, for an improved bridle-bit—large silver medal.

Mr. R. Thom, Rothesay-mills, near Glasgow, for an hydraulic apparatus for regulating the supply of water to mills—large silver medal.

H. Gordon, Esq. Captain R. N. Ranelagh-street, Pimlico, for a life-boat—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. R. Pering, Royal Dock-yard, Plymouth, for a wrought iron carriage for ships' guns—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. C. A. Busby, Strand, for an hydraulic orrery—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. A. Ainger, Everett-street, for a general correctional scale for temperature for hydrometers—gold Vulcan medal.

Mr. W. Wynn, Dean-street, Soho, for an improved hammer for turret-clocks—twenty guineas.

Mr. Ez. Baker, Whitechapel-road, for an improved mainspring for fire-arms—silver medal.

Mr. W. Hookey, Royal Dock-yard, Woolwich, for a coffer for repairing ships afloat—large silver medal.

Mr. Hall, Glasgow, for self-acting apparatus for supplying steam-boilers with water—ten guineas.

Mr. A. Sheffield, for a magnetic guard for persons employed in dry-grinding—gold Isis medal.

Mr. E. Wigzell, New Milman-street, for an instrument for marking a ship's place on a chart—large silver medal.

Mr. S. Bowler, Uxbridge-street, Newington-Causeway, for a rat-trap—five guineas.

Mr. W. Bailey, High Holborn, for an improved method of opening and shutting the windows of churches and other public buildings—silver Vulcan medal.

Mr. G. Savage, St. James's-street, Clerkenwell, for a detached escapement—large silver medal.

IN COLONIES AND TRADE.

J. M'Arthur, Esq. New South Wales, for importing 15,130lbs. of fine wool, the produce of his own flock in New South Wales—large gold medal; and for importing certain quantities of wool, equal to the fine electoral Saxon wool, the produce of his own flock in New South Wales—large gold medal.

J. Raine, Esq. for opening a market for the wool raised in the settlement of Van Diemen's Land, and for his exertions in improving the quality of the same—silver Ceres medal; and for importing 400 tuns of sea-elephant oil, procured within the limits of the colony of New South Wales—large silver medal.

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE annual meeting of this excellent and benevolent institution was held on the 21st of May, at Freemasons Tavern. His Royal Highness the Duke of York presided. The company, whose number exceeded two hundred, embraced many of the old and stanch supporters of the institution distinguished for rank and talents,

several of the principal booksellers of the metropolis, and a long list of men of letters and science. Among the foreigners of eminence who favoured the meeting with their attendance were, the French Ambassador, Vicomte de Chateaubriand; Count Marcellus, Secretary to the French Embassy; M. Hassuna de Ghies, the representative of Tripoli at our court, remarkable for his acquaintance with ancient and modern letters; Dr. Smirnove, attached to the Russian Embassy, &c. The health of his Majesty, whose warm patronage of this Society has been expressed by an annual donation of two hundred guineas since its formation, was drunk with enthusiasm. On the health of the foreign ambassadors being given, Mr. Canning rose, at the request of M. de Chateaubriand, to return thanks for his distinguished friend, to whose talents he paid a very high encomium; and Sir Benjamin Hobhouse, in proposing the health of Mr. Canning, pronounced a glowing eulogium on the brilliant qualities of that statesman. A paper written by Dr. Symmons, explaining the views, and stating some of the acts of the Society, produced a very striking effect in the festive hall. The details of particular cases of misery alleviated, of the dying succoured, of the dead buried, of the foreigner and exile relieved, of the poor scholar, the widows and the orphans of men of letters, saved from utter wretchedness—but without exposing the names of persons, to avoid wounding sensibility—suffused many eyes with tears. The donations of the royal chairman, noblemen, and gentlemen present, as well as of others who were prevented from attending, were most munificent. Mr. Strahan, the king's printer, subscribed 1000*l.* 3 per cent. stock, and the whole collection considerably exceeded that of any former anniversary.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 4.—MORNING DRESS.

THE morning dress is composed of colonnade stripe muslin, worked round the bottom to correspond with the stripe, and trimmed with four narrow worked flounces, the upper one finished with a double row of cord. The body fastens behind, plain and high, but a little open towards the throat; trimmed with the same delicate work that decorates the cape, in which there are two rows, separated by a puffing of plain book-muslin, through which a lilac ribbon is drawn. The cape is square at the shoulder, where it finishes; but the upper row of trimming is continued to the bottom of the waist, adding to the gracefulness of the form. The sleeve is worked at the end, and tied with lilac ribbon at the wrist; above which, the work is arranged in a double angle trimmed, from each of which is suspended a small cord tassel. The cap is elegantly simple, of the cottage form, and composed of beautiful India work-





ed muslin and Mechlin lace, tastefully decorated with fancy lilac ribbon. *Shoes, lilac kid.*

PLATE 5.—EVENING DRESS.

Round dress, of delicately striped net, over a white satin slip; the bottom of the dress extended by a double rouleau of rich white satin; above which are elegant festoons, arranged transversely, of puffed *crèpe lisse*, confined diagonally by three narrow rouleaus of white satin, and finished at the top with small clusters of the blue convolvolus. The *corsage* displays the chastest taste, cut round, and edged with a quilling of the finest *tulle*; the stomacher is formed of four rows of six minute folds of white satin, net appearing between each row. The tasteful trimming round the back, over the shoulder, and uniting with the stomacher to the bottom of the waist, is composed of short rows of folded satin, separated by the net at equal distances, and edged with blond, of a rich and elegant pattern. The sleeve short and full, confined by convolvoluses and divisions of small folded satin, which is again intersected by cheveronels. — Head-dress, turban of cerulean blue and white *crèpe lisse*, and two white ostrich feathers. The hair parted in front, and elegant ringlets on each side. White satin shoes, long white kid gloves. Necklace and ear-rings of pearl and cornelian.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

It is to Brighton, Cheltenham, &c. &c. that we must now resort for an account of the prevailing modes among the fair votaries of fashion. We find that muslin robes made in the style of pelisses are a good deal worn for the morning *promenade: the one which we are about to describe is the most novel* that we have seen: it is an open dress composed of cambric muslin; the skirt is of an easy fulness, and less gored than they have been worn lately; the waist is the usual length; the back full, and the fulness confined by a row of points, which cross each other, and fasten in the middle of the back by buttons; the points are edged with embroidery. The sleeve is nearly tight to the arm; it is finished at the hand to correspond with the back, but the points are small. The collar falls over; it is rounded at the corners, and terminates in a point in the middle of the back: the trimming, which is very deep, and goes all round, is formed of clear muslin let in in a wreath of leaves; between each of the windings of the wreath is a small rose, also of clear muslin.

Silk pelisses are likewise in favour for the more advanced part of the day, and spencers are very fashionable. A good many of the latter button behind, and are ornamented in front either with braiding and brandenburgs, or else with the same material as the spencer, disposed in various ways. If the trimming be of brandenburgs, the half-sleeve, which is always full, is interspersed with them. These spencers are made in general without collars, and are worn either with a lace falling collar or a ruff.

We have seen a spencer composed of white lace, and lined with coloured sarsnet, of a very novel and pretty description: the lining was of lemon colour; the back was

formed by a row of small silk buttons on each side, and had a little fulness at the bottom of the waist. A short lace jacket, composed of three falls, gives the spencer a very jaunty air. The long sleeve is finished by three falls of narrow lace; the epaulette, also of lace, is in the form of a shell. There is no collar, but a standing frill, deep behind but sloping in front, and which displays the throat before. This is a remarkably pretty spencer, and very appropriate to the time of year.

The kind of bonnet which the French call *capote*, is a good deal in favour for the morning walk, but then it is always worn with muslin dresses. It is composed of cambric muslin, in some instances with embroidery let in, but not in general, and has rarely any ornament. Leghorn and straw are also worn in general as undress bonnets, although we see a few of the former in the evening promenade: when that is the case, they are decorated with marabouts or flowers of the season.

Silk bonnets are fashionable, but not so much as those that are transparent. We see a good many of the latter composed of a mixture of lace and clear muslin: the materials for the former are the same as we mentioned last month.

Muslin is at present the order of the day in dinner dress. We still see, however, a good many silk gowns, trimmed with satin or blond. Some few *élégantes* have adopted the *blouse*, which is at present so fashionable in France, but it is by no means generally worn.

Toques and turbans are in favour in full dress, but not so much so as head-dresses *en cheveux*. The front hair is disposed in thick curls, and but slightly parted on the forehead. The hind hair is brought up to the crown of the head in a full bow, round which several plaits of hair are twisted. Flowers are universally worn in the hair in full dress, but feathers are used for *toques* and turbans. We see, however, a good many of the latter that are composed of gold or silver gauze, made without ornament. Fashionable colours are the same as last month.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, June 18.

SINCE I wrote to you last, my dear Sophia, the weather has become so intensely hot, that our promenade dress is as light as is consistent with decency, and in some instances indeed, rather lighter than English delicacy might think necessary. The coloured muslins which I mentioned to you in my last are still fashionable, but not so much so as white *perkale*.

Gowns continue to be trimmed with *volans*, and *entre deux* of embroidery between. The newest style of trimming consists of a dozen of these flounces, which are put close together, cut at the edges like the teeth of a saw, and sewed with very little fulness. Another fashionable style of trimming is an embroidery about six inches in breadth, which is done either on net or clear muslin, and at the edge of this band is a wreath of leaves let in *en crèpes* of clear mus-

lin. *Bouillonné* of different kinds is also very fashionable; and whatever style the gown is ornamented in, the trimming always comes very high. The *corsage* of the newest form has a little fulness all round the bottom of the waist: it is finished by a fall of work, which forms a short jacket all round, and is disposed in deep plaits. The *ceinture* is in general of morocco leather: some *belles*, however, give a preference to brown Russia: the bracelets always correspond. The steel buckle has given place to one of gold, which is of an oval form. The long sleeve is tight, but the epaulette, which is still very full, is a good deal ornamented either with embroidery or letting-in of clear muslin. The collar falls over so as to display a little of the throat: it begins again to be worn cut in five points, and is trimmed, as well as the bottom of the sleeves, with a double flounce of work; sometimes the flounce goes across the shoulder and down the front of the girdle.

Another style of body is called the *corsage à l'Anglaise:* it has a little fulness, which is disposed in irregular plaits on each side of the front; these plaits are a good deal separated at the top, but come pretty close together at the bottom of the waist: they have behind the same direction. The *corsage* fastens on the inside, but the fastening is concealed by a row of buttons: the sleeve is very tight, except just on the top of the arm, where there is a very full puff on the shoulder, and a deep point hangs loosely over it. It was not certainly out of compliment to us that they gave this *corsage* the appellation of English, for nothing can well be imagined more unbecoming to the shape.

The cachemire shawl is at present completely superseded by the light *barège* scarf, or the lace shawl or pelerine. It is somewhat singular, considering the time of year, that *ponceau* scarfs are more in favour than any other: they are worn long and narrow, and are tied carelessly at the throat.

The brims of bonnets are larger than last month, but they are not yet out of size: those of gauze still retain their pre-eminence. Rice-straw are also fashionable; and there are various kinds of light tissue, nearly but not quite transparent, which are partially worn. Leghorn also, which is scarcely ever seen at this season, is in some estimation at present; as is also a new material, composed of raw silk plait of straw colour, which resembles Leghorn so exactly, that it is very difficult to distinguish the difference. Flowers are now very little worn, their place being supplied by gauze draperies, intermixed with ears of corn. The few *belles* who continue to use flowers, wear only roses, mignonette, and poppies.

Ponceau gauze is very much worn to form the draperies used to adorn the crowns of hats. The brims are variously ornamented; in a good many instances, a drapery of lace or blond is disposed under the brim in those large plaits which used to be called *wolves' mouths:* this drapery is the entire depth of the brim. Other bonnets have a blond of little more than a nail in

depth, placed just under the edge of the brim; and we see also several with a broad blond put on flat, but very near the edge.

Such, my dear Sophia, is the style of dress for the public promenades; but for the exhibition of paintings, or summer parties, no elegant woman will be seen in any thing but a *blouse*. I need not describe to you the *corsage* of this dress, because it is completely that of a waggoner's frock: the trimming consists of *volans*, of which there are a great number: when the *blouse* is of muslin, these flounces are frequently of lace, and the seams of the body are embroidered in white; for embroidered cambric they are embroidered in different colours, but for silk, the embroidery always corresponds. A good many *élégantes* have adopted the fashion of pantaloons under the *blouse*; and in that case, it is worn sufficiently short to display a little of the rich lace or worked flounce which finishes the trowsers.

Scarfs of *ponceau* [illegible] are as much in favour for [illegible] as for the public promenades, but we see also in the former, scarfs of white *barège* bordered with gold stripes: these scarfs are never seen in the public walks.

Cambric muslin round dresses, with aprons of the same material, are very much in fashion with young people; the apron is made to go very far back, and is trimmed with a double row of *volans* of clear muslin at the bottom.

I saw a few [illegible] straw dress hats [illegible] which had a small [illegible] round; the brim was embroidered in white silk braid: a large *bouquet* of marabouts formed a tuft at the bottom of the crown, and two or three of them, which were turned the contrary way, hung over the side of the brim. Rice-straw is not commonly worn as dress part [illegible] this hat had really an elegant appearance. Some dress hats are decorated with knots of gauze [illegible] in the form of a fan.

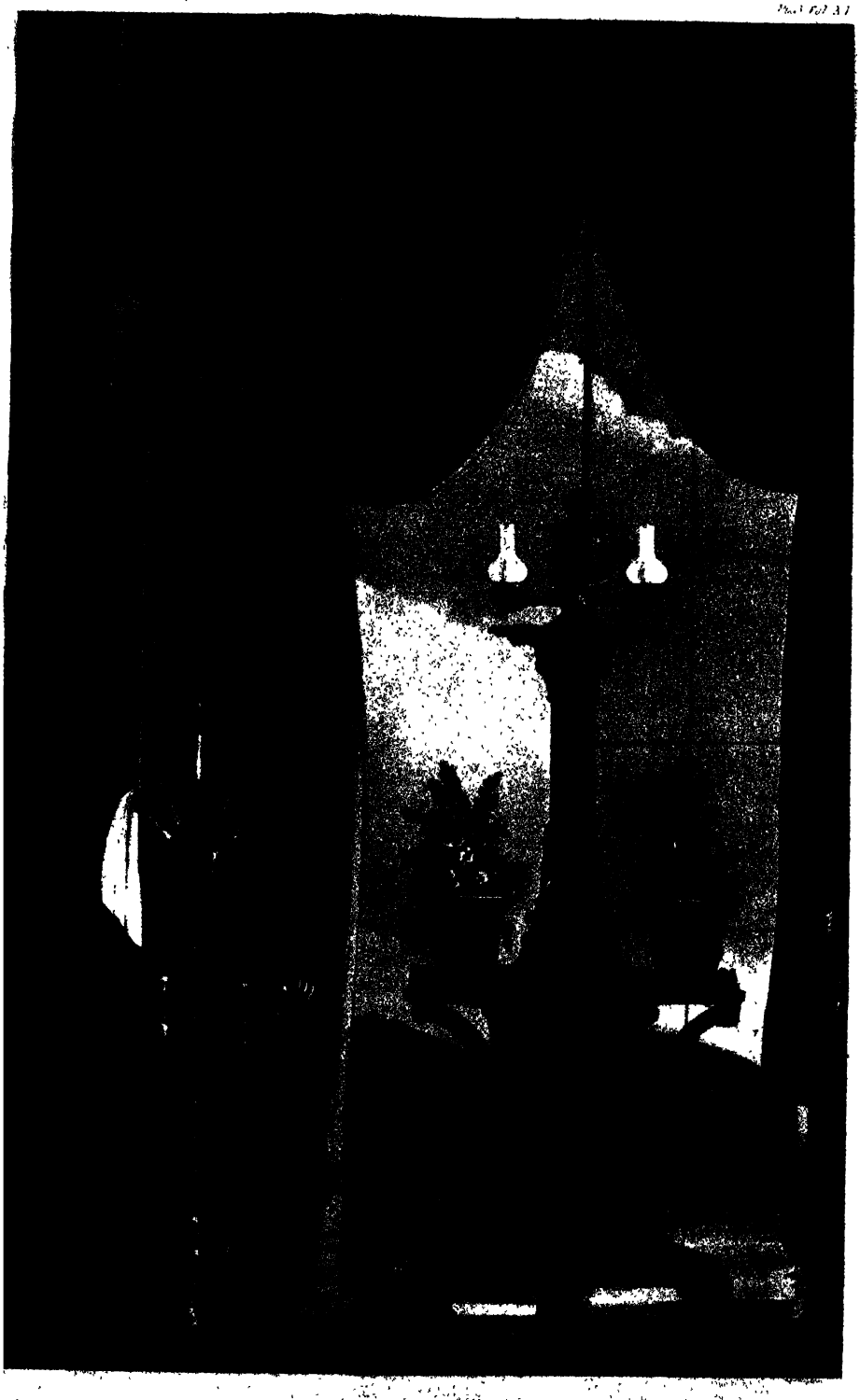
Turbans are in general composed of gauze, and they are always of two colours; for example, rose and straw colour, light blue and white, cherry and white.

Some dress hats, *à la Marie Stuart*, are worn without strings; they are covered with white gauze *bouffante*, and strewed with ripe ears of corn: a good many of these hats are worn with little caps, which have strings tied in a knot at the side.

Among the novel articles in jewellery, are crosses decorated with a little watch in the middle; other crosses have a spy-glass set in a flower between each branch.

A new sort of seals, called *cachets à roue*, is just coming into fashion: five or six of them are attached to a wheel suspended to the watch-chain. The jewellers employ in the composition of these seals stones of different sorts, and they compose them in such a manner, that the initial letters of the names of the stones form a devise. The colours in request are [illegible] citron, cherry colour, light blue, rose colour and straw colour. Adieu! Always yours

EMMELIA.



CLOAK STAND & FLOWER STAND.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 3.—A CLOAK-STAND AND A FLOWER-STAND.

The annexed plate represents a cloak-stand and flower-stand suited to a small Gothic hall. The former is simple in its construction, and adapted to receive sticks and umbrellas, by having holes in the upper circle; while the lower has a rim to contain water that may accumulate from wet umbrellas. It may perhaps be rendered more convenient by having another row of pegs at the top. The flower-stand forms an elegant piece of furniture in oak, with bronze ornaments, the top being calculated to receive large drooping plants, and a lamp, or glass with gold fish; either way, as a whole, it is perfect in its form, and will be found to add much to the beauty of a small entrance-hall.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

Voyage en Suisse fait dans les années 1817, 1818, et 1819, suivi d'un Essai Historique sur les Mœurs et les Coutumes de l'Helvetie ancienne et moderne, par L. Simond

We present our readers with a few extracts from this work, which is just published in Paris.

M. Simond was expected by his friends in Switzerland: the first place they made him visit was Motiers Travers. they shewed him the house of the Genevese philosopher; the desk against the wall at which he wrote standing, and the two holes in the sides, by which, from the gallery of the first floor, he could see those who passed, without being seen by them.

Neufchatel is a small town, embellished by very beautiful public edifices and numerous fountains. Our traveller measured one of the linden-trees which shade the terrace of the ancient castle; he found that at the height of a man from the ground, it was about 18 feet in circumference, and nearly double that at the bottom of the trunk.

Three leagues after M. Simond had quitted Neufchatel, he arrived at Cerlier, on the borders of the lake of Bienne, from whence a boat took him to the island of St. Peter (the isle of J. J. Rousseau) in an hour and a half. It is thus that he speaks of the retreat of Rousseau: "The mountains of Bienne are too populous, too well cultivated, and too uniform, in short, they are not poetical, and Rousseau lying in his boat, and giving himself up during whole hours to meditation and poetic reveries, was indebted solely to the brilliancy of his genius for the tone of inspiration which breathes in the works he sketched here. The whole island of which he speaks, does not contain one single tree, nor even a blade of grass; and that part of the lake which he crossed, is so low and so full of weeds, that the boat could

hardly make its way through them. The house where Rousseau lodged is situated on the banks of the lake, and now serves as an inn. We were received by its present owner, a very pretty German Swiss, who did the honours of Rousseau's chamber in the most courteous manner: we found it in exactly the same state as he had left it. The wall was covered with the poetical effusions of the different visitors on the philosopher of Geneva, the book destined for that purpose not being large enough to contain them.

"We looked over a few pages of the book, in order to ascertain the proportionate number of travellers who had visited this spot, and we found it as follows: fifty-three Swiss and Germans, four Russians, two Dutchmen, one Italian, five Frenchmen, three Americans, and twenty-eight Englishmen. A covered piazza goes round three sides of the interior court: two of these sides are occupied by the stables and other offices of the farm; the third is the lodging of the farmer, and the fourth, that of the strangers who frequent the island. A walnut-tree of immense size forms an agreeable shade for the whole court."

M. Simond now thought that he had seen all that was most remarkable in the island, and was about to quit it, when chance brought him to a hill in the middle of the isle, where he found an English garden upon a scale seldom seen even in England: it is in fact a forest that has existed before the Helvetian league, and which was never planted by the hand of man. "One may," says he, "easily see that by the bold and varied manner in which the trees are grouped. I have measured several oaks, the trunks of which were more than 20 feet in circumference. There were, however, some traces of human ingenuity in paths, which had been made apparently a long time ago: the trees on each side formed magnificent arbours of an immense height."

Bienne is still more remarkable for the number of its fountains than Neufchatel.

"In the interior of the houses," says M. Simond, "all is antique; every thing has been made with care, and is well kept; not a moveable, down even to the nut-crackers, but bears marks of the chisel of the artist. Tables, chairs, beds, in short, all the furniture is remarkable for its singularity, and you may pour oil and vinegar by different necks from the same bottle."

There is something picturesque in the appearance of the women of Bienne, whose short petticoats hardly reach their knees, and their hair, arranged in long tresses, falls below the bottom of the petticoat. "You hear them," says M. Simond, "in the midst of their occupations, singing with great judgment: but, in fact, the sentiment of music seems born with the Germans."

The magnificent situation of Basle reminded M. Simond of its antiquity and its importance: it existed in the time of Ammianus Marcellinus, in the fourth century, and in the eleventh, it was the largest town in Helvetia.

The Crusaders, after the conquest of Constantinople, assembled there in 1202. It had, at a very

early period, a university; and the art of printing had already reached a high degree of perfection at Basle when it was yet in its infancy every where else.

From Basle our traveller went to Schaffhausen, and in his way he stopped to visit the fall of the Rhine. "Arrived," says he, "on the banks of the river under its fall, you enter a boat, which takes you to the opposite side; the waves, the foam, and the vapour, produced by the fall of the water, give you all the *beau idéal* of danger, without its reality. The furious and rapid breakings of the waters surpass those of Niagara. The height from which the waters of Niagara fall is nearly three times as great, and its mass of waters is at least six times that of the Rhine: it is a serpentine lake, the waters of which run still more than the fall, and preserve their sapphire and emerald colour, till a veil of light vapour, formed by the friction of the air, gradually conceals from the eye their increasing rapidity and last fury.

"The fall of the Rhine, on the contrary, is always violent: it foams from top to bottom. One might compare it to a cascade of white powder, and this immense mass, 60 feet high, and 450 feet wide, presents a spectacle imposing, and not destitute of sublimity."

Some miserable buildings disgrace this celebrated spot: their Excellencies of Zurich and Schaffhausen should join together to have them pulled down.

A continual rain on the day after M. Simond arrived at Schaffhausen prevented him from going out, and gave him time to examine the furniture of his chamber at the inn. "The principal article," says he, "was a very antique oak sofa, carved in such a manner as to represent lace; and a large and strong oak table, equally antique, the legs of which were placed very distant from each other, in order to enable it to resist those shocks of earthquake so frequent along the Rhine at the time that it was new, that is, in the 15th century. The carpet of the room, clean as when it was first laid down, after some centuries of good service, still retained all the brilliancy of its original colours—red, blue, and yellow."

The women of Schaffhausen, as well as those of Bienne, wear their hair disposed in tresses and bows. The sleeves of their *chemises*, white as snow, and tucked up to their shoulders, discover their round firm arms, which are very much tanned; a red corset, laced with black, marks the stout but well proportioned shape; and the petticoat is short enough to discover clean stockings, tightly drawn up by a red garter.

Constance owes its celebrity to the council that was held there in 1414, and the years following: the hall in which the council was held still exists. M. Simond says it is a spacious barn, to which you ascend by some steps: it is about 50 feet wide, and 125 long; the ceiling is 17 feet high. It is supported in the middle by a double row of wooden pillars. We see still on the thick wall the marks of the partitions which separated the cells of the members of this illustrious assembly from one another.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

On the 1st of July will appear the sixth volume of *Hindoostan*, which completes that work. It is illustrated with 103 coloured engravings, containing several hundred figures; and forms the fourth division of the World in Miniature. The fifth portion of that elegant and popular work will be *Persia*, in three volumes, with 30 coloured engravings, the first volume of which will be published on the 1st of August.

The publisher of the *Repository* announces, for the information of artists and amateurs, that he has just received from Germany a large supply of lithographic stones, of all dimensions.

Miss Macauley has thrown most of our principal plays into a narrative form, under the title of *Tales of the Drama*, which are nearly ready for publication, in a duodecimo volume, embellished with 100 beautiful engravings on wood.

The Political Life of his Majesty George IV. a work which is intended to set in a *true* light the character of one of the most benevolent of sovereigns, is preparing for publication, in an 8vo. volume.

A work, with the title of *Napoleon in Exile*, which professes to consist almost entirely of his own remarks in his own words, written down at the moment, during three years of unrestrained communication, is expected to appear in the course of the ensuing month.

Mr. Pontey has nearly ready for publication, *A Practical Treatise on Rural Ornament*, which deduces the science from well-known fixed principles.

A Series of Etchings of Views, &c. illustrative of Faulkner's *History and Antiquities of Kensington*, from original drawings by R. Banks, is nearly ready for publication.

Mrs. Nicholson of Liverpool, to whom the Society of Arts has just awarded a gold medal, for her copy in needle-work of Rembrandt's painting of Belshazzar's Feast, has, we learn, opened an exhibition of that and other specimens of her talents in this line, at Stanley's Rooms, Old Bond-street, which we shall take occasion to notice in our next Number.

Poetry.

CAUTION TO THE FAIR.

Could Caution say in Beauty's ear,
What pangs to sin are ever near,
'Twould fill her soul with terror!
Could she but know the fiends that wait,
When Virtue once deserts her gate,
'Twould guard her steps from error!

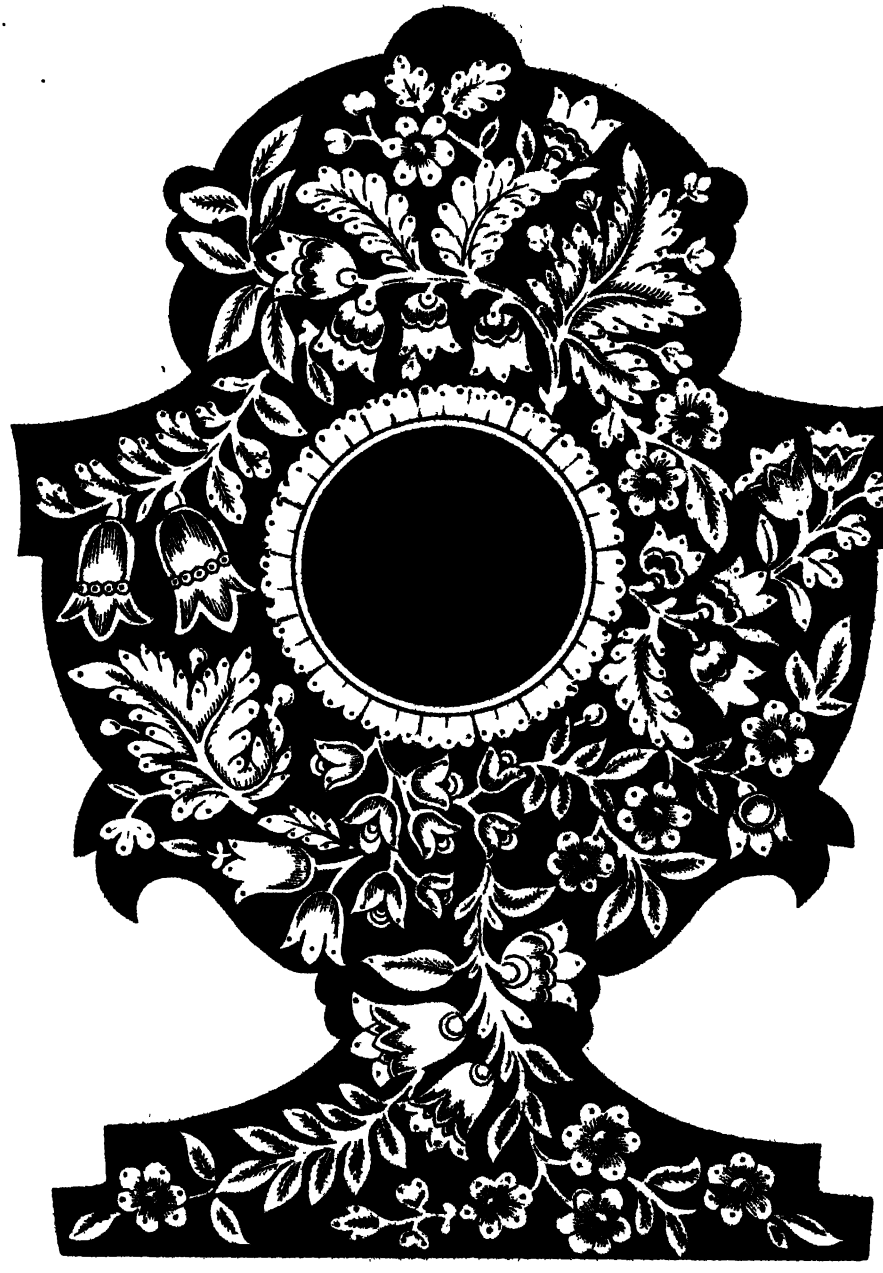
Is there a maid whose cheeks disclose
A bloom that might adorn the rose,
Whose eye than morn is brighter;
Whose lip is sweet, whose heart is kind,
Whose artless tones bespeak her mind?
All these should surely fright her.

Beings there are, who, lost to fame,
Disgrace their manhood and their name
By seeking Virtue's flower,
Where fair in innocence it blooms;
Whose art too oft the blossom dooms
To mourn their pest-like power!

O maiden! shun them as thy bane!
Let Virtue guard thy breast from pain,
So shalt thou be respected!
And when thou meet'st the man whose soul
Holds virtue dear, seek his controul,
By him thou'lt be protected!

J. M. Leesy.

Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.



PATTERN.

for

WATCH HAND.

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIV. AUGUST 1, 1822. No. LXXX.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit, on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

If Aristides is serious, there must be something woefully wrong either with his head or his heart.

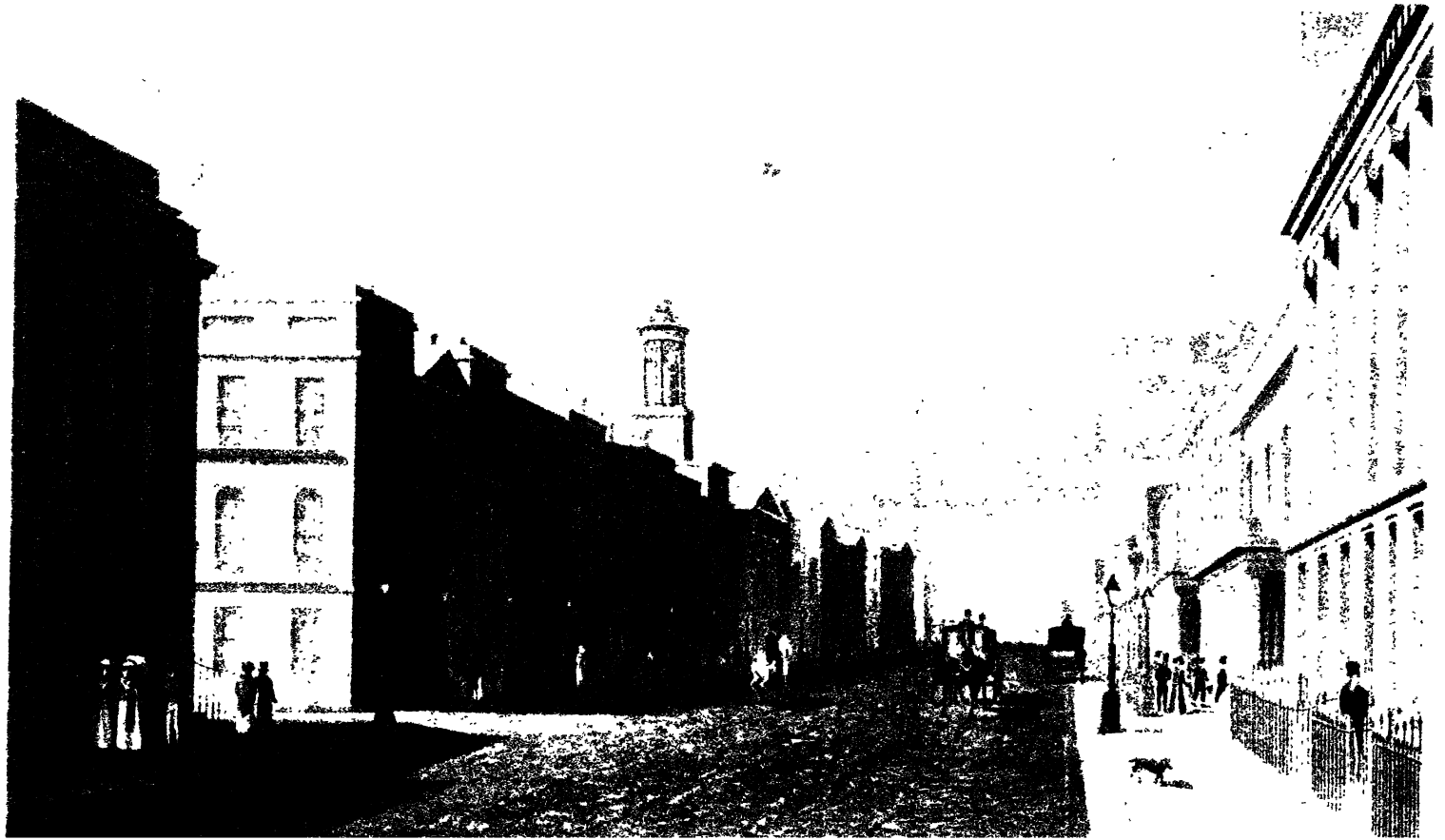
When we remind our old correspondent, Mr. Lacey, that in a few months we shall commence a New Series of the Repository, he will be aware that we cannot with propriety commence a series of papers which would not be concluded in the present.

M. shall have a corner in our next Number.

It is not in our power to answer X. X.'s question: we have given the story exactly as we received it.

D.'s animadversions are no doubt perfectly just, but the subject is one of which we cannot take cognizance.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work as soon as it is published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, for [illegible] per Annum, to any part of the West Indies, at 5s. 10d. per Annum, to any Part of the Mediterranean, at £1 1s. per Annum, to the East Indies, by Mr. Gray, at the [illegible] subscribing, for either 2, 6, 9, or 12 Months.



THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIV. AUGUST 1, 1822. No. LXXX.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 7.—REGENT-STREET, FROM WATERLOO-PLACE.

THE annexed view is taken from a point near to Charles-street, and looking northward; it includes the buildings which, from an opposite station, are represented in the New-Street View contained in the *Repository* of April last.

At Charles-street, on the right of the picture, is Warren's Hotel; Messrs. Hopkinsons', the bankers, ranges of private residences, Waterloo Chapel, the Horticultural Society Establishment, and other buildings, are in the perspective. On the left of the picture are the United Service Club-House, various residences and offices for business, the houses of Mr. Nash and Mr. Edwards, with private dwellings proceeding onward to the Circus at Piccadilly, and to the termination of the view by the County Fire-Office, at which spot the Quadrant commences, and leads to the north division of the street, a portion of which was contained in the last Number of this work, and will be continued in the next. Our readers may form a tolerably just idea, from an examination of these views, of the pretensions of the New Street, although they may not have visited the metropolis during the last five years; but it is not easy to anticipate the vast and extensive improvements that will probably result from these spirited undertakings, and which are yet in active progress. A worthy stocking-weaver of Nottingham was lately so sensible of the difficulty, that on returning to his native place after a first trading visit to town, where the buildings excited his particular attention, and being asked how he liked London, "Why, ye see," said he, "I arn't made up moy moind about it, so I connot soy, for it arn't *finish'd* yet."

The exterior of Waterloo Chapel, as shown in the engraving, is subject to all the objections ad-

vanced against the practice of selecting models from works of antiquity, and combining them for purposes and situations to which they were never intended. If classic authority for the individual parts were sufficient to give architectural value to an edifice, then the exterior of this building must necessarily claim a decided approbation; but as this is otherwise, the exterior fails to produce a satisfactory effect, and like every other building so composed, exhibits an admonitory lesson to the student and the amateur. If in this instance the architect had relied on his own powers, instead of submitting to his apprehensions of fastidious criticism, he would doubtless have produced a work satisfactory to himself and to others; for in his designs for the interior, where he has not been trammeled by similar fears, he has exhibited a work of considerable merit, and which contains many approved novelties in chapel arrangement, highly creditable to his genius, which is greatly superior to the necessity of composing his buildings, as apothecaries compound their medicines—"merely by pouring out of one phial into another*."

Mr. Repton's object in this chapel was to combine elegance with suitableness to the purposes for which it was intended; and in this he has succeeded: the scagliola pillars are highly decorative, without too great an encumbrance to the area; and the painted glass usefully assists in giving a splendid finish to the whole, and without which the windows would have admitted an obtrusive light. The painted glass is executed by Messrs. Doyle of Holborn, in a manner that does them credit; the splendour of the central light is a happy effort of the pencil, and harmonizes in colour with the surrounding embellishments.

* Sterne.

MISCELLANIES.

HINTS FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE METROPOLIS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

YOUR opinion on the improvement of the metropolis by carrying into effect the Act of Parliament for the New Street, has been fully shewn by the insertion in the *Repository* of so many beautiful views of different parts of it, together with the observations thereon. It has often struck me as a very unfortunate circumstance, that by the same act powers had not been given to the commissioners to improve London *generally*, where it wanted improving, taking it from east to west; and the reason for so doing will be found in the necessity there always is for having an Act of Parliament to prevent private rapacity, which, in most instances of this sort, retards public good; for instance, in many parts a great improvement might be effected by pulling down a very

few houses, the owners of which, unless *compelled* to take a fair remuneration for their premises, would demand such enormous prices as must effectually prevent the improvement being carried into effect.

To begin with the entrances to London: few of them are now left in a bad state, though it is but few years since the now splendid entrance at Hyde-Park Corner was the most wretched in the metropolis: yet there are some still that might be much improved; viz. the narrow part of the Borough, towards London-bridge; Kingsland and Hackney roads, near Shoreditch church; Gray's Inn-lane, towards Holborn; and the narrow part of St. John-street, leading to Smithfield.

Merchants, and commercial men in general, would be much benefited, and the removal of goods greatly facilitated, by the widening of Tooley-street and Bankside in Southwark, Wapping, both the Thames-streets, Watling-street, and the whole of the ways leading to the whole of the wharfs; and not only would the persons I have mentioned be benefited, but the public at large would then be enabled, without being put in fear of the loss of either life or limb, to pass those streets and neighbourhoods, which at present cannot be done.

In the city, Lombard-street, Wood-street, Friday-street, Basing-lane, Lad-lane, and Paternoster-row, want improvement very much. In all these streets the traffic is great: it was thought indeed that the proposed new Post-Office would have superseded the necessity for altering Lombard-street; but although a large mass of houses has been pulled down to make room for the erection, I am not aware that it is at all in progress, or intended to be.

The avenues on both sides of the river, leading to Southwark-bridge, want widening; at present the bridge is lost, as it were, for the want of this being done.

Any one who has formerly had the misery of wading through Long-lane, Smithfield, and who has also seen it in its widened and improved state, would readily agree to the whole of the narrow streets and lanes of the city being altered in the same way.

To come westward of Temple-Bar, you have on the right hand, almost as soon as you are through it, Wych-street, an amazing thoroughfare, which is exceedingly narrow, and in wet weather certainly one of the dirtiest streets in London; and immediately adjoining to it is Holywell-street, the famous mart for silk-mercers in the *olden times;* a unique specimen of the ancient streets of London, there being, I believe, hardly such another remaining. Coming a little farther westward, we reach the narrow part of the Strand, which I fancy Mr. Ackermann would join with me in thinking, would be much bettered by throwing down the whole of Exeter Change, and a corresponding width of opening between that and Southampton-street. Farther down the Strand, the lower part of Bedford-street is really dangerous from its narrowness.

In Holborn and St. Giles's, the Middle-rows should be removed. New-street Covent-Garden, Chan-

dos-street, and many other streets and lanes in the lower part of Westminster that might be pointed out, also want widening; and I do hope that when any bill shall be again brought before Parliament for the improvement of any particular part of the metropolis, some public-spirited member will endeavour to introduce a clause or clauses that shall operate all the improvements I have suggested, and many more that would readily be named, were commissioners or a committee appointed to carry them into effect.

J. M. LACEY.

THE FAIR POLICE-AGENT:

A TRUE STORY.

(Concluded from p. 9.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the pains taken by Ferdinand, in consequence of this last favour, to learn something more precise concerning the circumstances of the countess, his efforts proved unavailing. On this point she waved all explanation, sometimes seriously, and at others jestingly; though her good-will towards, and confidence in him seemed to increase every day. She termed her seclusion from the world a whim, and was not displeased when Ferdinand disbelieved her: for it did not escape her observation, that he was rather flattered than repelled by the idea, that in the object of his passion he admired also an object of political consequence. His fondness for her manifestly augmented from day to day, and caused him to despise every precaution which so mysterious a character ought to have suggested. Though thoroughly sensible of the indiscretion of his conduct, he was too weak to curb his impetuous passion with the reins of reason. He knew that he was by no means indifferent to the countess, and resolved to follow up his victory as far as possible.

He was in fact dearer to the countess than she was willing to acknowledge to herself—dearer than he ought to have been to her consistently with her plans. The reputed countess—Stephanie d'Argenteuil—was really a woman of rank, and had received a suitable education; but the pressure of circumstances had reduced her to one of those characters whom governments frequently deem it necessary to employ for important purposes. Where personal restraint appears to be impracticable or unavailing, these moral leeches are applied to suck out the most secret sentiments, together with the heart's blood of the victim—an infernal plan, which has frequently been crowned with disgraceful success. Such too was the destination assigned to Mademoiselle d'Argenteuil by the French police. Her beauty, her accomplishments, and her political skill, justified the expectation of her triumph; and it was concluded that Ferdinand's heart would be less capable of resistance, as the splendour of her establishment could not fail at the same time to seduce his imagination. Her employers were perfectly right in this calcu-

lation; but they had forgotten one thing, namely, that nature had endowed the lady too with a heart, and that the greatest conqueror at last meets with his match. She had found hers in the object of her unsuspected assault, who, by his ready surrender, frustrated all her intrigues. Removed from the oppressive influence of her superiors, and living in a state where their power could not reach her, in the bosom of unsophisticated nature, and in the society of one so pure and so unaffected, her naturally noble spirit was roused from its long slumber, and she was struck with the profound degradation of the profession in which she was engaged. On the other hand, she beheld in the object of her secret inclination the means of returning to virtue and honour—and how cheerfully the heart pursues that path, when it is sure to find there prosperity and happiness also!

Ferdinand's conduct left no doubt of his intentions. His daily excursions in company with the beautiful stranger inflamed his passions, while the strictest sense of honour and morality kept them within due bounds. Desire, love, and admiration soon attached him indissolubly to her; but there seemed no other way to the possession of her charms than the altar, and Ferdinand pursued it.

In the circles of the capital, the match was already concluded. Some of those who take credit to themselves for seeing farther than the rest of mankind, declared that they had anticipated this result from the very first; while some charitable aunts and cousins even pretended to know that Ferdinand had become acquainted with the fair stranger in one of his journeys to France, and promised her marriage. In consequence of this new information, the profoundest pity was expressed for Madame von L, in her grave, and for the poor little children she had left behind, who were sure to have the worst of stepmothers in the martial amazon. They could nevertheless scarcely await the moment when the haughty fair-one should appear among them, bedizened in the newest and most tasteful of the Parisian fashions, and join their circles in the spirit of her more liberal husband. But the matter had not yet proceeded so far—the greatest of all difficulties was still to be overcome.

Prudence, love, and an awakened feeling of honour forbade Mademoiselle d'Argenteuil to prolong her deception beyond the altar: for what could she expect from such a union, even though voluntarily entered into by Ferdinand? The aim of her heart, and that of her mission, would both alike be frustrated, and she would be placed on the brink of an abyss. A public discovery would be equally dangerous to both, and more than humiliating to her pride. The surest way to accomplish her political object would be to obtain possession of the obnoxious papers as the price of the favour of a moment; but in this case virtue and happiness must be renounced for ever: a melancholy choice, and difficult enough to make the most prudent person waver in her resolution. She determined, however, to celebrate, in the festival of her reconciliation with virtue, the triumph of her love and omnipotence.

or to renounce all, together with her life.

Ferdinand had long importuned her to favour him with a visit at his tranquil retreat: the laws of decorum were urged in opposition to his solicitations. Now that rumour proclaimed her his bride, and her wishes corresponded more and more with his, a day was fixed for her visit. Ferdinand caused preparations to be made for the occasion as though she were a queen. He received her in the apartments of his deceased wife, in whose praise he expatiated as usual, but with a tone of melancholy. The feeling of the happiness he had enjoyed as a husband poured from his lips, and gave additional effect to the wish which he at the same time expressed, that he might recover what he had lost in his charming visitor. Stephanie was seated in the chair of the late baroness, a circumstance to which he alluded in a tremulous voice. At this moment two children entered, and with infantine simplicity, declared how dearly they should love her if she would be their second mother. Stephanie could not hold out any longer: she pressed the little angels to her heaving bosom, while her tears fell fast upon them. Ferdinand clasped her in his arms. "Will you," said he, "comply with the request of these orphans? —will you, Stephanie?"—Disengaging herself from him, she attempted to speak, but for some time her emotion checked her utterance.—"To-morrow," at length said she, "to-morrow you shall have my answer." With these words she again kissed the children, retired, and her carriage drove quickly away.

Ferdinand was impatient for the morrow, though he had not the least doubt what that morrow was to produce. Scarcely had the day dawned, when he repaired to the highest room in his mansion that looked towards the residence of his beloved. Tired of waiting, he rode out to meet the messenger, and was confounded, on approaching her house, to find all so still and quiet around it. He returned, out of humour with himself, to his former post. About noon, a cloud of dust announced the advance of a horseman—it was the courier of the countess. In a moment Ferdinand was down stairs, the letter in his hand, and a liberal *douceur* in that of the bearer. He retired to his room, read, shuddered, wept, smiled, and exulted. This gradation in his feelings corresponded with the contents of the letter, the substance of which was as follows:—Having dwelt pathetically on the happiness of her early years, the writer described with truth and brevity the events which had compelled her to renounce her political and moral nobility: but how little she had lost of the latter was proved by the faithful picture of the then state of her mind, and the confession, how difficult she had found it, since the moment when she became personally acquainted with him, to prosecute the purpose for which she was sent. By the acknowledgment of her shame and the disclosure of her plan, she confirmed the truth of her statement. It was now for him to free her from the former, and in case he really pos-

sessed the important manuscript, to assist her to fulfil the solemn oath which she had taken. As to her confession, oppressed as she was by the consciousness of her lost dignity, yet she felt the soothing conviction that she might recover it by sincere contrition and an altered course of life. In case of his rendering her this second service, she had ample means of rewarding it by her love and confidence. He could not now care much about the manuscript in question, if it were in his hands, since he must be sufficiently acquainted with its contents; while, on the other hand, it would not only release her from a tremendous oath, but enable her to appear as a bride worthy of his rank, in possession of that which hitherto was hers only conditionally. Finally, her birth, which was really noble, her ancient family, and the ignorance of the world respecting her story, would be sufficient to silence every prejudice that was hostile to love. She left it therefore to him to decide upon her fate and her life, which, without him, was not worth preserving.

This letter, tinctured with melancholy and the roseate hue of love, could not fail of producing its effect on Ferdinand. But more powerful than all the rest was the touching influence of her beauty, which overcame every scruple, and quickly converted his doubts into confidence and faith.

Ferdinand was actually in possession of a copy of the so anxiously sought manuscript, which his friend had permitted him to take during his last visit; though he concealed the circumstance from the tribunal of blood, lest he should involve the baron, to no purpose, in disagreeable consequences. Being himself no very zealous politician, he set the less value on the manuscript, and cheerfully resigned it for so unusual a remuneration. The next morning he dispatched it to Stephanie, with a tender epistle, which he followed in the afternoon. Without making the slightest allusion to her communication, he treated her as before, with the modest respect of a lover and admirer.

Appreciating the sincerity of her repentance, not less than the charms of her person and the ardour of her love, Ferdinand soon afterwards gave his hand at the altar to Stephanie, who is at this moment happy in fulfilling the duties of a faithful wife and an affectionate mother. Respected and admired, she occasionally accompanies her envied consort to the most brilliant parties of the capital; while they pass together the greatest part of the year, sometimes at his mansion and sometimes at hers. Every 26th of July, the anniversary of their union, they walk hand in hand to the shade of a cypress grove, in the midst of which, on a marble monument, stands the bust of the martyred O. who, at the same time that he fell a victim to truth, was destined to lay the foundation of their present felicity.

THE CONJURER OF BOHEMIA.

The chroniclers of past ages have introduced into their works many wonderful stories, which they seem themselves to have believed. These stories at the present day merely serve for our amusement. Here follows a curious specimen of them.

In the year 1389, when the Emperor Wenceslaus solemnized at Prague his second marriage with Sophia, Princess of Bavaria, his father-in-law, Duke John, brought with him a whole waggon-load of jugglers and buffoons. At the court of the emperor there was no want of professors of the same kind of arts; and hence arose an extraordinary contest, in which each party exerted all its skill and talents to surpass the other.

The Bavarians had well nigh won the victory in this singular competition, when Zytho, the Bohemian, entered the lists. Opening his immense jaws, he seized the most eminent of the Bavarian conjurers by the arms, and in spite of all his resistance, swallowed him alive, excepting his shoes. This feat struck terror into the rest: the Duke of Bavaria also was extremely angry to lose his best merrimaker with so little ceremony; and the Emperor Wenceslaus took the joke highly amiss, and commanded Zytho to render up immediately his swallowed antagonist, which he did without hesitation. A hearty laugh succeeded at the expense of the Bavarian, and none of his comrades durst afterwards meet the Bohemian conjurer.

Zytho, however, continued to practise his tricks. He assumed first one shape, then another; appeared sometimes dressed in purple, at others in rags; and exhibited every moment the most surprising transformations. When the emperor went abroad, Zytho would go along with him on the dry ground, in a boat, as though he were on the water, and very often in a chariot drawn by cocks. At table he played all sorts of tricks, and metamorphosed the hands of the hungry company into bulls' and horses' feet, so that they could not take up the victuals from their plates. He would frequently conjure stag's horns upon their heads, and jeered them in this unequivocal manner with the intrigues of their wives.

One day, Zytho gave to thirty bundles of straw the figure of fat hogs, and sold them as such to an avaricious baker, particularly enjoining him not to drive them into the water. The purchaser, who, but for the prohibition, would never have thought of doing such a thing, took his hogs in spite of it to the water; when, lo! the pigs sunk, and the bundles of straw floated away. Enraged at his loss, he went in quest of the seller, and found Zytho asleep in a tavern: he laid hold of one of his legs to wake him, but the leg came off in his hand. Zytho now made a great noise, limped to the judge of the city, and preferred his complaint against the baker, who not only lost the money which he had given for the swine, but was likewise obliged to pay a considerable sum by way of damages. Next day, however, Zytho was running about on both

legs, and laughing heartily at the baker.

At last, says the chronicle, this Zytho, the Faust of Bohemia, was fetched away by the devil, who carried him straightway to hell, and he was never seen afterwards.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

TO THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

As I find that you are generous enough to give advice to the rich gratis, I don't suppose you will refuse it to the poor; and for that reason I take the liberty to lay my case before you. I am waiting-woman to a decayed beauty; my mistress's humour is regulated partly by her glass, partly by the attention she receives from the gentlemen, and partly by what I say about her looks: but her glass grows every day more uncivil, the gentlemen more negligent, and myself less able to lie through thick and thin, as I used to do, in her praise; the consequence is, that her temper grows so bad, that she does nothing but scold from morning till night, and I am in two minds whether to give warning at once, or to persuade my mistress to go to Paris. I think she would soon recover her good-humour in a country where every lady, if she is ever so old or ugly, is sure it seems of finding an humble servant. But then, Mr. Adviser, she might also find a French waiting-maid, who would flatter her more agreeably than I could do, and so perhaps I should be turned off at a moment's warning. Do, good sir, pray tell me what you think I had better do, and you will greatly oblige your very humble servant,

PRISCILLA PINUP.

I advise Mrs. Pinup by all means to stay at home, for she may depend upon it, however adroit she may think herself in paying compliments, she would stand no chance in competition with a French chamber-maid. The art of flattery is so natural to that sprightly people, they can lie with an air of such perfect ease and sincerity, that their most extravagant compliments wear a less suspicious air, than a commonly civil thing delivered with that blundering consciousness of insincerity with which we foggy islanders say what we don't mean. If Mrs. Pinup is wise, she will not risk a comparison, which must be to her disadvantage.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

TO THE ADVISER.

Mr. ADVISER,

There has been a great deal said in your Magazine lately for and against old maids. I have not time to weigh the *pros* and *cons*, but I am so tormented by three animals who call themselves my lovers, that I have a great mind to rid myself of their impertinence, by avowing at once a resolution to become a member of the "venerable sisterhood," as one of your correspondents calls them. The principal thing that prevents my taking this step, is my fear of an aunt under whose care I am. She considers fortune the one thing needful in

marriage, and as I have a very small one, and the three gentlemen I speak of are all men of property, she has set her heart on my making choice of one of them. In vain have I declared, both to her and to them, that I never will do so. She insists on my receiving their visits; and they, modest souls, each of them flatter themselves that their individual merits must in time make an impression on my heart. I shall just try to send you a slight sketch of each of my lovers, Mr. Adviser, as they appear in my eyes; because, as I know they see your paper, it may perhaps be a means of convincing them, that their time and perseverance will be thrown away.

My first admirer is a professed virtuoso; he exists but for three objects—his shells, his butterflies, and myself. These, he gravely assures me, occupy all his thoughts, and in fact they are the only subjects of his discourse. You will probably think there can't be much connection between the two first subjects and the last, but you are mistaken; he has a happy knack of blending them upon all occasions, and he thinks that he pays me the highest possible compliment when he illustrates my charms and perfections by similes taken from his dried insects and odious petrifactions.

My second swain is an odd sort of compound between the fine gentleman of the old school, and the dandy of the present day. He affects a negligent air, and wishes to be thought a man of wit and pleasure; while, at the same time, one may see that the poor soul never had an idea in his life beyond the form of a collar or a cuff. Between his desire to display his talents, and the obligation he thinks himself under to entertain me, he talks incessantly. His principal subject is his own dress, and occasionally, by way of episode, a few hints about mine, which he laments exceedingly that he cannot prevail on me to regulate entirely *à la mode Française*. Sometimes he fidgets about me till I lose both my patience and temper: at present I am in terrible disgrace, because I gave him a very violent push the other day, on his advancing to arrange my tucker, which he assured me was not low enough for the fashion. I was in hopes the displeasure he manifested on this occasion would have rid me of his company, but, on the contrary, he comes oftener, in order, as he says, to rally me out of my *mauvaise honte*.

My third inamorato, and, by the bye, he is the greatest plague of all, is a poet. I really believe that the principal reason he pays his addresses to me is, because he could find nobody else to listen to his bad verses: I have naturally a taste for poetry, and am passionately fond of the works of our best authors. I leave you therefore to judge what a penance it is for me, to be compelled to sit for hours together listening to halting rhimes, that would disgrace a Grub-street garreteer; and to compliments, which prove that my passionate swain is quite of Lord Chesterfield's opinion, that no flattery is too gross for a woman.

Such, Mr. Sagephiz, are the lovers that Cupid in his wrath has assigned to me; I assure you I have

no wish so ardent as that of getting rid of them, and if, through your insertion of this letter, I should be so fortunate, I shall think myself obliged to shew my gratitude by regulating my conduct in future entirely by your advice. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

AURELIA.

It does not require so high a bribe as my fair correspondent offers, to awaken my gallantry in behalf of a distressed damsel: I have therefore inserted her letter, and I do from this time order her lovers to desist from their addresses. As I wish, however, to spare their feelings as much as I can, I shall offer them some consolation, under what they may perhaps think a severe decree. First for the virtuoso: I think I can compensate very handsomely for his disappointment, by a present of a petrifaction as bright as his mistress's eyes and as cold as her heart. I believe I have interest enough with a French tailor, to procure for the *beau* a pattern of a new waistcoat before it even appears in Paris. As to the poet, I am sure he will easily find comfort in the contemplation of the highly poetical situation in which the lady's conduct places him, and in the scope which it will give for the exertions of his Muse. I recommend to him to begin immediately to compose an heroic poem on the occasion, and I promise to hear him read it, provided it does not exceed twenty-five cantos.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

I must decline inserting the letter of the gentleman who is so outrageously angry with his mistress for liking her lapdog better than she does him. I confess I see no fair reason he has for complaint: it would be hard indeed if a lady could not have her choice between two puppies, and really I see nothing in his case, as he himself states it, that should entitle him to be preferred to Pompey.

S. S.

VICISSITUDES OF HALF-A-GUINEA.

(Concluded from p. 324, vol. XIII.)

FROM the hands of my new possessor I passed into those of a French *marchande de modes*, who, soon after she had received me, went to shew some millinery to a young lady of quality. She was at first refused admittance, but she knew her business better than to be so easily repulsed: a retaining fee slipped into the hand of the Abigail, and a declaration that the goods were just arrived from Paris, procured her admission to Lady Louisa, who received her with an assurance that her coming was useless, as she was determined not to buy a single thing. The wily *marchande de modes* acquiesced very readily in her ladyship's resolution, but she observed that it would be a real disappointment to her not to have the honour of her ladyship's opinion, and she begged permission to shew a few of them with such earnestness, that Lady Louisa good-humouredly granted it; and the millinery was immediately displayed, and its attrac-

tions heightened by all the eloquence of its owner. Some of the things were so cheap, others so fashionable, and all so becoming, that she succeeded in obtaining an order to a very large amount. Just as she was going, she drew out a beautiful white lace veil, the only one of the kind she said that was to be procured in England. Lady Louisa cast an admiring eye upon it, but on being told the price, declared it was too dear, and turning with a smile to a gentleman who was present, asked him whether he was not of the same opinion.

"I am no judge," replied he coldly, "of its value, but I should pity the woman who was capable of expending in the purchase of so useless a thing, a sum that might be so much better employed."

Lady Louisa reddened, and replied, sarcastically, that it was fortunate for the ladies he had not the direction of their toilets, as it was evident that every thing would be useless in his opinion that was not absolutely necessary.

While she was speaking, she threw the veil carelessly over her head, and the graceful folds in which it fell round her really lovely figure, drew from her stern monitor a glance of such rapturous admiration, that, in the wantonness of female power, she determined on punishing his pride by purchasing the veil in despite of his censure, and accordingly she told the milliner to leave it: at the same time she paid her a bill for the foregoing year, which, to say the truth, was far from being a moderate one; and this circumstance transferred me from the milliner's possession to that of her ladyship.

Her lover had witnessed the conclusion of her interview with the milliner with evident vexation, and he replied with so much gravity to her raillery upon Madame la Mode's departure, that a quarrel very soon ensued, and he departed with a hint, that he should not again intrude upon her ladyship.

Pride supported her spirits till after he was gone, and then she burst into tears of mingled vexation and self-reproach. Her heart and her reason told her that his remonstrances were just, though her pride was piqued at the tone in which he uttered them. She was naturally benevolent, and had as little vanity as one could reasonably expect in a young woman, who from her birth had been the object of incessant flattery. Her lover, whom I shall call Meredith, was perhaps the only person who had ever dared to talk to her freely of her foibles. Attracted, and in some degree awed, by the high superiority of his moral character, she had listened to him with patience and respect while they were only friends, but when he disclosed to her the secret of his heart, her pride took fire at the thought of his presuming to dictate before marriage had given him a right; and this feeling, which rendered her captious and unjust, had more than once been nearly the occasion of breaking off the match. Matters, however, had never gone so far as on that day, and the hint with which he quitted her, affected her more than her pride would suffer her to own even to herself.

The breach was still more widened that evening, for she went to a party where she saw Meredith on the opposite side of the room, but he only bowed, without attempting to approach her. Tears of mortification and resentment sprung to her eyes, but hastily dispersing them, she called up her most bewitching smiles, and received with apparent pleasure the homage of the fops by whom she was surrounded.

One of the ladies who was present made a pathetic appeal to the company in behalf of a poor family who had been burnt out, and for whom she collected subscriptions; but the moment was not well chosen, or rather the company were not in a disposition to be charitable. Some had lately had too many calls on their benevolence; others had met with losses at play; a third sort never gave but to public institutions; and a fourth never gave at all, because they were very certain that cases of distress were either fictitious, or the result of imprudence. Meredith subscribed a small sum, but when it came to Lady Louisa's turn, she saw that his eye was upon her, and fearing he should think that she was influenced by his presence, she said, in a tone of levity, that she had been throwing away so much money lately that she had none left. Meredith dropped his eyes with a look of disappointment, and her conscience smote her for the pain she had so wantonly inflicted, since it was really her intention to afford the poor family effectual relief.

The next morning the lovely young heiress, plainly dressed, and without attendants, took a hackney-coach at an early hour to the dwelling of the poor family: it was a place which many a fine lady would have shrunk from entering, but Lady Louisa, with all her foibles, had none of the fastidious delicacy which recoils from the sight of want.

She found the poor mother of the family, who was not recovered from her lying-in, stretched on a miserable bed, or rather pallet, with scarcely any covering; four children, whose appearance spoke the most abject poverty, were playing in a corner of the room; and a girl, about twelve years old, was preparing something over a little miserable fire.

Lady Louisa seated herself near the bed, and as she cast a glance round this habitation of wretchedness, she sighed at the recollection of the comforts which the price of her veil would have procured for this unfortunate family, and for others like them. She interrogated the poor woman in a kind tone respecting the circumstances of her distress. Her tale was short, and she told it with a simplicity and precision that left no doubt of its truth.

While she was speaking, a fine boy, about three years old, climbed on the back of Lady Louisa's chair, and began to play with a ringlet of her hair. His mother rebuked him, but Louisa, pleased with his artless manner and open countenance, seated him on her lap, while she explained to his mother a plan which she had formed for the relief of her family.

Scarcely could she restrain the poor woman from throwing herself out of bed, that she might thank

her on her knees for the bounty which opened to her a prospect of a decent maintenance for her family. The children, at the command of their mother, crowded about her, praying God to preserve their benefactress; and the eldest girl, who was old enough thoroughly to comprehend all that passed, snatched her hand, and kissing it in a transport of gratitude, bathed it with her tears. The scene became too affecting; Lady Louisa flung a bank-note upon the bed, and rising hastily, opened the door of the apartment with a precipitation which had nearly sent a gentleman who was leaning against it to the bottom of the stairs. Louisa passed quickly, but not before a glance had convinced her that the listener was Meredith. He followed her with a heart too much softened at the moment to permit his expressing ought but delight and surprise, and though she affected an air of levity while she reproached him for wondering to find her capable of performing an act of common humanity, yet it was evident that she was deeply touched by the emotion which she saw her conduct had excited.

Meredith seized the favourable moment; he accompanied her home, and opening his heart with manly sincerity, acknowledged her power over him, and besought her to use it for their joint happiness. Above affectation, and scorning disguise, she frankly avowed that she had been wrong; and their reconciliation was sealed by his prevailing on her to fix their wedding-day.

From the hands of Lady Louisa I came into those of her woman, and she gave me to the tradesman who gave me to you. And now, sir, that I have related my history, don't you think I may say without boasting, that I have seen something of the world?

From the gasconading style in which the Half-Guinea had commenced its narrative, I expected something much more marvellous: a moment's reflection, however, enabled me to conceal my disappointment, and to make my acknowledgments with all due politeness for the entertainment it had afforded me, as well as to renew my promise of presenting its adventures to the public eye—a promise which I call upon my readers to witness I have now performed to the very best of my abilities.

THE PRISONERS OF WUFFLENS.

(Continued from p. 22.)

Gertrude was soon awakened from her repose. About midnight Raymond entered, bearing a large full sack, which he laid down on the bed beside the countess. She could not imagine what might be the contents of this sack, and extending her trembling hand to ascertain this point, she was horror-struck on grasping the stiff cold arm of a corpse, which she then knew to be destined to pass for her own. The idea of living in her prison for her Gisela alone, and out of the sight of her tyrant, soon imparted to her new strength; and notwithstanding her condition, she was able to rise from her bed, and

to dress herself without assistance. Carrying her infant in her arms, she then followed Raymond, who, with a lantern, conducted her in silence through the long corridors of the castle to the northern tower.

While traversing the arched passages, which re-echoed her footsteps, Gertrude's thoughts were engaged with her other daughters, who were so near her, and an inexpressible solicitude to see, or at least to hear of them, overpowered the soul of this tender mother. She caught the arm of her conductor, and with a tone and look of which mothers alone are capable, she implored him to grant her the supreme felicity of beholding her three elder daughters, if it were but for a single moment. Raymond at first made no reply; but at length respectfully assured her, that he could not possibly comply with her wish, and that he was bound by the most solemn oaths. Gertrude observed that he was not unmoved; she urged her suit with still stronger importunity, fell on her knees, and with tears repeated her request. Raymond, mindful of the respect due to his mistress, apprehensive lest she might be overheard, and wishing to put an end to this affecting scene, promised to fulfil her desire, if she would for the present proceed quietly to the tower prepared for her abode. She seized with transport the hope thus held out to her, and followed the old servant. At last Raymond opened an iron door, and presently a second. "This, my lady," said he, "is your habitation." It was a tolerably spacious apartment, adjoining to the tower, in which there was another room of smaller dimensions. Both were provided with all requisite conveniencies for the mother and infant, but both were scantily lighted by very small strongly barred apertures in the prodigiously thick walls. Her food was to be introduced by means of a turning-box near the door. "And my daughters!" said Gertrude, with a tremulous voice; "you have given me hopes——"—"Your ladyship may rely on it that I will do my utmost," replied Raymond: "you shall soon see me again. Take care of your own and your infant's health, and lie down, for you need repose." Gertrude shuddered on hearing the two iron doors, which were to part her for ever from the world, grate on their hinges, and the keys turn in the double locks. Fixing her eyes on her infant, who was fast asleep in a little cradle beside her bed, she fell on her knees, and fervently returned thanks to God for giving her the courage and strength to form and execute this extraordinary resolution. Not a murmur, not the slightest feeling of regret arose in her soul: her whole being was absorbed in the desire of embracing her three elder daughters, and preserving the fourth. She retired to bed, where refreshing slumbers accompanied her rest.

Next morning she expected Raymond; but no Raymond appeared. Invisible hands supplied her with food by means of the above-mentioned contrivance. In the evening, the great bell in the keep of the castle tolled a funeral knell, and the light of torches burning without penetrated the small loopholes, and illumined Gertrude's cell. The walls were so thick that

she could not approach near enough to the apertures to look down. Opposite to her apartment was the door to the chapel of the castle, which she soon saw a long funeral train entering. A coffin, covered with a black velvet pall fringed with gold, and on which were embroidered the arms of the Lords of Vergi and Wüfflens, indicated that this ceremony represented her own obsequies. Her servants, male and female, followed the bier in deep mourning, with all the demonstrations of profound sorrow. Grimoald himself was not present: it is probable that he would not take the trouble to feign a grief which he would not have felt had his wife been really dead. Alleging indisposition, occasioned by the severity of the shock, he shut himself up in the hall of the great tower, where he began to think of a second marriage, and reviewed in imagination the daughters of all the gentry of the country, to select from among them one to whom he might offer his hand. The fear of everlasting punishment, and perhaps also of the revenge of his brother-in-law, and a certain point of honour, had prevented him from putting his wife to death; and in confining her for life, he confidently hoped that grief and the want of proper care would speedily terminate her existence, or that if it should nevertheless be prolonged, he might attain his aim by keeping it a profound secret; for he was determined that while he lived, Gertrude and her innocent daughters should not recover their liberty; and in case of his death, he would, in a sealed letter, enjoin his successor, whose interests they might prejudice, to pursue the same course in regard to them.

But to return to Gertrude, who lived peaceful and contented in her tower. She soon recovered her health, suckled and nursed her infant, and rejoiced to see it thrive apace. She counted, however, with impatience the hours and days till Raymond should take her as he had promised to see her three other children. Her imagination decked them with all the charms of the Graces, and delighted in pourtraying their every feature. Adelisa could not but resemble her grandmother, who was celebrated for her extraordinary beauty. Bertha had no doubt that mixture of majesty and benignity which distinguished the Queen of Lombardy; and Gabrielle the elegant figure and gentle air of her aunt of Grandson. Delicious reveries of a mother's heart, how cruelly ye were dispelled, when, after the lapse of fourteen days, which seemed to be so many years, the locks of the iron doors again grated, and announced the coming of the long-wished-for page! Gertrude, trembling with emotion, hastened to the door, and listened to catch the sound of infantine voices. Raymond entered, but alone—all her hopes were blasted. "Ah, Raymond!" said she, with a tremulous voice, "you have left me a long time by myself, and now you come alone! This was not what you promised, and nothing but the hope of seeing my daughters has supported my spirits till this moment."—"All that I promised you, madam," replied Raymond, "was to do what lay in my power to gratify your wish."—

"What! and does the cruel, the inhuman Grimoald prevent you? But why should he know it? Are you accountable to him for all your actions? This one good deed would obtain forgiveness for you from God for the wrong you have assisted to do me and my poor infants."—"Alas! my lady," replied Raymond in a tremulous voice, "must I afflict still more one who is already so grievously distressed? I wished to allow you time to recover your health and strength before I communicated the severe ——"—"Gracious Heaven! what is it? Speak!"—"I cannot speak: this letter from my master I was to have delivered to you when I conducted you hither, but in your situation at that time I had not the heart to do it. Read, and submit to the will of Providence. I shall soon return." With these words he hastily retired, leaving in the hands of the affrighted Gertrude a letter to the following effect:

"Your three eldest daughters are no more. I have hitherto concealed this intelligence out of tenderness to you, while you seemed to deserve any. Adelisa and Bertha died, during your residence at Champvent, of a malignant disease. Gabrielle lived but a few days. I might perhaps have been able to endure the presence of your fourth daughter, because she is the only survivor; but you have roused my anger, and insulted me too keenly, in vowing that you would never give me a son. I hereby renew my vow also never to see you more. Every one believes you to be dead: so you really are to the world; and it would be impossible for me to recede, if even any faint spark of love for you should ever revive in my heart. But, no—you deserve no love from me, for you never loved me. Let us forget for ever that unhappy union to which Heaven denied its blessing. If you submit with resignation to the lot which you have yourself chosen, you shall never want any thing, and you will fulfil the natural destination of your sex—stay at home, and nurse your infant.

"GRIMOALD."

These cruel lines at first plunged the disconsolate Gertrude into the deepest despair. What anguish can be compared with that of an affectionate mother who has lost her children? She soon considered, and almost rejoiced, that her daughters, orphans, though their parents were yet living, had now found an all-bountiful Father, with whom they were united. Raising her tearful eyes to heaven, she imagined that she beheld her children in the likeness of angels, surrounded with glory, and recollected the expression of her deceased parent, the lord of Vergi: "It is better to die young than to live under a cruel father."—"Yes," exclaimed she, "he was right: blessed be the dispensations of the Lord!"—She then fixed her eyes on the little Gisela, the only comfort that was left her, and to her she now devoted all her tenderness. "Thou needst not die, my darling," said she, "for thou hast a mother who will watch with vigilance for thy preservation, and who deems herself thrice happy to have this duty to perform alone." Thus had she proceeded for some time, when

Raymond again entered, and was astonished to find her so speedily comforted. She did not even inquire concerning the manner of the death of her children, but rather seemed desirous to forget entirely their brief and melancholy existence. "They are well off," said she, "in the realms of bliss, with my father and my sister, where I hope once to rejoin them." From this time Gertrude was much more tranquil, for she was no longer tormented with anxiety to see her daughters, and grief on account of her separation from them. Solely engaged with her Gisela, she ultimately felt happy in her seclusion.

Not so Grimoald. Years passed away without his remarrying, though he was incessantly endeavouring to find a wife. Rumour had whispered about the miserable life led by Gertrude, and her sudden death had given rise to suspicions that it was occasioned by the cruel treatment of her lord. Hence the count was the terror of all the unmarried females in the country; and their fathers were warned by the melancholy example of the Chevalier de Vergi and his daughters, not to be too arbitrary with theirs, but to use more prudence in the choice of their sons-in-law. Not one of them would therefore venture to force his daughter to marry Grimoald, notwithstanding the attractions possessed by his wealth. All his offers were in consequence rejected, and in spite of himself he remained to all appearance a widower. At times he repented that he had raised, by the report of her death, an insurmountable barrier between himself and his virtuous consort. He would then think of his disappointed hopes and his four daughters, and persuade himself that Gertrude would have brought him twenty more. "There are damsels enough in the world," he would say on such occasions, "and I may yet have a son, though not by a woman of equal rank with myself, or I may adopt a boy." With such considerations he strove to silence his conscience; to divert his mind he passed the whole day in the chase, and at his return drank to excess. With some neighbouring gentlemen he held his orgies in the hall of the great tower, whence their obstreperous mirth reached the ears of the countess. Ever since her supposed death, he had taken up his abode entirely in that tower, and never visited the part of the castle which he had formerly inhabited with his wife, and which now contained his victims. Besides the latter, no person now lived there, excepting Raymond and his family; for Raymond had secretly married the nurse of little Bertha, and never quitted this part of the castle, so that it was very seldom that he saw his master. He had become more kind-hearted and humane, and conceived a strong attachment to the imprisoned Gertrude and her little Gisela. The gentleness, patience, and piety of that excellent woman, and her affection for her daughter, had softened his disposition. He paid her frequent visits, coming at first twice a week to her apartment, then thrice, then four times, and at last every day; for he could not pass one without seeing the sweet little Gisela. He was amused by her childish sallies, her reports, and even

by the little tricks which she would play him. She was now ten years old, and never was there a more lovely girl than she. With the best of dispositions, she possessed a gaiety and cheerfulness that nothing could disturb. As she had never seen any other place than her own confined chamber, she had no idea of a more commodious habitation, or of the possibility of a different kind of life: she seriously believed that she was created to inhabit this nook of the castle of Wufflens, as the birds to traverse the air; and if she sometimes envied them their wings, still nothing could have induced her to quit for a moment her adored mother. The countess instructed her with unwearied patience and perseverance. Raymond supplied all their wants. He also brought the child toys, and sometimes played with her himself. A stranger to all other sentiments than filial affection, gratitude, and friendship, she fancied herself the happiest creature on the face of the earth. She knew no care, save when her mother was indisposed, or appeared dejected; for notwithstanding the submission of the countess to the will of Heaven, and the happiness she felt in living with her Gisela, there were moments, when sad presentiments would oppress her heart. "What would become of her," she would say, "were she to lose her mother? Disowned and cast out by her father, what resource would she have?" —When she thus complained to Raymond, this faithful attendant strove to cheer her spirits. "In case," he would reply, "this misfortune should befal her, which Heaven long avert! I would be her father; I would take charge of her, and my wife and myself would love her as our own child. Is she not the sister of little Bertha, whom my wife nursed, and to whom she was most tenderly attached?" These words forcibly awakened in Gertrude's heart the remembrance of her deceased daughters. She was now anxious to see Raymond's wife, and to converse with her about her dear little Bertha. Raymond alleged the oath by which he was bound not to permit any human being to have access to her. His wife knew nothing of Gertrude's existence. Like every one else, she supposed her to be dead, and considered the female who was confined with Gisela as a hired nurse, such as she herself had originally been.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. XII.

DISADVANTAGE OF TOO GOOD A CHARACTER.

A Franconian bishop, in high repute for sanctity, was once charged five hundred livres at an inn for his lodging and entertainment for a single night. When he objected to the exorbitance of the charge, the landlord replied, that it was, on the contrary, a great deal too low; for as his reverence had the character of a saint, people either begged or stole every thing in his apartment for relics, as long as there was a single article left.

THE WILD MAN OF THE WATER.

There are several well-authenticated accounts of individuals, who, having been separated from the rest of the human species by accidents, for which it is impossible to account, have lived in a wild state for a longer or shorter period. Among these, not the least extraordinary is the following story, which has appeared in respectable publications of the Continent, where its authenticity has never been questioned:

In the spring of the year 1776, the farmers of the fishery in the lake called Königs-See, in Hungary, several times observed what appeared to be a kind of naked quadruped, which always ran very swiftly from the shore into the water, and disappeared before they could distinguish to what species it belonged. After many fruitless attempts, they had at length the good fortune to catch the supposed monster in their nets. When they had secured their prize, they discovered to their astonishment that it was a human being, whom they immediately conveyed to Capuvar, to the steward of Prince Esterhazy, who, on communicating the circumstance to his illustrious employer, received orders to take good care of this merman, and place him under the superintendence of a keeper. This individual, at that time a lad of about seventeen, had all the human organs of perfect form, excepting that his hands and feet were bent, because he crawled; that he had a kind of membrane between the fingers and toes, like the web-footed aquatic animals, and that the greatest part of his body was covered with scales. He was taught to walk erect. At first he was supplied with no other food than raw fish and crabs, which he devoured with great avidity; and a large tub was kept full of water, in which he took great delight to bathe. His clothes were frequently very troublesome to him, and he would strip them off, till by degrees he became accustomed to them. To boiled vegetables, animal food, and dishes prepared with flour or meal, he never could be properly accustomed, because they disagreed with his stomach. He learned to speak, pronounced many words intelligibly, worked hard, and was docile and gentle. In about three quarters of a year, when he was not so strictly watched as at first, he went one day out of the castle over the bridge, and seeing the moat full of water, leaped into it with all his clothes, and disappeared. The greatest pains were taken to catch him again, but to no purpose. He was seen indeed after some time, when an addition was made to the canal running from the Raab towards the Neusiedler-See; but it was found impossible to secure him.

CURIOUS TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

The celebrated printer Henri Etienne, son of Robert (both known in the learned world by the name of Stephanus), once engaged in the printing of a splendid quarto Missal. The great number of subscribers seemed likely to make ample compensation for the heavy expense required by the undertaking. After the sheets had been corrected with the utmost care, the work was printed off, splendidly bound, and delivered to the sub-

scribers. It would be impossible to describe the astonishment of the learned printer, when one copy after another was returned to him, till all were sent back. He inquired the reason of this extraordinary circumstance, and was informed, that in one place the compositor had put *Ici le prêtre ôtera sa culotte*, instead of *calotte*—and the error had escaped the correctors of the press. In vain did the poor printer offer to make a cancel; the subscribers, who were almost all ecclesiastics, positively refused to take the work on any terms. This unfortunate affair is said to have been the first and chief cause of the derangement which afterwards caused Henri Etienne to be confined in the Lunatic Hospital at Lyons, where he died in 1598. There is a copy of the Missal with this unlucky error in the royal library at Paris.

TRISTRAM SHANDY.

The following remarks on Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* are extracted from a letter addressed by the celebrated German writer, Wieland, to Madame de la Roche:

It is a common saying, that it is not the habit that makes a monk; and yet people talk of the incomparable Tristram Shandy as a burlesque grotesque work, as at best calculated to raise a laugh, in a word, as they would of the miserable comedies of Gherardi; and, on the other hand, they call Marmontel's *Belisarius* an excellent book. I admit that Belisarius is a good book of its kind; that it is well written, that it contains truths, but these truths have been a hundred thousand times told and retold; and as for the merit of a fine style, that is a merit which the author possesses in common with many others. I see nothing extraordinary in it. I can easily conceive how it is possible to write a Belisarius—but a Tristram Shandy!—there is a work calculated to humble all our authors, to eclipse all our illustrious names. What genius! what imagination! what acuteness of remark! what a profound knowledge of the most hidden springs of the human heart! Name me—or let the first literary character in the world name me—the author who, in addition to all the attributes which I have just enumerated, has possessed more genuine wisdom, more knowledge of true virtue, more taste, a finer moral tact, more delicacy of sentiment, a mind more enlightened and more free from prejudices of all kinds, more observant and more just, together with a heart more exactly in the right place, and more replete with that real goodness which alone deserves the name of virtue, than this same author of Tristram Shandy! There is not a man of sense and understanding but will admit this: yet people cry out against the extravagant exterior of this book, and they either do not or will not see how much genius and knowledge, and even art, is required to conceal wisdom, as he has done, under an air of singularity and eccentricity.

HOMELY BUT APT SIMILES.

A man who is ungrateful to God, observes an old writer, resembles a hog, which devours the acorns that lie under a tree, without looking up to see whence they come.

The same writer compares an illiterate preacher to a bladder containing three peas, which, when shaken, make a great deal more noise than another bladder that is full of peas.

SINGULAR APOSTACY.

There are but too many instances of Christians who have renounced their religion and embraced the Jewish or Mahometan faith; but that a man bred in the Christian religion should, after arriving at a mature age, publicly profess himself an idolater, may seem almost incredible. *The Sketches of India*, by an officer, lately published, nevertheless record such a circumstance. The apostate is a general in the service of the East India Company—his name is not mentioned. He observes all the ceremonies of the Hindoos, offers sacrifices in their temples, carries their idols along with him, and has fakirs about him to dress his food. The author remarks that this officer is by no means regarded as a madman, though the fittest place for him and his idols and fakirs would be a cell in Bedlam, but separate from the other unfortunate, but more rational inmates of that establishment.

LOTHAIR, OR THE AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

THE thunder of the artillery died away. The arms of the allies had conquered. Night spread her sable pinions over the field of battle, and afar off along the dark horizon rose the flames of burning villages set on fire by the ruthless foe. Flocks of ravens flew croaking towards the scene of carnage, where the living, exhausted with the work of slaughter, reposed among the dead. The cavalry pursued the fleeing enemy the whole night upon the road to Paris. Day had just begun to dawn, when the horrid din of combat was again heard. The French had planted an ambuscade in a wood not far from the road. A Russian officer, whose courage had carried him too far, found himself and the little party under his command suddenly surrounded: he had no choice between imprisonment and death. The hero decided for the latter: he endeavoured in a few words to inflame his men with the same resolution, and fought desperately, determined to sell his life at a dear rate. His brave fellows, however, fell around him, and their leader was on the point of being overpowered, when a troop of Germans took the enemy in flank. The officer who commanded it, and whom we shall call Lothair, rushed like lightning on the superior force of the foe. He plied his good sword with such effect, that the enemy were compelled to retreat: the Russian was rescued; but his deliverer lay under his horse weltering in blood. Lothair, to all appearance lifeless, was carried to the next village, and messengers were dispatched in quest of a surgeon. The Russian sat in painful anxiety beside the bed of the sufferer, while the attendants removed his clothes: during this operation, he perceived a medallion, which the patient wore next to his heart, that had now ceased to beat. He looked, he started back, he again gazed at

the miniature—no doubt remained—it represented the traits of the Countess Maria—it was the portrait of his bride.

Meanwhile the surgeon arrived, and with him an officer of Lothair's regiment, who, in an agony of grief, threw himself down beside his wounded comrade, calling upon him with a tone of the deepest anguish, while big tears trickled down his cheeks. Lothair faintly opened his eyes. "Is it you, Adalbert?" sighed he. "Ah! then, 'tis not all over yet!" Afterwards ejaculating the name of "Maria!" he once more sunk into a death-like torpor. Lothair's friend was inconsolable. The surgeon had great difficulty to cheer him with the assurance that the patient was only exhausted by loss of blood, and that the wound was not mortal.

Absorbed in thought, the Russian had meanwhile looked on in silence, in vain seeking a plausible solution of the question—how Lothair had come by the medallion? The sigh of "Maria!" had convinced him that the image of the young countess not only lay next his heart, but was deeply imprinted in it: of course he must know her—he must love her! Lost in a labyrinth of conjectures, tortured with doubts, he was totally at a loss what to think of Lothair, towards whom the most contrary sentiments alternately arose in his bosom. The surgeon directed that the patient should be kept as quiet as possible; on which the Russian officer drew Adalbert aside, with a view to obtain some explanation. "Comrade," said he, "your grief plainly proves that you are Lothair's friend—his destiny has made him mine, inasmuch as I am indebted to him for my life. Tell me, has your friend ever been in Russia?"—Adalbert gazed in astonishment at the interrogator, who thus proceeded: "It is heartfelt sympathy that occasions this question: I think I have seen your friend; nay," added he with a searching look, "if I am not mistaken, I have met him in the house of Count R——."—"It is possible," replied Adalbert. "Would to Heaven he had never been there!"—This answer induced the stranger to entreat Adalbert to acquaint him with Lothair's fortunes: his request was so urgent, and Adalbert was so deeply moved by the earnestness of his manner, that he complied, and related to him what follows:

"Possessing no ordinary talents and acquirements, Lothair, a young painter, quitted his native land to seek his fortune in Russia. His prepossessing person and address recommended him no less than his performances. At Petersburg he became acquainted with Count R——, a zealous admirer of the arts, who had a valuable gallery at one of his country-seats near the capital, and omitted no opportunity of increasing his collection. Lothair found not only the most favourable reception in the house of this nobleman, but soon became his constant companion; indeed I may say his friend. Lothair gave instruction in his art to Maria, the count's daughter, a young lady of seventeen, who, to the no small satisfaction of her father, made rapid progress under his tuition: but the charms of this lovely damsel were not contemplated by Lothair with impunity; love soon kindled

his fiercest fires in the heart of the inexperienced teacher. With a delicacy and virtue rarely if ever surpassed, he suffered without revealing his pangs; for, by a family compact, the hand of the countess had long been engaged to the heir of a princely house. The enamoured painter was commissioned to paint a portrait of the countess for the bridegroom. Can the punishment of Tantalus be more cruel?—He finished the task, which it was impossible for him to decline—but his strength was exhausted—he fled—fled with the mortal arrow infixed in his heart. Just at this moment the youth of Germany were summoned into the field for the deliverance of their oppressed country. Lothair hastened to her banners: hostilities commenced; the unhappy lover sought death, and found but glory—he rushed like a madman into every danger, but guardian angels defended his life. Nothing but the idea of bold exploits can at times bring the slightest alleviation of that sorrow which has now for years been corroding his noble heart. Perhaps he has this day arrived at its termination."

The Russian officer had listened with deep attention. His heart was divided by conflicting emotions, and after a long pause, in which he seemed to be collecting his spirits, he said, "Your friend's situation is certainly much to be pitied; but let us hope that time will heal such wounds!"—"It will never heal his," rejoined Adalbert.—"A different vocation," resumed the other, "recalls me to my own country. Who knows whether I shall ever have an opportunity of personally thanking Lothair; but should he recover, he shall have some memorial of grateful friendship, and of his heroic achievement. Give him this ring." With these words he put a ring into Adalbert's hand, once more commended the patient to the particular care of the surgeon, and rode away.

The war was at an end, and the victorious armies returned to their respective homes. Lothair, who had perfectly recovered, pursued his profession in a provincial town, where he was surnamed *the Silent;* because, absorbed in gloomy thought, he had but little intercourse with the world around him. Notwithstanding the seclusion in which he lived, however, Lothair could not help paying occasional visits to his friend Adalbert, who had a country-seat at the distance of about fifty miles, where he lived happily with his young wife. From these visits Lothair always returned more gloomy and reserved than before; for his friend's conjugal felicity only served to renew his sorrows.

Two years elapsed: Lothair's melancholy seemed but to increase, when his friend Adalbert, from whom he had not lately heard, sent him an invitation to his house. Lothair accepted it, and was received with peculiar cheerfulness. In the evening, as he sat with his friend's family beside the blazing fire, the conversation turned on their military adventures, when Adalbert suddenly seized Lothair's hand, and his lips quivered, as though he was going to speak.—"Well," said his wife just at this moment, "I suppose you will hunt

to-morrow. Do, Lothair, bring me some nice bit of game or other for supper."—"Yes, yes," replied Adalbert, "we'll hunt to-morrow. You shall have a treat, Lothair—you shall ride my best horse, the spirited Polish bay which I bought of you. You rode him, you remember, the day you saved the Russian officer!"—"Good, kind soul!" sighed Lothair; "you mean it well I know—but I had been far better off had that day been my last!"

The following morning announced a brilliant autumnal day. Lothair and Adalbert, in their hunting equipage, rode out into the thick forest: the merry sound of the horn and the active sports of the chase tended to dispel the gloom of the melancholy guest. Many a head of game was bagged, and the declining sun warned the party that it was time to return home, when a buck was started. In vain did they pursue the fleet animal, and Lothair, after a long chase, found himself separated from his friend, and alone in the forest with one attendant. "Where are the others?" said he, and wound his horn; to which, however, no answer was given. He turned his horse to seek a way back, but all traces of a track soon vanished. "We have lost our way," said the groom; "but we shall soon find it again, sir, if you will be pleased to follow me." They traversed the forest in various directions, and it was quite dark when they at length discovered a road. The forest soon became more open, and they presently perceived a brilliantly illuminated avenue of trees, leading to a mansion blazing with variegated lamps. The groom dashed on towards it. At the entrance of the village were assembled its inhabitants in their best apparel, who greeted Lothair with loud shouts as he approached. He stopped his horse, and inquired to whom the mansion belonged, and what was the occasion of this festivity. "To whom else," was the reply, "but our worthy master, Captain Lothair?—Captain Lothair for ever!" and fresh shouts of joy rent the air. Lothair was struck dumb with astonishment, while the joyous multitude surrounded him, seized the bridle of his horse, and led him in triumph to the mansion. He entered the house like one in a dream. The folding-doors flew open, and he was received by a number of servants in rich liveries. The valet officiously inquired whether his honour would be pleased to dress before dinner; and a smart damsel, as she tripped through the hall, told him, that his honour's lady was still at her toilet, but would soon be down stairs. This last stroke was too severe for poor Lothair, whose astonishment prevented his asking questions, or returning answers. After feeling his head and breast with his hands, as if to convince himself that he was awake and in his senses, he seized the valet, and looked him stedfastly in the face. "Whose is this house?" said he, in an angry tone. "Where am I?"—"Your honour is in your own house, and in your own apartments!"—"Who tells you so, fool?"—"Your honour's lady"——"Tell me, fellow!" cried Lothair wildly, interrupting him—"tell me, am I mad, or have I got

into a madhouse? I have neither house, nor estate, nor wife—but, stop a moment: perhaps I have horses and a chariot too?"—"O yes, the finest stud in the whole country," replied the servant.—"Well then, tell my coachman to put the horses to immediately, and drive to Eichthal." This was the name of Adalbert's seat. The man withdrew. Lothair threw himself exhausted on a sofa. The sweetest harmony suddenly struck his ear, and a well-known voice sang a Russian air, which was a particular favourite with him.—"Gracious Heaven!" he ejaculated, "what is this?—Maria!—O Father of mercy, let me not awake from this delicious dream!" A silk curtain was gently drawn back, and there, resplendent in charms, appeared the lovely countess painting at her easel, and the old count looking over her. The room was an exact counterpart of that in her father's mansion in Russia, where Lothair had so often been seated by her side, and where he had learned to adore her. At this sight the enraptured Lothair started up; he stretched out his arms as if to embrace the lovely apparition, but his limbs refused their office, and he sunk back senseless on the sofa. Adalbert hurried from the next room to the assistance of his friend, whom his attentions soon recalled to life. When he opened his eyes, and beheld Adalbert and Maria by his side, "God be praised," said he, "that after the sorrows of our earthly pilgrimage, we here meet again in Paradise!"—"Ah! no, we are not there yet," replied Maria. "My dear, kind, faithful Lothair, you still live; and I am only come to repay you with my love for all the sufferings you have endured on my account." The enraptured pair were soon locked in each other's arms, and sighs, embraces, and kisses alone spoke the emotions of their hearts.

It was some time before the lovers recovered from the excess of their transport sufficiently to enter into mutual explanations. It appeared that Lothair had saved the life of Prince R——, and that by this action he had laid the foundation of his future happiness. The Countess Maria, whose heart also, without her being aware of it, the shafts of love had penetrated, had lived cheerful and content so long as her lover was near. It was not till after his flight that she became sensible how dear he was to her. The roses of her cheeks turned pale, she drooped like a broken lily, and pined away in silent sorrow. Her destined husband, Prince R——, returned: he beheld the languishing maiden, the distress of the father, and the despair of the physicians. Two human lives, and the felicity of the saviour of his own life, were at stake. The prince resolved, not without a hard struggle, on the painful sacrifice: he won the confidence of the lady, and after her confession, broke the matter to her father. The latter had great difficulty to renounce the prejudices of birth and the plans of ambition—but at length he consented, on condition that Maria would give up her country together with the prince.

Love readily acquiesced in this arrangement. The prince then wrote to Adalbert, acquainting him with what he had done to acquit

himself of his debt. He inclosed bills to a considerable amount, with directions that an estate should be purchased for Lothair. Adalbert was not remiss in fulfilling his injunctions, and it was his ingenuity that devised a surprise so extraordinary for his now happy friend.

SHAH FADLALLAH.

An Eastern Tale.

The Shah Fadlallah, a prince endowed with extraordinary virtues, reigned contented in the East, and his fair consort, named Zemrude, shared his happiness. A young dervise had for some attracted considerable attention at his court: his understanding was of the highest order, and so amiable was his conduct, that he acquired universal good-will.

Fadlallah was particularly delighted with the society of this young man, over whose whole being a mysterious charm seemed to be diffused. He offered him the highest posts, but Salmech, for that was the name of the dervise, modestly declined them all, declaring that he had made a vow never to accept any public office, that he might preserve his independence, which he valued above all things. Fadlallah, delighted with this unambitious disposition, did not cease to urge the dervise to comply with his wishes; but the latter persisted in his determination to be nothing more than Fadlallah's friend.

One day these two friends were taking the diversion of the chase together: the attendants of the prince were following at a considerable distance. As they proceeded onward, and penetrated deeper and deeper into the recesses of the forest, Salmech entertained Fadlallah with an account of his distant travels, and his extraordinary adventures. "I have been in India too," concluded he, "and there I gained the affection of a venerable Brahmin, who was initiated in the profoundest mysteries of magic. One of the choicest of these secrets he taught me before he expired in my arms."

"The art of making gold, I suppose," said Fadlallah inquisitively. —"Nothing of the kind," replied Salmech; "this secret is of greater importance than that, for it consists in reanimating at pleasure dead bodies with my spirit."

A stag ran past just at this moment. Fadlallah bent his bow, and discharged an arrow at the animal. The stag fell, and the prince said to the dervise, "Now give me a proof of thine art, if I am to believe thee."

Salmech instantly sunk to the ground; the stag rose, ran bounding towards Fadlallah, fawned upon him, and then again dropped lifeless on the earth, while the body of the dervise at the same moment revived. Fadlallah was astonished at this miracle, and conjured his friend to communicate to him the extraordinary secret.

Salmech at first made difficulties; he then instructed him to repeat certain cabalistic words, and to make various mysterious signs, in the due observance of which, ac-

cording to his assurance, the hidden charm consisted.

No sooner was Fadlallah in possession of the secret, than he determined to try its effect, and passed into the body of the animal he had slain. At the same moment the dervise entered the body of the Shah, and took aim at the stag with Fadlallah's bow and arrow. The latter now perceived, though too late, the object of the traitor; but all he could do was to betake himself to the recesses of the forest.

Salmech's treacherous plan had succeeded. In the form of Shah Fadlallah he returned to the capital, and repaired to the palace of Zemrude. His first care was to secure to himself the dignity which he had so unworthily acquired, and with this view he issued orders that all the game in the environs should be immediately killed. Fadlallah would infallibly have been dispatched with the other stags, had he not passed into the body of a nightingale, which lay dead at the foot of a tree.

Secure from Salmech's malicious persecution, he flew in this new shape to the garden of the palace, perched on a tree, the branches of which shaded Zemrude's window, and there poured forth such melodiously melancholy strains, that Zemrude was soon attracted to the window. Instead, however, of exciting his wife's pity, as he wished, he awakened no other sentiment than pleasure. Still he continued to serenade her with his melodious notes, till at length Zemrude ordered the charming singer to be caught.

Fadlallah, who desired nothing more ardently than to be near Zemrude, suffered himself to be readily taken and conveyed into his wife's apartment, where he immediately flew up to her and cowered in her bosom.

Zemrude, delighted with the caresses of her new favourite, ordered him to be placed in an open cage before the window of her apartment. Thus the bird had daily opportunities of manifesting his love to his mistress by his caresses. Zemrude would play with him for hours together, and in spite of his transformation, Fadlallah would have been completely happy, had he not daily the inexpressible mortification to see the dervise enter and toy with Zemrude.

The usurper, while thus amusing himself with Zemrude, frequently strove to gain the bird's friendship; but no sooner did he approach her favourite, than the nightingale shewed signs of anger, pecked the hand of the traitor with his bill, flapped his wings, and evinced the greatest agitation. The animosity of the little creature furnished fresh occasion for mirth and amusement to Zemrude and the deceitful Salmech.

Another of Zemrude's favourites, a dog, which she had always kept about her, died suddenly. Fadlallah, partly weary of his former shape, and partly with a view to acquire a less frail body, instantly slipped into that of the deceased quadruped. Who can describe the grief which next morning overwhelmed Zemrude, when she found her feathered favourite extended lifeless! She was inconsolable; in vain did her women strive to pacify her; nay, the Shah Salmech, Fadlallah himself, was unable to

assuage the sorrow of the weeping princess.

"Well, Zemrude," at length said he, "I will reveal to thee one of the profoundest secrets that I possess. Know then, that from this day thy favourite shall every morning come to life, and pay his matin salutations to thee in the same melodious strains as before." Zemrude could not give credit to this assurance. Instead of replying, Salmech laid himself down on the ottoman, and reanimated the body of the feathered minstrel, who immediately began his accustomed melodies.

Fadlallah, who, in the shape of the dog, had observed this scene from a corner of the apartment, seized the favourable opportunity, took possession of his original body, and with furious haste dispatched the detested nightingale. Zemrude's grief and astonishment were unbounded. She could not account for this strange phenomenon. It was not till after repeated solicitations, that her rightful lord could persuade her to listen to him while he related the wonderful story. The body of the dervise, which was found in the forest, and the command of the usurper that all the game in the country should be killed, served to confirm the account of the once more happy Fadlallah, and proved to Zemrude and the whole kingdom this incontestible truth—that the most consummate of knaves commonly becomes the dupe of his own artifices at last.

CRUELTY OF EUROPEANS AND AFFECTION IN SAVAGES.

Who can help shuddering with horror on reading of the treatment experienced by the wretched Americans in the time of a Cortez and Pizarro, partly owing to the unfeeling cruelty, partly to the mistaken religious notions of their tormentors? We are ready to pronounce it impossible that similar atrocities should be perpetrated at the present day; and yet what happened in those times in the Spanish possessions, is still occurring in Portuguese Brasil—so at least we are informed by Lieutenant-Colonel von Eschwege, director of the royal mines, a witness whose veracity cannot be disputed.

The Indians, says he, are looked upon as brutes, and people imagine that they are rendering a service to God and to religion in exterminating this race. A wealthy planter, in that part of the country where the Puris, a savage tribe, have recently settled, proposed to the director to mix verdigris among their food, to rid the world of them all at once; and the commandant of the district of Santa Anna dos Ferros told him plumply on the same occasion, that it was a fine opportunity for extirpating this tribe at once, by introducing the small-pox among them. He himself knew several ecclesiastics who approved and supported these sentiments.

Six divisions of soldiers, about 600 men, are expressly destined, not to civilize the wild tribe of cannibal Botucudos, but to hunt them down and shoot them like wild beasts in the thick and almost

impenetrable forests. We need not be surprised if the outrages suffered by these savages excite in their bosom irreconcileable hatred, and stimulate them to acts of inhuman cruelty. When people seek to entice these savages to them, set food before them, and while they are appeasing the cravings of hunger, fire upon them—when a body of these military banditti penetrate into the woods, to surprise the peaceful abode of a Botocudo family, and falling upon them in the silence of night, mercilessly slaughter men, women, and children—when a monster, actuated by religious madness, first baptizes savages, who by way of stratagem assume the appearance of death, and then chops off their heads—what other sentiments than inextinguishable antipathy, and even abhorrence, can such proceedings awaken in any minds?

An anecdote related, like the preceding facts, by several eye-witnesses, to the same reporter, is of a very affecting nature. One day a party fell in with a family of Botocudos, most of the members of which, unable to save themselves by flight, were put to death. A woman, with two infants at the breast, who could not escape with her burden, was squatting before the fire cooking something. As one who appeared [illegible] this poor creature received a stab in the back, by which one of the children also was wounded. In the agonies of death, she beckoned to the officer commanding the troop, delivered to him the two children, begged her life with words and gestures, and pointing to a pot in which there was a boiled ape, at the same time giving him to understand that the children feared victuals, she expired.

This incident reminds us of an instance of extraordinary affection expressed by a female savage of the Sandwich Islands, as related by Perrlock. One of the captain's party, having gone a considerable distance along the shore, met an islander with his wife, who had two puppies, one at each breast. This singular circumstance induced him to propose to her to sell him one of the little animals. All his offers and persuasions, however, could not prevail on her to part with either of her favourites. At length, the sight of a few nails operated with such irresistible force on the man, that he insisted on her selling at least one of her puppies. She complied, but with all the demonstrations of unaffected sorrow, and gave him one of the little creatures, after she had tenderly embraced it. Though the Englishman was at a considerable distance from the place at which he was to embark, the woman never quitted him till he had got into the boat, and at the moment when he was about to push off the beach, she earnestly requested him to reach her the little animal once more. As soon as it was given to her, she hugged it to her bosom, and after some time returned it to the purchaser.

Who that peruses such narratives can forbear exclaiming, "O Nature, how admirable are thy impulses, where man has not wilfully closed his heart against them!"

Monday.—Found myself sufficiently recovered to look into my affairs; and sat down to make out an account of all the expenses of my late illness. Found that I still owe twelve pounds, and spent two hours in a vain endeavour to devise some plan for paying that money. Obliged at last to desist, in consequence of a violent head-ache. Walked into the village to see old dame Truman, who has been for some time confined to her bed: found her in a low despondING way; but had the satisfaction to leave her in a better frame of mind. *Mem.*—To send her a little broth and a few new-laid eggs.

Monday evening.—What a blessing is a good wife! true indeed is it that her price is above rubies. My Emily has been looking into our resources, but she is a better calculator than I am, or rather she has more courage. She has laid down a plan by which we may pay these twelve pounds within a year. In order to enable us to do this, the dear self-denying creature gives up every little indulgence, even her tea.

Tuesday morning.—Saw my different creditors, and found them very ready to give me time: returned in good spirits, and made an excellent dinner upon sallad of my own raising. Went afterwards to work in my garden.

Tuesday night.—I have made a new acquaintance, and one that pleases me much. As I was digging in the garden I saw a fine-looking youth, shabbily dressed, leaning against the gate with an air of fatigue: we entered into conversation and I learned that he had walked all day without rest or refreshment. I could not refrain from asking him in, and I told Emily in a whisper how the matter stood. In less than five minutes she got him a couple of fresh eggs, and some bread and cheese: it was evident, from the manner in which the poor fellow partook of them, that he needed food. I find that he is a strolling player, and on his way to join a neighbouring company, but I suspect that he has not a farthing in his pocket, and he has more than twenty miles to walk. I have asked him to stop with us to-night.

Wednesday morning.—My wife used the little that remained of her last pound of tea, to make the stranger a comfortable breakfast. Poor fellow, how grateful he appeared! I am grieved to the heart to let him go without a farthing in his pocket——Interrupted by Emily: nothing escapes her: she saw what was passing in my mind about Leeson, and knowing that I had not a shilling to assist him, she brought out her little hoard of Queen Anne shillings, and insisted on my taking one to give him. *Mem.*—Never to repine at any thing that happens, so long as Providence spares me this best of creatures.

Wednesday night.—Just as I had bid adieu to Leeson, I heard a piece of news which makes me very uneasy: our rector is dead, and it is said that Dr. Pompous will most likely have the living. I resolved to set out immediately to try whether he would promise to continue me in the curacy, and as Leeson's road lay the same way, we travel-

led together. My attentive Emily made us take some hard eggs and bread and cheese in our pockets. She took leave of me with forced cheerfulness, but tears were in her eyes. I was much pleased with Leeson; I am sure the boy has an excellent heart. He took a most kind leave of my wife, begging of her to keep up her spirits, for that he had a presentiment I should return with good news. Several of my parishioners, who had heard what had happened, followed me through the village with wishes and prayers for my success. We got on for some time briskly, but a terrible storm obliged us to take shelter in an alehouse for the night. My rattling companion began to spout Rover on our entrance, and nearly brought us into a scrape with the landlord, whom he called a Hampshire hog. I tried to scold him, and yet, wet as I was, I could not help laughing: in fact, it is impossible to be angry with this lad, there is so much good-nature mixed with his drollery. He says it will not be much out of his way to go with me to the house of Dr. Pompous; and protests he will not leave me till he knows the result of my application to him. Heaven grant it may be propitious, but my heart is unusually heavy!

Thursday morning.—Reached the house of Dr. Pompous at an early hour; was told he was not up, asked what time I could see him: the servant surveyed me in a very impertinent manner, and said it was very uncertain. I have since been three different times, and am at last informed that I cannot see him before evening. God grant me good news to take to my Emily! Poor girl, she will be alarmed at my absence.

Thursday night.—All is over! I have lost the curacy—my poor wife—but God's will be done! Dr. Pompous received me very haughtily. I told him I took the liberty of waiting upon him, presuming that he was to have the living of S——. He replied, that from the interest he had with the gentleman in whose gift it was, he believed there was no doubt of his success. I then begged to know whether he would continue me in the curacy: he paused, and asked what salary I had; and when he heard that it was forty pounds, he declared that it was exorbitant. I began, in a humble manner, to represent how impossible it was to live upon less; but he cut me short by declaring, that luxury was the vice of the age, and as he thought that men of our function were particularly called upon to give examples of temperance and moderation, he would take care to have a curate of simple and abstemious habits. I tried to get in a word in my own defence, but he would not hear me: he said he saw I would not suit him, and besides, he had a person in his eye, and therefore he would not detain me.

Never before did I find it so difficult to practise that forbearance so strongly inculcated by my divine master: in spite of myself, my heart rose at this unfeeling man, who talked of giving an example of temperance and moderation, while he received me in an elegant apartment, and with a luncheon before him, the price of which would have furnished a poor family with dinners for a week. I am ashamed

to think of the difficulty I had to banish the unchristian feeling of resentment which his treatment raised.

I found my friend waiting for me at the door; he eagerly inquired what had passed. I am afraid that in the heat of passion I extoloured Dr. Pompous's behaviour too highly, and I think that Leeson has imbibed a little of the liberal dislike to the clergy in general which is now too prevalent. I succeeded, however, at last in convincing him that there are, thank Heaven! but few Dr. Pompous's among our dignified clergy.

As it was too late for me to reach home that night, the good-natured lad insisted upon my going with him to an inn about a mile distant, where he said he knew the landlord, and he could answer for our getting a good supper and a bed. I was lothe to lay him under an obligation, as I knew he had no money, but he would not be refused. We had an excellent supper, and a bottle of wine. Leeson quieted my scruples by assuring me, that the landlord was formerly under some obligations to his father.

Friday morning.—Took a kind leave of my young companion, and returned home with a heavy heart. Met Jack at some distance from my house; the poor girl was afraid, from my unexpected stay, that something had happened to me, and she burst into tears of joy when she saw me safe. How great I have, I acknowledge, the fortitude of this excellent woman! She has borne the news like a heroine; her magnanimity makes me ashamed of having even for a moment given way to despair.

Saturday morning.—I have performed the most painful duty I ever went through. I have seen my different creditors, to tell them my situation, and to offer to sell my few effects, and divide the money among them. Not one would hear of it; and farmer Flail, though he delivers four pounds, money lent out of his pocket, insisted, in the most kind and hearty manner, on Emily and myself coming to his house till I could hear of a curacy, or strike out some other plan for our subsistence. Dr. Bolus told me not to trouble myself about what I owed him; it might remain till it was quite convenient to me to settle it, and if I was at any reasonable distance, he would gladly attend Emily in her approaching confinement. The dear girl's heart overflowed like my own when I told her of the kindness of these good people.—I sat down after dinner to prepare my sermon for to-morrow, most probably the last that I shall preach here. I chose for my text the words, "The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." The sermon occupied me till a late hour, but I found, as I proceeded, that my mind grew gradually more composed and strengthened.

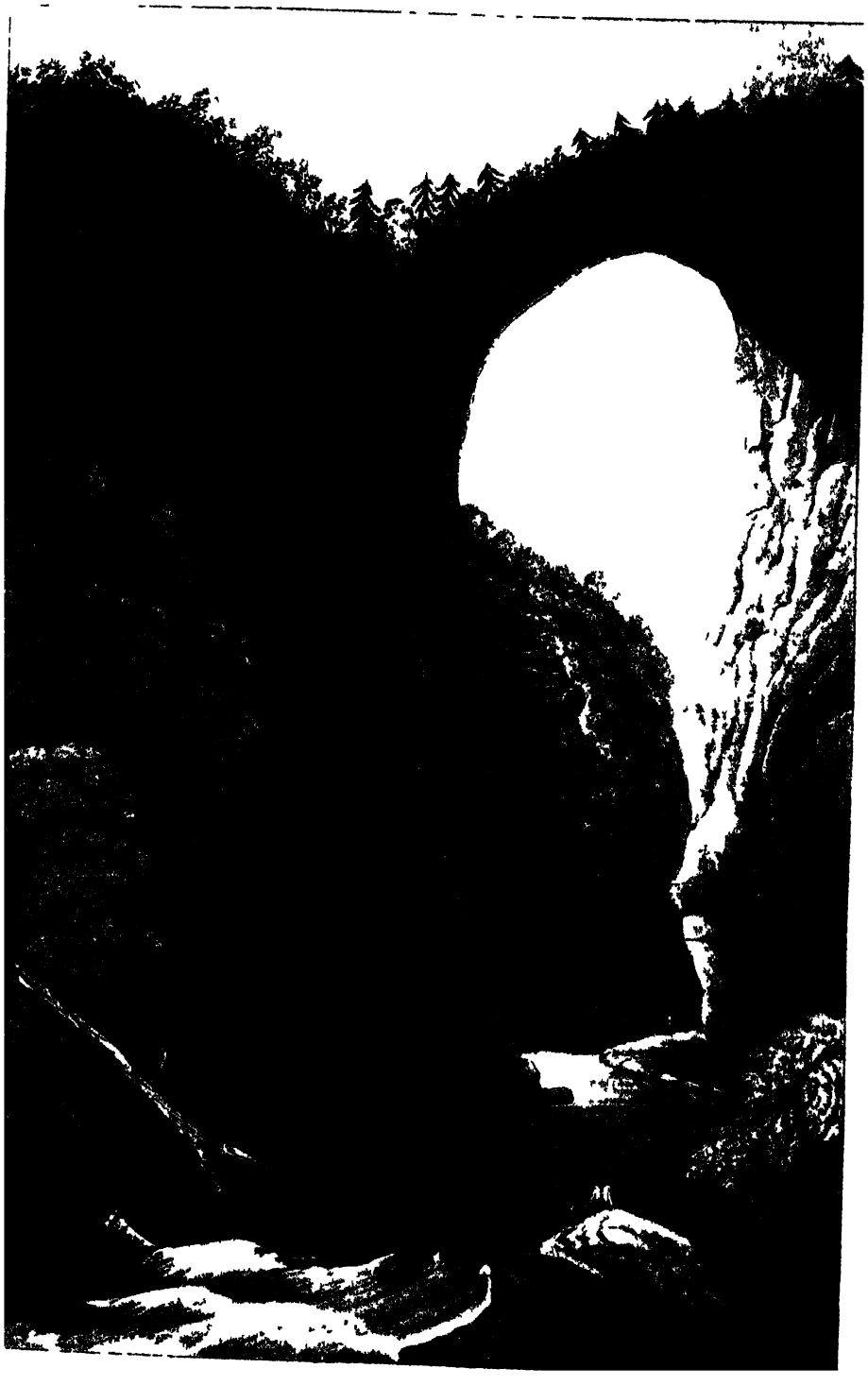
Sunday night.—What an unexpected and blessed change has this day produced! A stranger of distinguished appearance came to our church in an elegant equipage: I was too much occupied with the duties of the day to notice him particularly, but I had scarcely

got home after service when I saw the carriage stop at my door, and Leeson, elegantly dressed, jumped out of it, and running into my little parlour, and taking Emily's hand, [illegible] he should [illegible] from the [illegible] es, my dear [illegible] continued he, turning to me, who stood lost in astonishment, [illegible] are really rector of S——. [illegible] living is in the gift of my father. I ran away from college a few weeks ago in a wild frolic, and coming at last to the end of my money, I resolved to return home, and throw myself on the indulgence of my father. [illegible] say how I was indebted to your hospitality in my way home, and I determined when we parted to pay my debt of gratitude if I could. My kind father, who [illegible] another warm-hearted [illegible] self, was so glad to [illegible] forgot to be angry. I told him all about you and my pretty [illegible] here, how you had lodged [illegible] ing, and so forth. In short, I told him you were a [illegible] the days of those good old [illegible] whom I have [illegible] the ornaments [illegible] church [illegible] your friend is fit for the curacy.' —'Not fit!' cried I, taking fire.— 'No,' says my father, 'for he will half starve himself and his pretty wife, in order to [illegible] every [illegible] stroller that [illegible] his way. I think, therefore, the only way [illegible] 'Emily fell upon her knees in tears of joy and thankfulness, nor were my eyes dry as I raised them in gratitude to the Giver of all good. What a noble-hearted man is Mr. L—! The [illegible] contained a bank-note for fifty pounds, [illegible] the value of the gift. [illegible] delicious evening have I spent, and what pleasure it gives me to see all my parishioners rejoice in my good fortune! Emily and I have both agreed, that if it pleases Heaven to spare us, they shall have cause for joy, for never shall the poor or the distressed turn [illegible] happy home, [illegible] Providence [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible] by this singular and surprising production of nature, has given a de-[illegible]

"The Natural Bridge is the most sublime of Nature's works.



It is on the ascent of a hill, which seems to have been cloven through its length by some great convulsion. Its height is 213 feet, its breadth at bottom about 50 feet, and at top about 90 feet; the passage over it is about 60 feet wide, and the thickness of the mass at the summit of the arch about 40 feet. A part of this thickness is constituted by a coat of earth, which gives growth to many large trees; the residue, with the hill on both sides, is solid rock of limestone. The arch approaches the semi-elliptical form, but the larger axis of the ellipsis, which would be the chord of the arch, is many times longer than its transverse. Though the sides of this bridge are provided in some parts with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few men have resolution to walk to them, and look over into the abyss. You involuntarily fall on your hands, creep to the parapet, and peep over it. Looking down from this height about a minute gave me a violent head-ache. If the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in an equal extreme. It is impossible for the emotions arising from the sublime to be felt beyond what they are here: so beautiful an arch, so elevated, so light, and springing as it were up to heaven, the rapture of the spectator is really indescribable! This bridge is in the county of Rockbridge, to which it has given name, and affords a public and commodious passage over a valley, which cannot be crossed elsewhere for a considerable distance."

The accompanying view was taken from the spot where it is usually and to most advantage beheld by its visitors, but the point of sight being so near an object so elevated, the receding lines of the perspective decline so rapidly, as to give an appearance of the ascent of the bridge being reversed. It is further to be remarked that the stream, at the time when the drawing was made, had been swollen by rains to a torrent, not always to be seen; and that there were two or three trees on the peninsula beneath the arch, which, as they obstructed the view of the background, were omitted.

Another stupendous work of nature of the same class is described by the Spanish traveller, Don Juan de Ulloa. It is situated in the province of Augaraez, in South America; is from 16 to 22 feet wide, 111 deep, a mile and one third in breadth, and not sensibly larger at top than at bottom. Ulloa is of opinion that it has been formed by the wearing of the water which runs below it: if so, it would have worn down plain and smooth, or most to that side on its descent where the rock was of softer materials; but, according to his account, the cavities on the one side, where equally hard, so tally with protuberances on the other, that if they were to meet they would fit in all their indentures, so as to leave no space void: from which we should rather conclude that it has been formed by some violent convulsion of nature.

On comparing these two bridges, although we find in that of Virginia the same quality of rock on both sides as the substance of the

bridge itself, yet it has not protuberances on one side answering to cavities on the other: if therefore any such protuberances ever existed, they must have been worn away and effaced by time.

DESCRIPTION OF "THE BURNING GROUND" NEAR BAKU, IN PERSIA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THERE are few of your readers but must be aware that more than one recent invention might be pointed out, the principle of which, though quite new to us, has been long known to other remote nations. The production of light from inflammable gas appears to be in this predicament. On this subject I have met with a curious passage in a volume just published, with the title of *Memoirs of the Life of Artemi of Mount Ararat*, in which a highly interesting delineation of the state of the people of Armenia is blended with the personal history of the author. The passage to which I allude relates to a visit paid by him, in 1797, to what he calls "the Burning Ground" near Baku, on the Caspian Sea. It is as follows:

"About the middle of the Passion week, I perceived a party of fifteen Persians, who, on my inquiry, told me that they were going to see the burning ground. One of the number was Murtasa-Kuli-Chan (brother of Aga-Mohammed-Chan, the then sovereign of Persia), for whose sake indeed this expedition was undertaken. I was heartily rejoiced at this favourable opportunity of exploring a new curiosity, mounted my horse, and rode along with them. From the town to this spot it was at least twenty wersts, but the fiery appearance was to be seen every night. This burning ground was situated on a hill near a village opposite to the island of Awscharan, which frequently proves fatal, on account of the extensive breakers which stretch out from its shore into the sea; for the mariners who arrive in these parts at night, seeing the fire rising from the earth, steer towards it, and thus many of them perish. Wherever there were pools by the road-side, I observed naphtha on their surface: this substance is collected in all parts of the environs of Baku, and constitutes one of the principal articles of the trade of that town. The burning spot is inclosed with a stone wall, at least a hundred ells in circumference. The Persians residing there shewed Murtasa-Kuli-Chan whatever they thought worthy of notice, with all the respect due to the brother of the sovereign of Persia. Within the wall, which was built in ancient times by fire-worshippers, are apartments, and likewise cells, in which the inhabitants of the adjacent village reside in winter. In the centre of each of these apartments or cells is a hole, in which a round earthen vessel, without a bottom, called *tonir*, is set for the purpose of baking bread or cooking victuals. To make a fire, the people scrape away a little of the surface of the earth, set light to it, and it is soon in a blaze. When the *tonir* is heated, they stick the

dough in not too large lumps round about it, and in this manner the bread is soon done; or they set a pot on the aperture at the top of this hollow vessel, and thus dress their provisions. To extinguish the fire a little common mould is thrown upon it. In the roofs of these habitations there is always a hole to serve for the admission of light, as well as the escape of smoke. The spot on which the fire is constantly burning is not more than four fathoms (28 English feet) in circumference. The soil in general is argillaceous and white; the fire issues from it as if blown out by wind, and is merely to be seen on the surface of the soil, the appearance of which is not in the least changed by it. The whole space inclosed by the wall consists of soil susceptible of inflammation, which is kindled and extinguished in the manner already described. The surface, like that of all the clayey soils, has many small cracks and fissures, whence an inflammable vapour is continually issuing. The Persians informed us that if a fire were made in the rooms, and the hole for the exit of the smoke closed, and the door shut, both would be immediately burst open with a force resembling that of gunpowder; and an experiment was made in our presence for the satisfaction of Murtasa-Kuli-Chan. In the middle of the inclosure is a well seven *arschines* (16 feet) in depth, in which was to be seen a little water. The upper part was walled with rough stone, but the mouth is not much more than an *arschine* in width. This was covered with felt, which was nailed on; a stone weighing at least a *pud* (thirty-seven pounds) was laid on the middle of it, and a lighted brand was dropped underneath it into the water. A rumbling like that of distant thunder was immediately heard at the bottom of the well: it lasted about two minutes, and then projected the stone above the wall surrounding the top of the well. We were shewn some Indians who had just fallen on their knees to pay their adorations to this fire, which they hold sacred. They then fill, as we were told, their leather bottle, called *tusluk*, with the gas which issues from the crevices, and carry it away with them as something peculiarly holy. On reaching their homes, they perforate the *tusluk* with some sharp instrument, and apply a light to the very small aperture; the gas issuing from it, which till then was invisible, takes fire and burns till it is all consumed: and herein consists one of their most solemn devotions. To exemplify this, a *tusluk*, closely bound up at one end, was held with the other over such a crevice. When filled with the vapour, the end was tied up; it was then pricked with a pin, and fire applied to the hole. A small jet of flame immediately burst from the imperceptible hole, and lasted till the gas in the *tusluk* was exhausted.

"This vapour, composed of naphtha and sulphureous particles, is extremely heavy, and we could not endure it above three hours. The people resident here assert, that a hearty man, not accustomed to it, could not abide in it more than two days without running the greatest risk of his life."

This passage seems to me to indicate that the Persians and Indi-

ans have been long, perhaps for ages, intimately acquainted with those properties of inflammable gas, which, during the last twenty-five years, have effected such a revolution in the mode of public illumination in Europe.

Leaving your readers, however, to draw what inferences they please from this narrative,

I am, &c.

INDICATOR.

LONDON, July 5, 1822.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

POLYHYMNIA, or select Airs, by celebrated Foreign Composers, adapted to English Words, written expressly for this Work by James Montgomery, Author of "The Wanderer of Switzerland," &c.; the Music arranged by C. F. Hasse. Price 6s.—(Ball, 408, Oxford-street.)

WE place this publication foremost in our critique, desirous as we are that it should attract the particular attention of our readers. This distinction it well merits, for it would be difficult to point out a book of the same volume containing an equal proportion of first-rate and highly original vocal compositions. There are seven in number, chiefly, we believe, of the German school; indeed, some we know to be such. Why the names of the composers have not been given, we cannot imagine. If we were to guess, we should say they are Germans and Spaniards.

The merit of selecting these fine compositions of course belongs entirely to Mr. Hasse, and that of fitting them to English poetry—a task frequently attended with embarrassing difficulties—must equally be assigned to him. In this particular Mr. H. has so well succeeded, that the few and trifling exceptions are not worth our notice. If, beyond this, Mr. H. has added any thing of his own, in the way of ritornels, &c. we can only say that he has given proofs of a cultivated taste and matured talent, highly creditable to the celebrated name he bears—that of the great harmonist, partly the cotemporary of Handel. Some of the symphonies are absolute models of their kind, and the accompaniments are generally of a most masterly description.

The book being a work of selection, the above general account of its nature and value is deemed sufficient, without entering upon any individual analysis. One remark we will add, as it may still be attended to: the vague directions as to tempo—"slow," "very slow," &c. should be avoided in a work of this stamp, when it is in our power to mark the time *metronomically* with such precision, that the duration of a piece may be known, by anticipation, to almost a second of horal time.

A Series of National and Popular Airs, with Variations for the Violin, in a familiar and pleasing style, with an Accompaniment at length (ad lib.) for the Violoncello, calculated either for private or public performance; composed, and most respectfully inscribed (by permis-

sion) to his friend P. Spagnoletti, Esq. by James Sanderson. Op. 51. No. I. Pr. 3s.—(W. Blackman, New Bridge-street, Southwark.)

It would give us the highest satisfaction if this meritorious and truly excellent little work of Mr. S. were in some degree the means of extricating the violin from the unpardonable neglect into which it is manifestly sinking in this country. As the prejudice is daily gaining ground, by virtue of which boys are prohibited from the study of music, as interfering with their more serious pursuits, it may not be out of its place to say a few words on this topic.

The quantum of knowledge which a boy generally carries from school, after a course of seven or eight years' instruction, is not so vast as to persuade us that many hours of the time might not have been devoted to the practice of some musical instrument, without in the least trenching upon his Latin, his English, French, arithmetic, &c. He ought to have three or four hours of recreation every day; and if he allot even one of these to music, neither his studies nor his health will be the worse for it; his mind probably the better; for a little feeling will be thrown into his soul, the source will be formed of an innocent enjoyment for many an hour of his future life. Of music, it may truly be said, *Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.* In point of health, the violin would be the instrument we should above all recommend. The erect posture in which it ought to be learned, coupled with the exercise of the arm and fingers, is strongly in its favour. This instrument, besides, is the most effective for forming a good ear, so much so, that the knowledge of the violin is an excellent preparation for singing. A singer, that plays but a little on the violin, is seldom out of tune in hitting his intervals, and generally reads much better at sight than others.

The prejudice above adverted to is moreover completely refuted by actual experience. Of ourselves we of course must not speak; but of the male amateurs we know, the greater part are persons well informed in various branches of knowledge, and any thing but deficient in the acquirements more particularly appertaining to the profession from which they derive their subsistence. In Germany, where general education, at college and university, is, to say the least, as perfect, and general information as extensive as in any other country, one half nearly of the boys that leave college play upon some instrument or other, not as virtuosos, but enough to beguile an hour, or join occasionally in a musical party. And this is just the point to which musical tuition in boys ought to be carried; indeed it is the point to which it generally carries itself; and we have often seen such moderate musical proficiency serve as an important introduction and a valuable help in the lad's future career. In fact, the acquaintances to which music introduces us are very rarely objectionable; on the contrary, they are of the better sort, very different from those which most other pastimes help to form.

But we are "digressing" more

than was our intention. Much more however might be urged in aid of our opinion, and we may perhaps take another opportunity of speaking more fully on this subject. Enough has been said to draw the attention of parents to a topic by no means unimportant in the education of their offspring.

To return, at last, to Mr. Sanderson's book; we can only repeat that it is excellent in its kind. It contains three simple and pleasing themes, upon each of which a considerable number of variations has been constructed. These variations have two manifest merits, independently of the tasteful style in which they are conceived. They are progressive, and they are by no means difficult. The pupil thus will sensibly proceed in acquiring a proper knowledge of the instrument. When he has mastered these, he may turn to a more extensive work by the same author, viz. his Study for the Bow and Finger-board, which has been noticed in a former Number of the *Repository*, as exemplifying, by means of variations, every possible variety in the practical knowledge of the violin.

Les petits Delassements, consisting of select Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed by G. Kiallmark. No. II. Pr. 2s.—(Chappell and Co. Bond-street.)

Four variations upon a sweet simple French theme. They are written in an agreeable, easy, fluent style, well calculated for juvenile performers, who will have a good opportunity of displaying the quantum of their proficiency in a manner satisfactory to themselves and their friends; for numerous as are the figures of amplification, and active as the passages may be, the whole lies extremely well under the hands, and may be mastered with very little previous practice.

"*My lodging is on the cold ground,*" *with Variations for the Piano-forte and Flute Accompaniment, composed, and performed on the Apollonicon,* by John Purkis. Pr. 2s. 6d.— (Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

These variations, also four in number, are nearly of the same stamp as those above noticed, not quite so easy, but certainly not difficult of execution. They do not deviate from the ordinary routine of variations. The flute forms a pleasing addition, but may likewise be dispensed with. The *minore* (var. 4.) is very satisfactory, and the coda terminates the performance in proper style and with striking effect.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-forte. Nos. 50 and 51.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

No. 50. contains the overture to the "Clemenza di Tito," arranged in a very effective, and yet easy manner, by Mr. Rimbault, of whose talents as an adapter of scores we have often had occasion to speak in the most favourable terms. He has an extreme facility in matters of this sort.

No. 51. presents us with two subjects from Handel's "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," viz. "Let me wander not unseen," and "Let the merry bells ring round." Mr. Poole has arranged these as duets, and we have every reason to be satisfied with his labour.

"*A Temple to Friendship,*" *from Moore's Selection of National Airs, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and inscribed to Miss Jane Dalrymple Hamilton,* by W. Eavestaff. Pr. 2s.—(J. Power, Strand.)

Mr. Eavestaff is only an occasional visitor in our monthly assemblage of composers, but when he does appear, he always brings with him something that makes good amends for a long absence. This is the case with the eight variations here introduced. The theme is a well-known Spanish dance, and the variations are distinguished by a striking, tasteful, and we will add, scientific diversity of treatment. There is nothing *médiocre*, all is well done. No. 1 is delicately imagined; the bass evolutions in No. 4 are fluent and forcible. The seventh variation, under a change of time from $\frac{6}{8}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$, ingratiates itself by the smooth, cantable, and expressive melody which pervades its structure; and No. 8 exhibits a very neat waltz movement. The upper keys, upon the whole, are perhaps too frequently resorted to. They should be used with a certain discretion: high notes produce an impression of trifling, and are not unfrequently out of tune, on the piano-forte.

Elementary Elucidations of the Major and Minor of Music, exemplifying the Diatonic Scale, &c. &c. by R. J. Stephenson, music and flute-tutor. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(J. Monro, Skinner-street.)

Instead of transcribing at length Mr. S.'s extensive title-page, we shall briefly state what his little book contains; viz. a concise view of all the cleffs, cleverly arranged; an illustration of the nature and creation of all the major and minor scales, clearly exemplifying the progressive accumulation of sharps and flats, as well as their progressive reduction; the relative affinities of the major and minor keys; and lastly, a specimen of transposition, through the twelve, or (as Mr. S. has put it) thirteen chromatic notes of the octave.

There is great method in the arrangement of this concise synopsis of the theory of the scales, and the few pages in which it is comprised contain such a collection of useful information, that we may freely say we never saw so much compressed into so little space, and with such strict adherence to system. In fact, it is that adherence and the proper digestion of the materials which have enabled the author to be at once so comprehensive and concise. In the specimens of transposition, we should have preferred a plan founded upon the successive accumulation of sharps and flats, to the chromatic succession adopted by Mr. S. the former being, in the first place, more generally intelligible: secondly, more natural; and thirdly, more coinciding with the previous demonstrations of the book.

But this may be matter of opinion: the publication will be found eminently useful, not only to the learner, but also to the teacher in the course of his instruction, and half-a-crown cannot be spent with more advantage than by procuring these few sheets. One thing only we must recommend to the purchaser: let him not be deterred at

the first aspect, nor even lose his patience at the first half-hour's inspection. With a very little perseverance, and a common degree of sagacity, he will soon enter into the spirit and plan of the book, and be enabled to derive from it the instruction which it holds out.

The celebrated Air of "Kitty Clover," with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed, and most respectfully dedicated to Miss Dyer, by Edward Knight, junior, Pupil of Mr. T. Cooke. Pr. 2s. 6d. — (Goulding and Co. Soho-square.)

In a late Number of the *Repository*, we noticed a little comic song of Mr. Knight's, which, strictly speaking, could hardly be classed under the head of musical compositions, the text forming its chief interest: it is with much pleasure therefore that we avail ourselves of this opportunity of introducing a publication of greater weight by the same gentleman, more particularly as its perusal has given us considerable satisfaction. The theme of these variations is the air of "Sweet Kitty Clover," a song which Mr. Knight's father always delivers with such significant glee, that all the world—including himself we really think—likes to hear him in it.

The variations, six in number, present a fair earnest of future promise; there is variety in their conception, ease and freedom in the ideas and their connexion, and a great degree of purity in their harmonic arrangement. The second variation may be quoted as a very favourable specimen; the passages, alternately assigned to the right and left hands, are extremely well devised. The next, in B♭ minor, is likewise in good style; and the portions in the relative major are well brought in. In the second part we could have wished for something less plain than the mere version of the theme. But all this will come; Mr. K. has every thing before him. In the sixth variation, an andante, we observe divers favourable tokens of contrapuntal contrivance, especially in those portions which are written in four parts.

From what has thus come before us, we can only recommend to Mr. K. to go on as he has begun. With the zeal which we know he entertains for the art, with the practical progress he has made, and, above all, with the solid foundation which he has had the advantage of laying under such a master as Mr. T. Cooke, the fairest prospect of future eminence lies before him.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 10.—WALKING DRESS.

A SILK pelisse, of a beautiful pale Spanish green, made to fit the shape; long sleeve, easy, but not tight; full epaulette, confined with three bands, the lower half of each embroidered and edged with satin of the same colour. The buttons which unite the front are concealed, and are on the inside. The





outside is ornamented with a new and elegant calyx trimming in satin: a broad plain rouleau of satin gives effect and finish to the bottom of the skirt. A rich worked vandyke collar falls over the plain low one of the pelisse. Granadine scarf of rose colour. Cottage bonnet of *gaze métallique*, decorated with leaves of the same light material, and *roses à cent feuilles*. Bonnet caps, with a full border of Northamptonshire lace. Jonquil kid gloves and boots.

PLATE II.—EVENING DRESS.

A round dress, of fine tulle, ornamented with rich colonnades of folded white satin, narrow at the wrist, and slightly extending to their termination, with a star composed of a centre rose, green leaves, and leaves *en applique*; beneath are *chevrons* of roses, leaves, and May-blossoms; three rouleaus of white satin, the upper one entwined with rich pink satin, harmonizing with elegant simplicity the colour and form of this tasteful decoration. The stomacher of white satin and tulle: the bosom shaded with a tucker of delicate blond. Short sleeve of tulle, interspersed with small rouleaus of satin and blond. Head-dress, a *toque* of tulle and white satin; two rows of pearl are continued all round, above which a twisted rouleau of satin confined by pearls gives richness, and a light ornamental trimming decorates the front: it is edged with four rouleaus, and finished with blond, continued in flutes to the side, where it terminates *en serpent* with pearls: white satin crown. The colour of the feathers accords with the dress; they are placed on one side, and appear through the tulle, and fall over the opposite shoulder. Embroidered Persian crape scarf.—White kid gloves and white satin shoes. Ear-rings and necklace of rubies and pearl.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

We have little change to notice since last month in promenade dress, except that muslin is not so exclusively used for out-door costume. Since the violence of the heat has abated, we have seen a good many silk pelisses worn over white gowns. In some instances, a silk dress, with a spencer to correspond, forms the promenade dress. We still see, however, and particularly for the morning walk, a good many ladies attired in muslin pelisses and *capotes*: many *belles* adopt a light shawl with this dress. The brims of bonnets are not so deep, but they are wider; the crowns continue low. Flowers are universally worn; not only those of the season are in request, but we see also numbers of fancy flowers. The materials for walking bonnets continue the same as last month.

Pelisses, though worn in carriage dress, are not, upon the whole, so generally used as shawls, scarfs, and lace pelerines. Among the shawls, those in white China crape, richly embroidered in a bouquet of flowers at each corner, are much in favour. The scarfs most fashionable are of the material which the French call *barège*: it is a light worsted tissue, very much resembling Italian gauze: in some instances, these scarfs are finished at the ends by a very rich border, in imitation of India; in others they have only a fringe of *barège*: they

are about two yards and a half in length, and three quarters in breadth; are tied carelessly at the throat, and are worn with spencers or high dresses. Lace pelerines are now worn very deep behind, and with long pointed ends: both black and white are fashionable, but the white we think predominate.

Transparent bonnets are as much in estimation as ever: those which we are about to describe are very novel, and we think extremely pretty. One, called the *chapeau à la Flore*, is composed of blond, which is disposed across the brim with very little fulness; the edge is ornamented with shells, placed at some distance from each other, and between each is a cavity filled by a moss rose: the brim is shallow, but extremely wide across the forehead: the crown is low; it is ornamented with a drapery of blond lace, which is so disposed as to fall in a point at one side of the brim near the front. A bouquet of roses is placed at the other side. The strings are white gauze ribbon with pink edges.

The other bonnet is made of white transparent gauze, fluted in waves across the brim, which is considerably deeper on the right side than the left, and a little pointed in the middle of the forehead. The brim is finished by a serpentine wreath of mingled white and rose-coloured gauze, which is drawn through spaces made in the edge. The crown is something higher at the back than the front: it is covered with a fulness of gauze, intermingled with a wreath of Provence roses, fancifully twisted round the upper and under parts of it, in such a manner as to be partially visible through the transparent folds of the gauze: the effect of this wreath is extremely tasteful and pretty. The strings are white gauze ribbon tied in a full bow on one side.

For in-door dress, muslin is still predominant; we see nothing else in dishabille: in dinner dress, however, silks of light colours are as much in estimation as muslin. The skirts of gowns are still gored, but they are narrower than they have been lately worn: trimmings are frequently of the same material as the dress, but where that is not the case, they are of gauze, to correspond in colour, mixed with satin, or else with the material of the gown.

The trimmings of muslin gowns are mostly either of work or lace, both of which continue to be worn in great profusion. In a good many instances, *bouillonné* or *crêtes* of clear muslin are let in between rows of embroidery or flounces. This is a light style of trimming, and has an extremely pretty effect.

Waists continue the same length, which is moderate, when compared with those of our Gallic neighbours, but still too long to be graceful. The bodies of dress gowns, both in silk and muslin, are very much ornamented, but particularly the latter, many of which are entirely composed of work.

Among the few novelties which the month affords in full dress, we have been particularly pleased with a white gauze round dress, the *corsage* of which had the lower part formed of satin, and tight to the shape; the upper part was full, but confined by corded satin bands, placed at some distance from each

other in a bias direction: the *corsage* is cut low at the sides, but rather pointed in the centre of the bust, which is trimmed with a row of white satin leaves. Short sleeve, of gauze, formed in the same manner as the bust by bands of corded satin, and finished at the bottom by a wreath of satin leaves. The skirt is trimmed with a very broad wreath of white satin leaves, and this is surmounted by a trimming of gauze and corded satin to correspond with the body.

Fashionable colours for the month are, lilac, azure, damask rose, wild rose, and straw colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, July 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

ALTHOUGH the violent heat is now considerably abated, promenade dress continues to be of a very light description. Coloured muslins still keep their ground, silk also is partially worn, but white is much more general than either. The *blouse* is still worn, but it is already on the decline, for it begins to be seen in all the public walks, although I think in general not so much so as gowns tight to the shape. Dresses are still trimmed high: those made in silk are now trimmed with a great profusion of flounces scolloped at the edge, and put pretty close to each other. Long sleeves are more in favour than when I wrote last; they are still quite tight to the arm. Short ones are worn as short as ever, but some *élégantes*, by having a broad trimming of tulle attached to the bottom of the sleeve, prevent, in some degree, an indelicate exposure of the arm. Ruffs are now hardly ever seen, except upon ladies of a certain age.

Spencers and *redingotes* have now entirely disappeared: our out-door coverings are of the lightest texture, and so arranged as to display to the greatest advantage the graces of the figure. The scarf of *barège*, carelessly tied at the throat, gives the whole of the form to view; and the lace *pelerine* is equally, or perhaps more, advantageous to the shape. A new covering of this sort, called a *fichu pelerine*, has been introduced since I wrote last: it is nearly in the form of a handkerchief, pointed in front and behind; has just fulness enough in the neck to form it gracefully to the shape; it is finished by a falling collar of lace: it is always put on so as to display the front of the throat and a little of the neck. We see also a good many of these *fichu pelerines* made in India muslin, richly embroidered in open-work in the middle, and finished with a very rich border. *Ceintures* are not now so exclusively of leather. Ribbons of different colours begin to be once more fashionable, particularly azure, rose colour, and *ponceau*.

The materials for hats continue to be nearly the same as when I wrote last; but those of gauze are much more numerous than the others. Ripe ears of corn, mixed with gauze, continue in favour: there are also many hats, the trimming of which consists entirely of *gaze lisse*; it is disposed in knots, which are generally of two colours,

straw and cherry colour, azure and straw, lilac and citron, white and blue, rose and white, cherry and white. Those ladies who aim at simplicity have their *chapeaux* ornamented with one of these colours only.

The most novel and elegant *chapeaux* are of gauze, and made in the following manner: The brim is of a moderate size, but very wide across the forehead; the gauze is turned in a soft roll at the edge of the brim, which is covered with plain gauze, and has a fluting underneath of the same material. The crown is low, of an oval shape, and covered with gauze draperies, which form three points, one at the back, and one at each side. A full plume of feathers, of which one half are ostrich and the other marabout, covers the front of the crown, and droops considerably to the right side: the brim is very long at the ears; and the strings, which are white gauze ribbon, tie in a full bow on the left side.

Except in grand costume, muslin is nearly as prevalent for evening dress as for the promenade, particularly clear muslin, which the French call *organdy*. I have just seen a new and very pretty dress composed of it: the bottom trimmed with an intermixture of *bouillons* and tucks, which came nearly to the knee; the *corsage* cut low, and formed by rows of gaging placed horizontally, and each row finished by a narrow lace. Lace tucker *à l'enfant*, about two inches in breadth. The sleeves very short, and to correspond. Cestus of white *gros de Naples*, embroidered in pearls.

Gaze lisse, *crèpe lisse*, and *tulle*, are the materials most fashionable in grand costume. The trimmings are mostly *bouillonné*, or flounces looped with flowers, that is to say, with Provence roses, or *pensées*, which, at this moment, are the only flowers fashionable; or else with gold or silver ears of ripe corn: this latter ornament is much in favour.

Head-dresses in hair are at present so general that one sees hardly any thing else: the hair is lightly curled on the temples, and the middle of the forehead only visible; it is dressed low behind, either in braids twisted round the head, or in bows, of which there are four or five that do not come higher than the crown of the head. Flowers are worn, but not so much so as combs ornamented with diamonds, pearls, or steel.

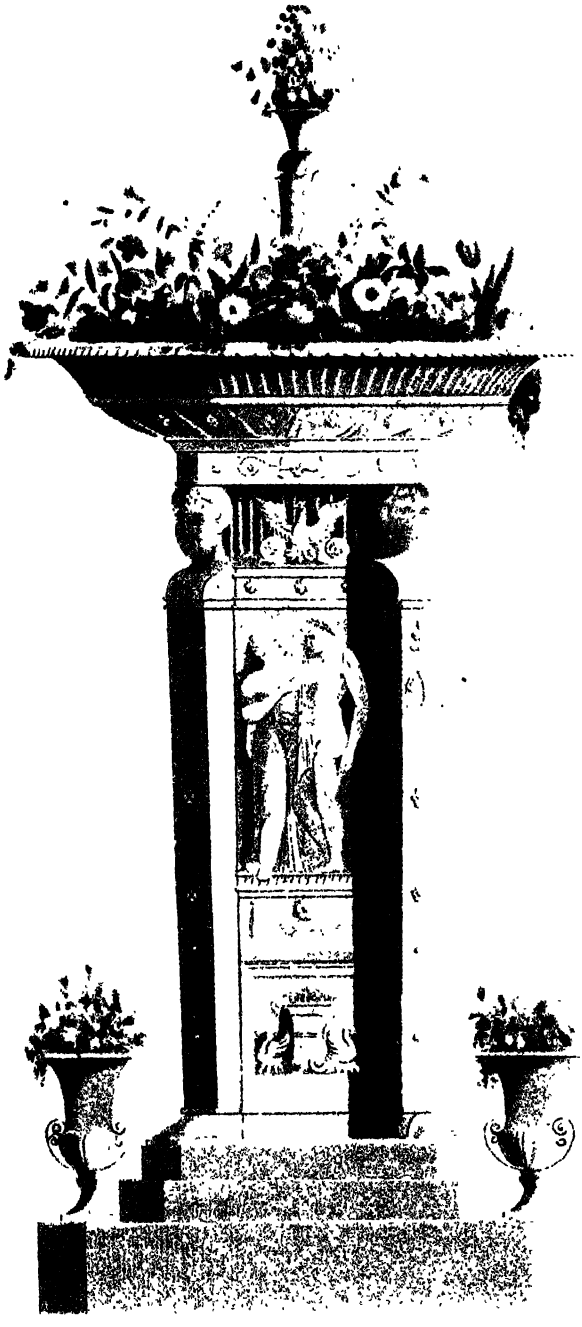
A Chinese fan, called *aile de mouche*, has lately been introduced: it is composed of a kind of flexible shell, and perfectly transparent; it is at present quite the rage.

Rose colour, cherry colour, lilac, straw colour, and azure, are all worn, but white is still *la couleur dominante*, and our countrywomen are particularly distinguished by their fondness for it. Farewell! Always your EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 9.—A FLOWER-FONT.

RECEPTACLES for displaying flowers in the chief apartments of well furnished dwellings are always in request, and they admit an infinite variety of form and decoration, from the simplest *monopede* to the



most magnificent assemblage of stages. The present design, after a French example, is suited to a drawing-room or *boudoir*, being executed in choice woods and ormolu; in which case the reservoir should be lined with thin milled lead, to contain water, over which a silver net-work should be placed in a rounding form, to support the flowers, and display them to advantage: from the reservoir a pipe should be affixed, so that it may be readily emptied, otherwise the stagnant water and decaying vegetable matters speedily become offensive for want of change.

Flowers admirably harmonize with glass; and if in the present design all the receptacles were made in that material, beautifully cut in the splendid fashion now in use, the design would be very ornamental, and one in each corner of a drawing-room might be well displayed, particularly if constructed as a tripod.

Many such articles of furniture have been executed lately by Blades of Ludgate-hill, the sumptuous effect of which has given an impulse to the glass-manufactures of this country for bold and massive articles, hitherto unknown to its artificers and the public.

THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

THE LADIES AND AMUSEMENTS OF BAGDAD.

(From *Travels in Georgia, Persia, Armenia, ancient Babylonia, &c. during the years 1817—1820. By Sir* Robert Ker Porter. 2 vols. 4to.

The ladies of Bagdad appear to be singularly inclined to festivity; and their assemblies, like those of our own countrywomen, are generally held during the later hours of the twenty-four. They usually meet by invitation at the harem of some one of the wives of the chief officers of state, where due care has been taken to provide the best female dancers, singers, and musicians, that the city affords; and thither about sunset the several bidden guests assemble in the most lovely groups of youth and beauty, attended by their serving-women, bearing their narquillies (a sort of pipe), of which even the most delicate of the fair sex in these countries are remarkably fond. Before I proceed with the details of the entertainment, it may not be amiss to stop and describe the dresses of the ladies in the customary style of drawing-room paraphernalia.

Women of the first consequence here go about on ordinary occasions on foot, and with scarcely any attendants: it being the etiquette to avoid, when in public, every striking distinction of appearance. In compliance with this fashion, all the fair sex of the city, high and low, walk abroad in the blue-checked *chadre*, its folding drapery having no other mark of an august wearer, than a few gold threads woven into its border. Instead of the white towel-like veil of the Persians, these ladies con-

ceal their faces behind a much more hideous mask; a black stuff envelope of horse-hair. The liberty they possess of paying visits without the *surveillance* of a male guard, and under these impenetrable garbs, are privileges perhaps too friendly to a licence their husbands do not intend. So much the reverse is the case with Persian women of rank, that they hardly move but on horseback, and escorted always by trains of eunuchs and other trusty vigilants.

When the fair pedestrians of Bagdad issue from behind their clouds, on entering their own apartments, or those of the ladies they go to visit, dresses are displayed, in every group, of the most gorgeous magnificence: for it may easily be conceived that rivalry, with regard to personal charms and graceful habiliments, flourishes among the *belles* of an Eastern harem, as gaily as with those of an European ball-room. The wives of the higher classes in Bagdad are usually selected from the most beautiful girls that can be obtained from Georgia and Circassia; and to their natural charms, in like manner with their captive sisters all over the East, they add the fancied embellishments of painted complexions, hands and feet dyed with henna, and their hair and eyebrows stained with the rang, or prepared indigo leaf. Chains of gold and collars of pearls, with various ornaments of precious stones, decorate the upper part of their persons, while solid bracelets of gold, in shape resembling serpents, clasp their wrists and ancles. Silver and golden tissued muslins form not only their turbans, but frequently their under-garments. In summer, the ample pelisse is made of the most costly shawl, and in cold weather, lined and bordered with the choicest furs. This dress is altogether very becoming, by its easy folds and glittering transparency, shewing a fine shape to advantage, without the immodest exposure of the open vest of the Persian ladies. The humbler females generally move abroad with faces totally unveiled, having a handkerchief rolled round their heads, from beneath which their hair hangs down over their shoulders, while another piece of linen passes under their chin in the fashion of the Georgians. Their garment is a gown, of a shift form, reaching to their ancles, open before, and of a gray colour. Their feet are completely naked. Many of the very inferior classes stain their bosoms with the figures of circles, half-moons, stars, &c. in a bluish stamp. In this barbaric embellishment, the poor damsel of Irak Arabi has one point of vanity resembling that of the ladies of Irak Ajem. The former frequently adds this frightful cadaverous hue to her lips; and to complete the savage appearance, thrusts a ring through her right nostril, pendent with a flat button-like ornament set round with blue or red stones.

But to return to the ladies of the higher circles, whom we left in some gay saloon of Bagdad. When all are assembled, the evening meal or dinner is soon served. The party, seated in rows, then prepare themselves for the entrance of the show, which, consisting of music and dancing, continues in noisy exhibition through the whole night.

At twelve o'clock supper is produced; when pilaus, kabobs (broiled meat), preserves, fruits, dried sweetmeats, and sherbets of every fabric and flavour, engage the fair *convives* for some time. Between this second banquet and the preceding, the perfumed narquilly is never absent from their rosy lips, excepting when they sip coffee, or indulge in a general shout of approbation, or a hearty peal of laughter at the freaks of the dancers, or the subject of the singers' madrigals. But no respite is given to the entertainers, and during so long a stretch of merriment, should any of the happy guests feel a sudden desire for temporary repose, without the least apology she lies down to sleep on the luxurious carpet that is her seat; and thus she remains sunk in as deep an oblivion as if the nummud were spread in her own chamber. Others speedily follow her example, sleeping as soundly, notwithstanding the bawling of the singers, the horrid jangling of the guitars, the thumping on the jar-shaped double-drum, the ringing and loud clangor of the metal bells and castanets of the dancers, with an eternal talking in all keys, abrupt laughter, and vociferous expression of gratification, making together a full concert of distracting sounds, sufficient, one might suppose, to awaken the dead. But the merry tumult and joyful strains of this conviviality gradually become fainter and fainter; first one and then another of the visitors, while even the performers are not spared by the soporific god, sink down under his drowsy influence; till at length the whole carpet is covered with the sleeping beauties, mixed indiscriminately with handmaids, dancers, and musicians, as fast asleep as themselves. The business, however, is not thus quietly ended. "As soon as the sun begins to call forth the blushes of the morn, by lifting the veil that shades her slumbering eyelids," the faithful slaves rub their own clear of any lurking drowsiness, and then tug their respective mistresses by the toe or the shoulder, to rouse them up to perform the devotional ablutions usual at the dawn of day. All start mechanically, as if touched by a spell, and then commences the splashing of water and the muttering of prayers, presenting a singular contrast to the vivacious scene of a few hours before. This duty over, the fair devotees shake their feathers like birds after a refreshing shower; and tripping forward with garments and perhaps looks a little the worse for the wear of the preceding evening, plunge at once again into all the depths of its amusements. Coffee, sweetmeats, kallioons, as before, accompany every obstreperous repetition of the midnight song and dance; and all being followed up by a plentiful breakfast of rice, meats, fruits, &c. towards noon the party separate, after having spent between fifteen and sixteen hours in this riotous festivity.

Fêtes of the same kind are sometimes in request with the husbands of the ladies, and in spite of the enjoyment they are said to produce, it is always understood that they pass in almost total silence on the part of the spectators. I had

the curiosity to be present at one of these scenes of taciturn jollity, which took place at one of the most respectable houses in Bagdad. After sunset is the time of rendezvous for the gentlemen; and as they are excluded from the ladies' coteries, I had no hope of seeing any of the gentler sex at this. The details of the entertainment, with regard to the order of refreshments, kallioons, coffee, dinner, supper; and of the amusements, dancing, singing, and music, of as many instruments and sounds as those which drowned the cries of some Moloch feast, were performed before us with as much diligence as uproar. But with us all the performers were men and boys; and the latter, being dancers, were dressed in female habits of the wildest garb. Their black hair, allowed to grow exceedingly long, full, and bushy, hung loosely down their backs, and fell over their faces in huge disordered masses. A light vesture of silk, or gaudily decorated stuff, covered their bodies, bound at the waist by a belt of crimson cloth or velvet, set with studs and odd conceits in silver patterns. Quantities of coins, of different sorts and sizes, were suspended from their necks and breasts, while numerous strings of the same traversed their bodies, so low as to shake loose upon their thighs. Their arms were covered to the wrists with very wide linen sleeves, fringed with bunches of small bells like those formerly the ornament of falcons. Besides these jingling appendages, their thumbs and fore-fingers were furnished with a pair of large metal castanets. Thus accoutred at all points for clatter and motion, some guess may be formed of the abominable congregation of noises that broke forth the moment a group of those gentry began their evolutions, which they performed not only in every limb, but in every finger and toe and muscle of their bodies.—But to finish the rest of their dress. A sort of petticoat, or rather petticoats (for this part of their apparel consists of three divisions one over the other, in blue, red, and any third gay colour), depend from the bottom of the tight vest, and have, by way of a finish to each, a large fringe at the hems, hanging half-way down a pair of dirty naked legs, terminated by feet in the same sorry condition. Their copper-coloured and sallow complexions, dark, hollow, and piercing eyes, lank cheeks, and ring-bored noses, accompanied by an impudent, emaciated expression of countenance, derived from the fevered exhaustion of unremitted midnight revels, merriment without joy, and fatigue without the balm of rest, gave them, when in the most violent exertions of their performance, an air of savage madness, almost amounting to demoniac possession. Not the phrenzied dance of the Theban Bacchæ, for in Greece, with even the greatest extravagances, we associate the ideas of grace; but of a taste as barbarian as the spirit which led them: these seemed the infuriated votaries of the Indian idol Juggernaut; leaping, whirling, tumbling head overheels; in short, every violent action and contortion of person formed the manœuvres of this admired and hideous entertainment. The more temperate,

and according to Asiatic description, the most *elegantly delightful* part of the ballet is performed by twisting the body into all kinds of odious postures, accompanied by a mountain-like dodder of the head, which is duly answered by a wriggle from the back or hips.

While all this was going on, I observed that the solemn Turk gradually descended from his gravity; and as the gesticulations increased in rapidity, violence, and fury (augmented in frightful harmony by the uproarious howlings and shrieks of the music), his features gradually relaxed, and his tongue gave utterance, till his ejaculations of delight, and bursts of enraptured laughter, became little less tumultuous than the noise from the performers. A substantial meal, however, settled all discomposed nerves into their usual saturnine buckle; and the whole assembly, highly gratified with the varied entertainment, took their leave before sunrise to prepare for matin prayers, and the public visits of the morning.

The amusement just described is the only one of a theatrical complexion known among the people. It is often called for by the female part of the inhabitants of Bagdad; but I am told that with the men it is now very rare; the Pasha so setting his face against it, as to forbid the avowed existence of hireable dancing-boys in his capital.

LOVE-CHARMS.

(From *Bracebridge Hall; or, The Humorists. By* Geoffrey Crayon, *Gent.*)

"Come, do not weep, my girl;
Forget him, pretty pensiveness: there will
Come others, every day, as good as he."—*Sir* J. Suckling.

The approach of a wedding in a family is always an event of great importance, but particularly so in a household like this, in a retired part of the country. Master Simon, who is a pervading spirit, and, through means of the butler and housekeeper, knows every thing that goes forward, tells me that the maid-servants are continually trying their fortunes, and that the servants' hall has of late been quite a scene of incantation.

It is amusing to notice how the oddities of the head of a family flow down through all the branches. The squire, in the indulgence of his love of every thing that smacks of old times, has held so many grave conversations with the parson at table, about popular superstitions and traditional rites, that they have been carried from the parlour to the kitchen by the listening domestics, and, being apparently sanctioned by such high authority, the whole house has become infected by them.

The servants are all versed in the common modes of trying luck, and the charms to ensure constancy. They read their fortunes by drawing strokes in the ashes, or by repeating a form of words, and looking in a pail of water. St. Mark's eve, I am told, was a busy time with them, being an appointed night for certain mystic ceremonies. Several of them sowed hempseed to be reaped by their true-

lovers; and they even ventured upon the solemn and fearful preparation of the dumb-cake. This must be done fasting and in silence. The ingredients are handed down in traditional form: "An eggshell full of salt, an eggshell full of malt, and an eggshell full of burley-meal." When the cake is ready, it is put upon a pan over the fire, and the future husband will appear; turn the cake, and retire: but if a word is spoken, or a fast is broken, during this awful ceremony, there is no knowing what horrible consequences would ensue!

The experiments, in the present instance, came to no result; they that sowed the hemp-seed forgot the magic rhyme they were to pronounce, so the true-lover never appeared; and as to the dumb-cake, what between the awful stillness they had to keep, and the awfulness of the midnight hour, their hearts failed them when they had put the cake in the pan; so that, on the striking of the great house-clock in the servants' hall, they were seized with a sudden panic, and ran out of the room, to which they did not return until morning, when they found the mystic cake burnt to a cinder.

The most persevering at these spells, however, is Phœbe Wilkins, the housekeeper's niece. As she is a kind of privileged personage, and rather idle, she has more time to occupy herself with these matters. She has always had her head full of love and matrimony. She knows the dream-book by heart, and is quite an oracle among the little girls of the family, who always come to her to interpret their dreams in the mornings.

During the present gaiety of the house, however, the poor girl has worn a face full of trouble; and to use the housekeeper's words, "has fallen into a sad hystericky way lately." It seems that she was born and brought up in the village, where her father was parish clerk, and she was an early playmate and sweetheart of young Jack Tibbets. Since she has come to live at the hall, however, her head has been a little turned. Being very pretty and naturally genteel, she has been much noticed and indulged; and being the housekeeper's niece, she has held an equivocal station between a servant and a companion. She has learnt something of fashions and notions among the young ladies, which has effected quite a metamorphosis; insomuch that her finery at church on Sundays has given mortal offence to her former intimates in the village. This has occasioned the misrepresentations which have awakened the implacable family pride of Dame Tibbets. But what is worse, Phœbe, having a spice of coquetry in her disposition, shewed it on one or two occasions to her lover, which produced a downright quarrel; and Jack, being very proud and fiery, has absolutely turned his back upon her for several successive Sundays.

The poor girl is full of sorrow and repentance, and would fain make up with her lover; but he feels his security, and stands aloof. In this he is doubtless encouraged by his mother, who is continually reminding him what he owes to his

family; for this same family pride seems doomed to be the eternal bane of lovers.

As I hate to see a pretty face in trouble, I have felt quite concerned for the luckless Phœbe, ever since I heard her story. It is a sad thing to be thwarted in love at any time, but particularly so at this tender season of the year, when every living thing, even to the very butterfly, is sporting with its mate; and the green fields, and the budding groves, and the singing of the birds, and the sweet smell of the flowers, are enough to turn the head of a love-sick girl. I am told that the coolness of young Ready-money lies very heavy at poor Phœbe's heart. Instead of singing about the house as formerly, she goes about pale and sighing, and is apt to break into tears when her companions are full of merriment.

Mrs. Hannah, the vestal gentlewoman of my Lady Lillycraft, has had long talks and walks with Phœbe, up and down the avenue of an evening, and has endeavoured to squeeze some of her own verjuice into the other's milky nature. She speaks with contempt and abhorrence of the whole sex, and advises Phœbe to despise all the men as heartily as she does. But Phœbe's loving temper is not to be curdled; she has no such thing as hatred or contempt for mankind in her whole composition. She has all the simple fondness of heart of poor, weak, loving woman; and her only thoughts at present are, how to conciliate and reclaim her wayward swain.

The spells and love-charms, which are matters of sport to the other domestics, are serious concerns with this love-stricken damsel. She is continually trying her fortune in a variety of ways. I am told that she has absolutely fasted for six Wednesdays and three Fridays successively, having understood that it was a sovereign charm to ensure being married to one's liking within the year. She carries about, also, a lock of her sweetheart's hair, and a ribbon he once gave her, being a mode of producing constancy in a lover. She even went so far as to try her fortune by the moon, which has always had much to do with lovers' dreams and fancies. For this purpose she went out in the night of the full moon, knelt on a stone in the meadow, and repeated the old traditional rhyme:

"All hail to thee, moon, all hail to thee;
I pray thee, good moon, now shew to me
The youth who my future husband shall be."

When she came back to the house, she was faint and pale, and went immediately to bed. The next morning she told the porter's wife that she had seen some one close to the hedge in the meadow, which she was sure was young Tibbets; at any rate, she had dreamt of him all night; both of which the old dame assured her, were most happy signs. It has since turned out that the person in the meadow was old Christy, the huntsman, who was walking his nightly rounds with the great stag-hound; so that Phœbe's faith in the charm is completely sunken.

GIPSIES.

(From the same.)

Since the meeting with the gipsies, which I have related in a former paper, I have observed several of them haunting the purlieus of the hall, in spite of a positive interdiction of the squire. They are part of a gang that has long kept about this neighbourhood, to the great annoyance of the farmers, whose poultry-yards often suffer from their nocturnal invasions. They are, however, in some measure, patronised by the squire, who considers the race as belonging to the good old times; which, to confess the private truth, seems to have abounded with good-for-nothing characters.

This roving crew is called "Star-light Tom's Gang," from the name of its chieftain, a notorious poacher. I have heard repeatedly of the misdeeds of this "minion of the moon;" for every midnight depredation that takes place in farm, or fold, or farm-yard, is laid to his charge. Star-light Tom, in fact, answers to his name; he seems to walk in darkness, and, like a fox, to be traced in the morning by the mischief he has done. He reminds me of that fearful personage in the nursery rhyme:

> "Who goes round the house at night?
> None but bloody Tom!
> Who steals all the sheep at night?
> None but one by one!"

In short, Star-light Tom is the scape-goat of the neighbourhood, but so cunning and adroit, that there is no detecting him. Old Christy and the gamekeeper have watched many a night in hopes of entrapping him; and Christy often patrols the park with his dogs for the purpose, but all in vain. It is said that the squire works hard at his misdeeds, having an indulgent feeling towards the vagabond, because of his being very expert at all kinds of games, a great shot with the cross-bow, and the best morris-dancer in the country.

The squire also suffers the gang to lurk unmolested about the skirts of his estate, on condition that they do not come about the house. The approaching wedding, however, has made a kind of Saturnalia at the hall, and has caused a suspension of all sober rule. It has produced a great sensation throughout the female part of the household; not a housemaid but dreams of wedding favours, and has a husband running in her head. Such a time is a harvest for the gipsies: there is a public footpath leading across one part of the park, by which they have free ingress, and they are continually hovering about the grounds, telling the servant-girls' fortunes, or getting smuggled in to the young ladies.

I believe the Oxonian amuses himself very much by furnishing them with hints in private, and bewildering all the weak brains in the house with their wonderful revelations. The general certainly was very much astonished by the communications made to him the other evening by the gipsy-girl: he kept a wary silence towards us on the subject, and affected to treat it lightly; but I have noticed that he has since redoubled his atten-

tions to Lady Lillycraft and her dogs.

I have seen also Phœbe Wilkins, the housekeeper's pretty and love-sick niece, holding a long conference with one of these old sibyls behind a large tree in the avenue, and often looking round to see that she was not observed. I make no doubt that she was endeavouring to get some favourable augury about the result of her love-quarrel with young Readymoney, as oracles have always been more consulted on love-affairs than upon any thing else. I fear, however, that in this instance the response was not so favourable as usual, for I perceived poor Phœbe returning pensively towards the house; her head hanging down, her hat in her hand, and the ribbon trailing along the ground.

At another time, as I turned a corner of a terrace, at the bottom of the garden, just by a clump of trees and a large stone urn, I came upon a bevy of the young girls of the family, attended by this same Phœbe Wilkins. I was at a loss to comprehend the meaning of their blushing and giggling, and their apparent agitation, until I saw the red cloak of a gipsy vanishing among the shrubbery. A few moments after I caught sight of Master Simon and the Oxonian stealing along one of the walks of the garden, chuckling and laughing at their successful waggery; having evidently put the gipsy up to the thing, and instructed her what to say.

After all, there is something strangely pleasing in these tamperings with the future, even where we are convinced of the fallacy of the prediction. It is singular how willingly the mind will half deceive itself, and with what a degree of awe we will listen even to these babblers about futurity. For my part, I cannot feel angry with these poor vagabonds, that seek to deceive us into bright hopes and expectations. I have always been something of a castle-builder, and have found my liveliest pleasures to arise from the illusions which fancy has cast over common-place realities. As I get on in life, I find it more difficult to deceive myself in this delightful manner; and I should be thankful to any prophet, however false, that would conjure the clouds which hang over futurity into palaces, and all its doubtful regions into fairy-land.

The squire, who, as I have observed, has a private good-will towards gipsies, has suffered considerable annoyance on their account. Not that they requite his indulgence with ingratitude, for they do not depredate very flagrantly on his estate; but because their pilferings and misdeeds occasion loud murmurs in the village. I can readily understand the old gentleman's humour on this point; I have a great toleration for all kinds of vagrant sunshiny existence, and must confess I take a pleasure in observing the ways of gipsies. The English, who are accustomed to them from childhood, and often suffer from their petty depredations, consider them as mere nuisances; but I have been very much struck with their peculiarities. I like to behold their clear olive complexions, their ro-

mantic black eyes, their raven locks, their lithe slender figures, and to hear them, in low silver tones, dealing forth magnificent promises of honours and estates, of world's wealth and ladies' love.

Their mode of life, too, has something in it very fanciful and picturesque. They are the free denizens of nature, and maintain a primitive independence, in spite of law and gospel, of county gaols and country magistrates. It is curious to see this obstinate adherence to the wild unsettled habits of savage life transmitted from generation to generation, and preserved in the midst of one of the most cultivated, populous, and systematic countries in the world. They are totally distinct from the busy thrifty people about them. They seem to be, like the Indians of America, either above or below the ordinary cares and anxieties of mankind. Heedless of power, of honours, of wealth, and indifferent to the fluctuations of the times, the rise or fall of grain, or stock, or empires, they seem to laugh at the toiling fretting world around them, and to live according to the philosophy of the old song:

> "Who would ambition shun,
> And loves to lie i' the sun,
> Seeking the food he eats,
> And pleased with what he gets,
> Come hither, come hither, come hither;
> Here shall he see
> No enemy,
> But winter and rough weather."

In this way they wander from county to county; keeping about the purlieus of villages, or in plenteous neighbourhoods, where there are fat farms and rich country-seats. Their encampments are generally made in some beautiful spot; either a green shady nook of a road, or on the border of a common, under a sheltering hedge, or on the skirts of a fine spreading wood. They are always to be found lurking about fairs and races and rustic gatherings, wherever there is pleasure and throng and idleness. They are the oracles of milk-maids and simple serving-girls; and sometimes have even the honour of perusing the white hands of gentlemen's daughters, when rambling about their fathers' grounds. They are the bane of good housewives and thrifty farmers, and odious in the eyes of country justices; but, like all other vagabond beings, they have something to commend them to the fancy. They are among the last traces, in these matter-of-fact days, of the motley population of former times; and are whimsically associated in my mind with fairies and witches, Robin Good-Fellow, Robin Hood, and the other fantastical personages of poetry.

Voyage en Suisse, fait dans les années 1817, 1818, et 1819, suivi d'un Essai Historique sur les Mœurs et les Coutumes de l'Helvetie ancienne et moderne, par M. Simond.

(Concluded from p. 61.)

Lucerne, with its fortifications of the 14th century, presents, says M. Simond, "*a coup d'œil* the most imposing."

Among the curiosities which they shew to strangers, and which M. Simond considers the most interesting, are the celebrated Frederos

of General Pfyffer, who passed half a century in running over and measuring, with his own hands, 180 square leagues of the country, including the highest mountains in Switzerland, and in making models of them. These models, though coarsely executed, cannot, from the just idea which they give you of the country, be seen without pleasure.

The whole-length portrait of General Pfyffer, an active meagre old man, hangs on the walls where you see his models: he is represented in the costume of a mountaineer, and in a climbing attitude. His *galoches à crampon*, and his portable seat, and stick with an iron ferrule at the end, are exposed to the view of the curious. The house where the models are exhibited, is that which he inhabited. General Pfyffer died in 1802.

From Lucerne, M. Simond went to Berne. "The women," says M. Simond, "whom we met on our road, were almost all well dressed and pretty: they have round faces, vermilion complexions, and an expression of sprightliness that is very engaging. Their head-dresses are always of the same form: a large hat of the gipsy kind, without a crown, made of a light glossy tissue, and of a hue between flesh colour and yellow. A bouquet of flowers, or a knot of ribbon in the middle, confines it to the head. The corset is black; the petticoat, which does not much exceed the length of a Scots kilt, shews a stocking neatly gartered, and a little slipper, which displays the foot to the best advantage. As for the rest, the charms of these ladies do not certainly belong to the *beau idéal*.

"As we drew near Berne, we found the large hat replaced by a kind of *bonnet monté*, of the same form as those worn by our great-grandmothers, with its two butterflies' wings, composed of black lace of the most durable kind, being made of horse-hair. This *bonnet* is an heirloom, which passes in regular succession from eldest daughter to eldest daughter, till the last generation. Two large tresses of hair, which descend to the heels, complete this singular *coeffure*."

All the streets of Berne have a range of low balconies, supported by massive pillars in front, which renders the houses dark: there are no sumptuous habitations nor private carriages. "The luxury of Berne," says M. Simond, "has for its object the public comfort—the roads, avenues, public gardens, gigantic terraces, built with the greatest solidity, and fountains which adorn all the streets."

M. Simond collected in the village of Grindenwald, whose inhabitants are fond of hunting, the following particulars respecting the chase of the chamois: "The huntsmen come only two or three together, and are provided with tools to cut steps into the ice; each of them brings a small spyglass, his *souliers à crampons*, a stick with a stout iron ferrule, a carbine, and a game-bag, in which he takes care to put some barley-bread, a piece of cheese, and a bottle of cherry-brandy. He spends the first night in the most elevated part of the ice, where he always finds wood

enough to make a fire, and at the break of day they commence their operations, having previously formed what is called a *huegi*, that is, two very large stones placed upright, with sufficient space between them for a man to watch without being seen. It is here that one of the huntsmen drags himself softly, and observing on all sides with his spyglass, directs his comrades by signs towards the place where he sees the chamois, always under the wind, and crawling from rock to rock with his skirt over his dress, that he may not be so easily seen in the snow."

The women of the valley of Hasli have a high reputation for beauty, and the men for vigour and courage. "In reality," observes M. Simond, "the form of the face here is more oval, and the expression of the countenance more noble, than among the beauties of Berne. The men are active and skilful wrestlers: some young men gave us a sample of their cleverness in the art. Their object is to throw their adversaries three times on their backs, for it is this that constitutes the victory; for this purpose they try to lift one another from the ground, or if they cannot do that, they seize each other by the short drawers, which they wear for the exercise, or by the handkerchiefs which are tied round their thighs."

M. Simond took his way through the valley of Hasli with the intention of embarking for Interlaken, but the wind proving contrary, he was obliged to renounce his purpose. "While we were at breakfast," says he, "the women, who have the exclusive privilege of navigation, presented themselves to us: as we were well acquainted with their musical reputation, we invited them to sing instead of rowing. One of them began immediately a beautiful German air, and the three others, ranging themselves in a circle with her, immediately formed the accompaniment. We lost nothing by not knowing the language of the singers, which most probably would not have been so eloquent, as their lively and sweet melody, alternately powerful and pathetic."

M. Simond was curious to see the house of the celebrated Gibbon at Lausanne. "The principal apartment," says he, "which is now a counting-house, must have been pleasant: the terrace is eighty yards long, and about five wide: it is unpleasant to walk upon, being gravelled, and without shade, and opens on an orchard, which spoils the prospect. The little cabinet where the historian wrote the last lines of his great work, 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' is itself in the last stage of decay. At the time that our traveller reached Coppet, the death of Madame de Stäel was still recent, and as he thought that the presence of a stranger might be obtrusive, he did not ask to see her house. "Her death," says he, "has at present disarmed her detracters, or at least reduced them to silence: they appear now only to remember her enthusiastic love of virtue and of her friends; her generous promptitude in forgiving injuries, her brilliant conversation, and her sublime genius. I had seen her when a child, and I saw her on her death-bed; I had passed the inter-

mediate years in another hemisphere, as distant as possible from the world in which she had lived. Returned after a long time to that world, to which I am, and shall always remain, a stranger, I heard her for a moment as I had read her, without local or party prejudices: perhaps I may on that account be allowed to say a word more of her. As a writer, the greatest fault of Madame de Stäel, perhaps her only one, was an excessive desire to shine, which did not leave her readers a moment of repose; her style is overloaded with ornament, and every sentence teems with philosophy, wit, and enthusiasm.

"In conversation, Madame de Stäel, far from wishing to display her own talents, was always a willing listener: she did more than listen, she drew out the indolent, and encouraged the timid. She wished, in short, to give every one an opportunity of appearing to advantage, and her question, 'What do you think of it?' uttered in the accents of kindness, frequently drew out those whom her acknowledged superiority would otherwise have repressed."

Among other anecdotes of the childhood of Madame de Stäel, M. Simond relates the following, which he had from M. de Bonstetten, an intimate friend of that celebrated woman. M. de Bonstetten one day as he was walking along the banks of a rivulet, felt himself struck by a racquet, and turning suddenly, he saw behind a tree the little *espiegle*, who called out to him, "Mamma wishes that I should make use of my left hand, and I was trying it."

It is well known that Madame de Stäel was afraid of her mother, who was severe, but she was at her ease with her father, whom she idolized. One day Madame Neckar was the first who quitted the table, and when she had left the apartment, the child, who had till then behaved very gravely, took her napkin, and throwing it at the head of her father, ran round the table to him, and clasping him round the neck, contrived to stifle by her caresses the reprimand she merited.

M. Simond praises very much the social and hospitable disposition of the Genevese. "There are not," says he, "in any town of the same size so many festive meetings. The tea-parties, balls, and concerts begin at the end of November, and always continue during the winter. As Geneva is very small, and the quarter which contains the *beau monde* is still smaller, the ladies do not in general go in carriages to their evening parties, but walk, escorted by a servant holding a lantern."

Our traveller thus depicts the solicitudes of a mistress of a house, particularly when she happens to find herself on the limits of the two classes of society, and somewhat of a *parvenue*: "It is not enough then to forget nobody, the lady must besides remember to forget certain people with whom others would not mix. She must also take care not to fix upon a day that another leader of fashion has chosen, else she would run the hazard of being deprived of the *beau monde*: but her grand point must be to have at least something original or striking to produce; the Hospodar

of Wallachia, for example, Lady Morgan, an Italian singer, or a puppet-show."

One of the amusements of the Genevese ladies consists in covering with drawings and engravings one of the tables of their apartments. M. Simond says they are also very good musicians, and these talents are not found solely among the young or the studious, but are much cultivated by women occupied in their domestic concerns.

The following anecdote will give an idea of the skill of these ladies in painting: M. de Candolle, professor of botany at Geneva, being obliged suddenly to return a collection of more than two thousand drawings of Spanish American plants, which had been intrusted to him, expressing his regret for their loss to his auditory, some ladies, who made part of it, offered to copy, or to have copied by their friends, the greatest part of this collection in eight days. He accepted this generous offer, choosing only the plants till then unknown. The work was accomplished in the given time. The drawings are bound in thirteen volumes in folio. The principal parts of each plant are coloured, the remainder only traced. The execution in general is excellent. There are eight hundred drawings executed by one hundred and fourteen amateur artists. One of the ladies copied forty for her share. There is most likely no other town containing only twenty-three thousand souls, where such an undertaking as this could have been executed.

M. Simond says, that some Genevese remember to have seen Rousseau when he came to Geneva in 1754. "I was conducted," says he, "to a confectioner's, the fourth shop on the right hand in going up the rue de Coutance, where Rousseau often dined in the back shop *tête-à-tête* with his friend the confectioner, who was probably a man of wit. Rousseau's nurse kept one of those small wooden shops common in those streets, and then placed opposite the confectioner's; while waiting for dinner, he used to seat himself on a footstool by the side of his nurse, and talk to her till it was ready. Even the meanest inhabitants of Geneva have a taste for literature: they assembled to contemplate the philosopher in silence, proud of his belonging to them; and probably not the less so from his having, in spite of his long absence and his eloquence, still preserved their accent."

M. Simond found at the castle of Ferney, two leagues distant from Geneva, but few persons who had seen Voltaire: one of these was the gardener, who spoke very favourably of his old master.

At the time that Voltaire retired to Lausanne, and lived in intimacy with several of the families there, it was an amusement among them to perform plays. Voltaire instructed the actors, of whose progress he was very proud, and he played with them *Zaire*, *Alzire*, and other pieces of his. A young person, who performed the office of prompter, recited extempore a verse which was not in the piece. "God reward you," said Voltaire, "you have given me alms." After the play, he thanked her anew, saying, at the same time, he would give her his works: he meant by this

to give her a hint that she was not in future to alter the text; but she did not take his meaning, for she replied with great *naïveté:* "Oh, no, Monsieur! they are so fine, I would not wish to deprive you of them." Voltaire used to relate this little anecdote with complaisance, and also the following:

"A lady whom he had not asked to take a part in the theatricals at his house, out of pique for not being invited, had a parody on *Zaire* performed at her residence. Voltaire met soon after with a young lady of the same name, and he said to her, 'Aha, Mademoiselle, it is you then who make game of me?'—'Ah! my God, no, sir,' replied she; 'it is my aunt.'"

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

On the 1st of August will be published the first volume of the fifth division of *The World in Miniature*, comprehending *Persia*, which will be completed in three volumes, embellished with thirty coloured engravings.

A new production from the pen of the author of "Waverley" is announced as forthcoming, by the title of *Peveril of the Peak;* and in connection with the circumstance, it is stated that Sir Walter Scott spent some time last year in Derbyshire.

An Abridgment of Blackstone's *Commentaries*, in a series of letters from a father to his daughter, intended for the advancement of female education, is in the press.

Mr. T. Wilson is preparing for publication *The Danciad, or Dancer's Monitor:* a descriptive sketch in verse of the different styles and methods of dancing quadrilles, waltzes, country-dances, reels, &c. as practised at various public balls and assemblies.

Shortly will be published No. IV. of Dr. Horsfield's *Zoological Researches in the Island of Java*, with figures of native quadrupeds and birds.

Mr. Tudy has recently obtained a patent for improvements on window-sashes, which may be applied to all windows old or new. By this improvement the sashes are made to turn, so that the outsides will face inwards. The accidents frequently arising from the necessity of getting outside of windows to clean, paint, or glaze them, will be obviated by this invention, which also prevents their rattling from the effect of wind. Neither bolts nor fastenings are required to keep the sashes from turning when closed.

Mr. Henry Richter has commenced the publication of Illustrations of his Works. The first series contains *A Picture of Youth*, or *The School in an Uproar*, and consists of a small vignette frontispiece of the original, in the possession of Wm. Chamberlayne, Esq. and four prints of its separate groups on an enlarged scale.

A Royal Academy of Music has been established in London, for the avowed objects of general cultivation of musical science, and the education of a certain number of students. It is to be conducted, under the sanction of royal pa-

tronage, by a committee of noblemen and gentlemen, with Dr. Crotch in the office of principal.

We are assured that Sir George Beaumont, who is at present travelling in Italy, has secured for this country the exquisite group in marble of the *Virgin*, *Christ*, and *John*, by Michael Angelo, which is considered as perhaps the finest production of the chisel of that great master.

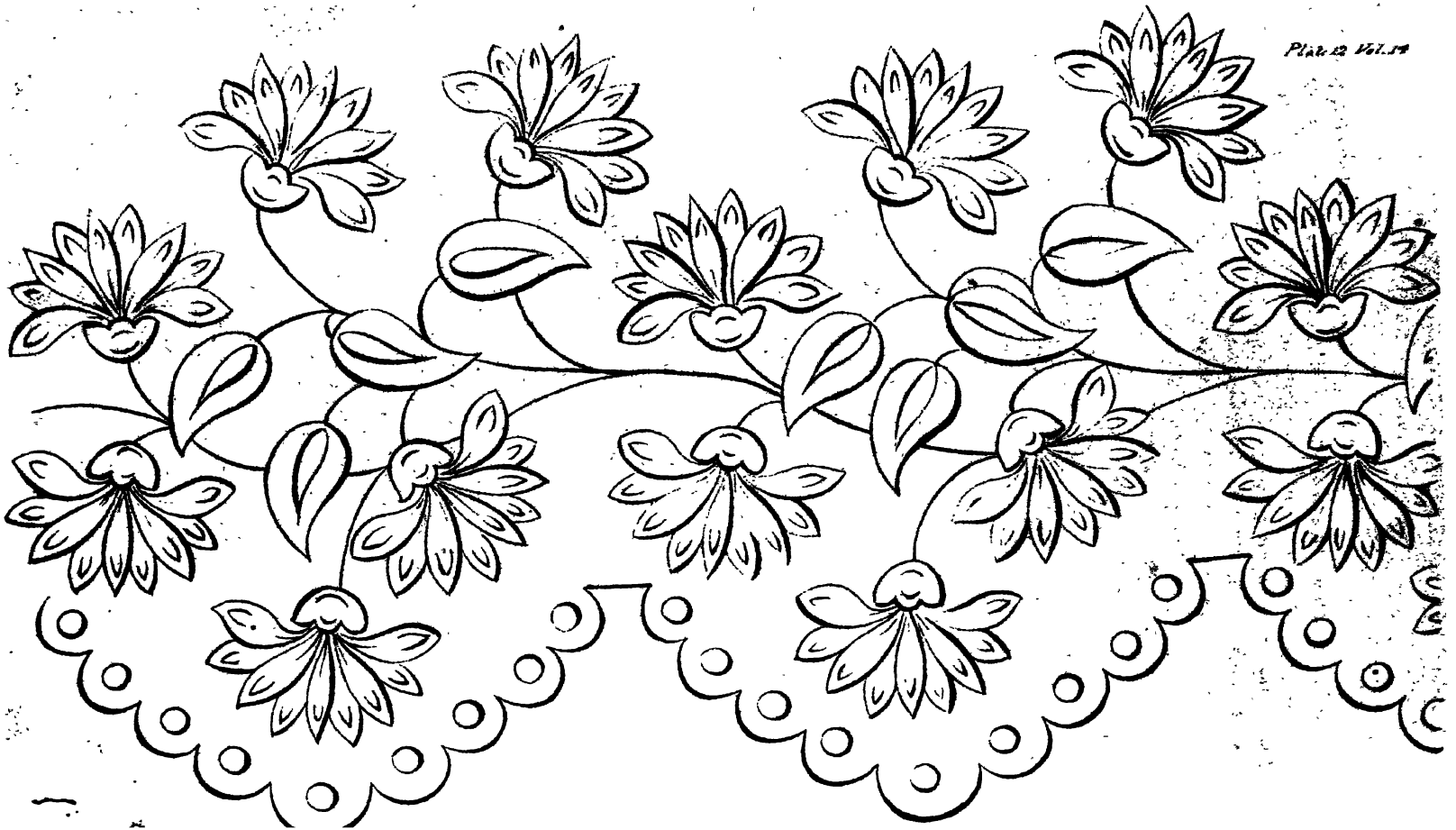
A letter from Rome communicates some interesting information respecting Mr. Gibson, a young English sculptor of extraordinary promise, who has been studying in that metropolis of the arts for two years. His last work, *Psyche borne by the Zephyrs*, has placed him by the side of any living artist, and procured him a commission from Sir George Beaumont to execute it in marble. The fine invention, purity of sentiment, and beautiful forms which it displays, render it a most interesting piece of sculpture. On the liberal recommendation of Canova, who holds Gibson's talents in very high estimation, he is executing a *Cupid disarming Mars*, for the Duke of Devonshire. For another of his works, *A Nymph attiring*, a commission has been given by Mr Watson Taylor. Gibson has also finished in plaster an exquisite figure of *Paris presenting the Apple to Venus*.

Some interesting scientific experiments with sky-rockets have been made at the observatory of the University of Vienna, with a view to the determination of the longitude geometrically. They rose to the extraordinary height of two thousand fathoms, at which they spread a dazzling light, that was very visible with the naked eye at the distance of more than one hundred English miles. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather, the proposed object, namely, to determine with accuracy the difference of the meridians of Vienna and Ofen, was fully attained.

A Danish naturalist, M. Faber, after passing three summers and two winters in Iceland, and visiting every part of that remarkable country with a view to the study of its zoology, and especially of its ornithology, returned last autumn to Denmark. He has sent to the Royal Zoological Museum of Copenhagen, a large collection of birds and their eggs, and published a preliminary view of his discoveries, under the title of *Prodromus of Icelandic Ornithology*.

M. Leschenault de Latour, a naturalist employed by the King of France, has lately returned to Paris from a scientific mission to India, where he has been ever since the year 1816. During this interval, he has visited not only the peninsula of Hindoostan, but also Bengal and the Island of Ceylon; and is said to have made some interesting discoveries.

The establishment of a British theatre at Paris is likely to be carried into effect. A similar experiment has been tried with success at Boulogne, Brussels, and Calais, by Mr. Penley, the projector of this plan. Some of our favourite performers, including Dowton and Knight, are already engaged; others are expected to follow; and the theatre will open in August.


Plate 12 Vol. IV

THE

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OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS

Manufactures, &c.

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIV. SEPTEMBER 1, 1822. No. LXXXI.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Reviews, and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, *will be acceptable.*

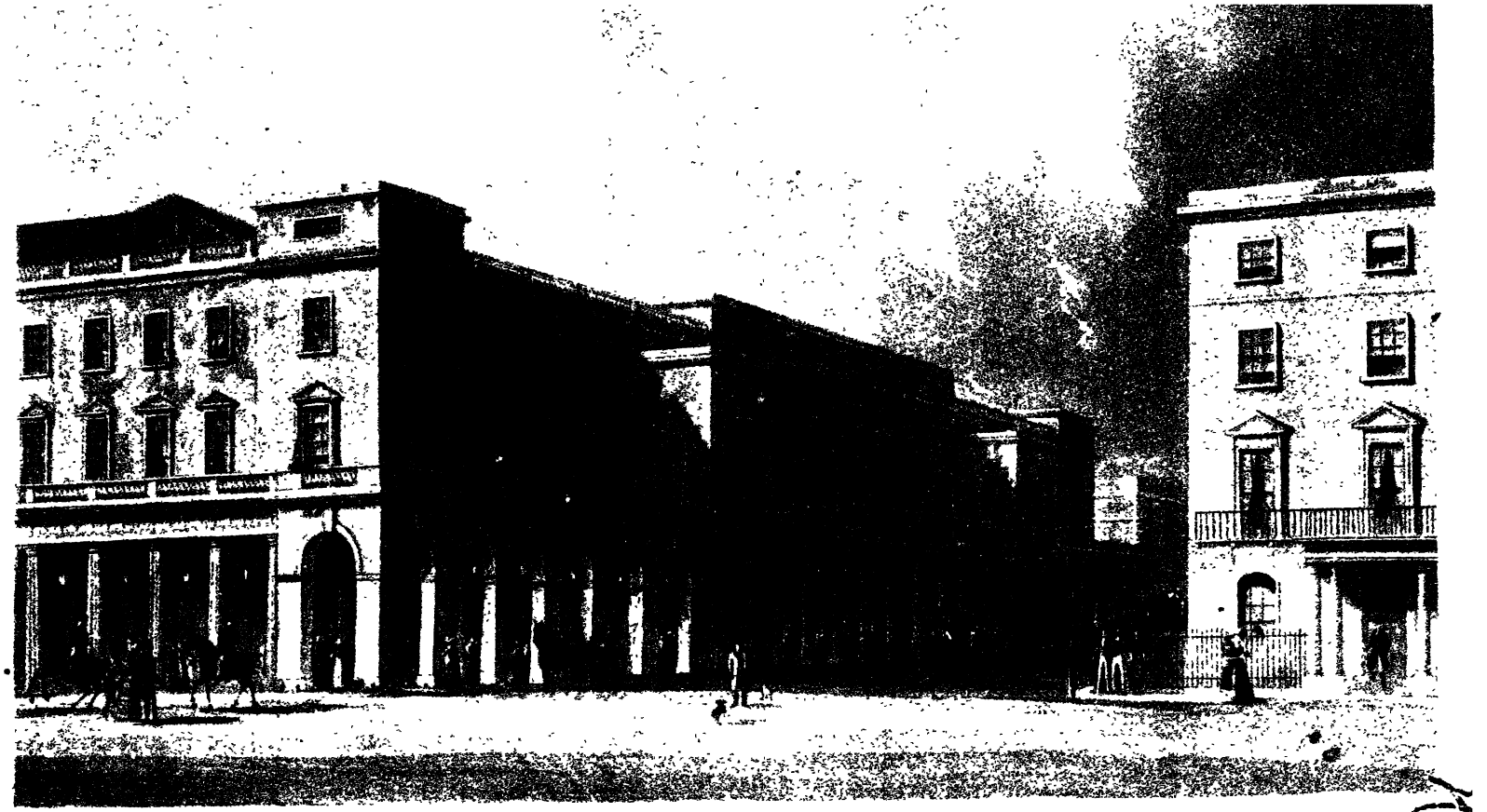
We strongly suspect that the British public would not share A Constant Reader's *warm admiration of the "Fashions worn by gentlemen along the banks of the Loire."*

A Lover of the Muses *shall have no reason to complain when our poetical contributors furnish any thing worth printing.*

If Q. *had referred to our 79th Number, he might have spared himself the trouble of writing, and us the expense of postage.*

An Irish Subscriber *will perceive from our last, that he has been rather too precipitate in his censures, and that our assistance has not been withheld from the cause of benevolence.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £2 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 10s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General Post-Office, at No. 22, Sherborne Lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIV. SEPTEMBER 1, 1822. No. LXXXI.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 13.—VIEW OF THE ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE.

At the junction of Pall-Mall and the Haymarket, the south-east *façades* of this splendid building are so conspicuous as to claim particular notice from the public. The view is taken from a spot lately a part of Cockspur-street, but which may now perhaps claim the higher designation of Pall-Mall East.—The building, properly the theatre, is incased at the north and south ends by dwellings and commodious arrangements for shops; and the whole is surrounded by arcades and colonnades, forming a bold piazza of approach to every part. The chief entrance is in the centre of the east or principal front, and the private and sedan-chair avenues are on the west.

The *order* employed in the architectural embellishments of the colonnades is the Doric according to the Roman examples, and the character of the superstructure is of the Composite. The application of cast iron to architectural purposes has here been successfully employed, all the pillars being of that material, the use of which has enabled the architect to form the imposing piazza which surrounds it, at a very reduced expense, in comparison with the needful cost if it had been executed in Portland stone.

As this edifice has already been the subject of observations in the *Repository*, our readers are referred to No. LXXIV. for further information respecting it. Having, however, been favoured with a view of the design intended for the long basso-relievo over the chief entrance, in the middle of the east elevation, we are enabled to describe the general arrangement of the composition, which is now executing in Thurgelite, or artificial stone, by Mr. Robb the sculptor.

The centre group represents Apollo, accompanied by the Muses, each bearing the symbol of her power and peculiar attribute. At the extreme ends of the tablet are disposed groups of figures dancing, illustrative of the rise and progress of that accomplishment, from the rudest state of society to its ultimate perfection at the present day. The intermediate portions of the composition, which is 86 feet long and five feet high, are devoted to illustrations of the advancement of music, with which also the dancing figures are connected.

Attention to sound is represented by a child holding a shell to its ear, evidently delighted with the effect; and early *imitation* of it, by the employment of reeds to produce melody, like that of singing birds. Its *application*, by rude instruments, such as horns and other sonorous means, for early accompaniments to dancing, also assists in representing the commencement of the empire of music. For the purpose of illustrating the first arrangement of sound into *system*, the artist has adopted the legend, of the philosopher who, attracted by the harmony arising from repeated blows given by hammer-smiths on an anvil in the course of their labours, proceeded to make experiments on sound by the suspending and beating rods of unequal lengths, the precursors of stringed instruments, and of jars and other hollow vessels differing in dimensions, the infantine promise of the sounding-board and all its captivating offspring. The subject is then carried to the application of music by the Hebrews and by the Egyptians, in their festive processions and sacrifices, which completes the ancient history of the subject, and the south moiety of the composition.

The classic allusions to musical art and science in the central group carry the subject naturally onward to the northern part of the design, in which is represented the Roman school of music, in its relative progress, and thence to its Italian excellence, so justly the admiration of the amateur: here the subject combines with the elegant dancing figures on the left, and terminates the composition.

MISCELLANIES.

THE PRISONERS OF WUFFLENS.

(Concluded from p. 81.)

Gertrude finding that she was not permitted to see the wife, became the more importunate with the husband, and assailed him with incessant questions respecting her three eldest daughters, their figures, faces, and dispositions, the circumstances of their death, &c. To these repeated inquiries, Raymond vaguely replied—that he had seen but little of them, that he had not noticed them much, and had no distinct recollection of them. He would then turn to Gisela, play

with her, and assure Gertrude that he thought her ten times as lovely and as handsome as her sisters.—"Oh! that my sisters were yet living!" exclaimed Gisela; "I would go, if my friend Raymond would let me, to the end of the world to fetch them to you."

"Impossible!" sighed Gertrude; "your sisters are no longer in this world; but you may make me amends for their loss by loving me as dearly as all of them together would have done. I, for my part, should not have loved you less had I kept them all; for the love of a mother is inexhaustible."

Such were the real feelings of Gertrude's heart. Since the long dormant idea of her daughters was again awakened, she could not dispel it. Her imagination was incessantly engaged with them, and created a thousand fantastic possibilities. The happier she was with the youngest, the more she thought that this happiness would have been quadrupled, and the more she regretted those who were removed from her embraces.

She had once unbound her long auburn hair, which Gisela was adjusting when Raymond entered the room. He had never yet seen her with her head uncovered, and in his surprise he ejaculated—"Good God! how much your ladyship is like Bertha!"

"What Bertha?" asked Gertrude sharply.

"Why," replied Raymond, quickly recollecting himself, "what other, than our great queen to be sure!"—"You must be dreaming," rejoined Gertrude; "our queen has light hair." Raymond precipitately retired, and the countess fell into a profound reverie.

It was impossible that Raymond could have alluded to the queen, to whom she had not the most distant resemblance. What Bertha then could he mean? Why was he so confused? Who could it be else but her daughter, who, therefore, was perhaps still living. This idea, which indeed was not an improbable one, fermented in her mind. "Yes, he must have meant her!" said Gertrude involuntarily, on awaking as from a dream.—"Whom, mamma?" asked Gisela; "whom do you speak of?"—"Your sister Bertha, my dear. I am certain she is alive. Did you not hear Raymond say she is like me? O God, that I could but see her, and only once press her to my heart!"—"Let me alone, mamma," rejoined Gisela. "I will beg so hard of my friend Raymond, that he won't be able to refuse me. How delighted I should be to have a sister!"

From that moment she actually redoubled her fondness and caresses to the old servant. She acquainted him with her mother's conjectures, and implored him on her knees to tell her whether she really had a sister. He persisted, however, in his assurance that they had all three been long dead; exhorting her at the same time, for the sake of her mother's happiness, to use all the means in her power to convince her of her error.

A few days afterwards, at the hour when Raymond was accustomed to bring them their dinner, the prisoners were astonished to see a handsome young girl enter the

room and place the dishes on the table. At this sight Gertrude's breath was suspended; she could not turn her eyes from the charming figure of the young stranger. The girl seemed to be nearly of the same age as her Adelisa or Bertha would then have been. As she was about to retire, the countess hastily grasped her hand. "For heaven's sake, my good girl," cried she with a tremulous voice, "who are you? What is your name? Who sent you hither? Speak—speak, I conjure you!"—"My name is Ursula," replied the affrighted girl; "I am Raymond's daughter. Our lord and master, the count, sent for him just when he was coming to you; and so he gave me the key to this tower, and ordered me to bring you these provisions. But do not tell my father that I have spoken to you, as he strictly forbade me; and I will begone, that I may not farther disobey him."—"It is not then as I hoped," said Gertrude, shedding bitter tears over her severe disappointment.

Thus passed several years, during which many little circumstances tended to revive hopes which others almost immediately destroyed. In the last six months Raymond rarely visited her apartment; he was obliged to be constantly in attendance on Grimoald, who was ill. Ursula waited on the prisoners in his stead, and almost daily passed some time with them: Gisela, by her caresses and her cheerful temper, soon rendered her familiar, and she was no longer afraid to converse with her and the countess. The two girls conceived a warm friendship for each other. Gertrude was incessantly interrogating Ursula concerning all the circumstances of her life and family; but her answers threw no light on the subject nearest to her heart. Ursula said, that she had never been out of that part of the castle, and she did not even seem to know that it contained any other inhabitants than her father, mother, and her twin brother. Her parents dearly loved both children, and if they ever made any difference, it was in favour of her. Gertrude still cherished an ardent wish to see her mother, and frequently sent messages by Ursula, intreating that she would come to her, but Raymond had so strictly forbidden her, that his dutiful wife durst not venture to disobey.

At length Ursula herself came no more. The food of the prisoners was again introduced into the room by invisible hands by means of the machine. For a week they had seen nobody, and were exceedingly grieved at this severity, and at the absence of the good Ursula, when, one evening, their prison-door opened, and Raymond, with a look of agitation, precipitately entered. "Come along, both of you," said he; "Count Grimoald is dying, and wishes to see you before he expires. There is no time to be lost."

It would be difficult to conceive Gertrude's feelings at these words. She seized Gisela's hand, and while she strove to encourage her daughter, she was herself near swooning with fright. "Keep up your spirits, my dear," said she in a tone scarcely audible; "you are going to see your father." Gisela was the more calm of the two; nay, her emotion was not unmixed with

pleasure. The loss of a father whom she had never seen, who had cast her from him, and whom she had always heard spoken of as a hard-hearted, cruel man, could not affect her very profoundly. But she was now for the first time to quit her prison, to behold so many new objects, with which she was acquainted only by description; curiosity and expectation could not fail to be uppermost in her innocent heart, and to overpower all other feelings. She had therefore quickly recovered her composure, and was able to attend to her agitated mother. She comforted her, supported her tottering steps, and thus conducted her down the steep staircase to the hall in the great tower. On reaching the door, at the very moment when Gertrude, after so long a separation, was to see the cruel man who had made her so miserable, her strength forsook her, and she sunk senseless from her daughter's arm to the ground. "Good God, my mother is dying!" cried Gisela. "Help, Raymond, help, for heaven's sake!" Raymond, who was going before with a light, turned round and beheld Gertrude extended motionless on the floor; the paleness of death overspread her face: he raised her hand, which fell back powerless. In the utmost alarm—for he believed her to be really dead—he opened the door of the apartment, where Grimould, full of anguish and remorse, lay ready to expire. Around his bed stood three young females, whom Raymond summoned to his aid. "Adelisa, Bertha, Gabrielle," cried he, "make haste, come to the assistance of your mother!" These beloved names penetrated the ears and the heart of the happy Gertrude. She opened her eyes, and fancied herself in the mansions of everlasting bliss, surrounded by four angels, calling her by the endearing name of mother. Ursula was among them. She was in fact Gabrielle, though she herself did not know it at the time she visited the tower where her mother was confined. Her nurse, with whom she had been shut up in another tower, had pined away on being parted from her family, and in a short time died. Raymond took compassion on her little charge, and as his wife had just been delivered of a boy, he concealed the death of the nurse from Grimould, and adopted Gabrielle as his own, giving out that his wife had produced twins. Prior to Raymond's marriage, Bertha had, with Grimould's permission, been consigned to the care of the same nurse as Adelisa. This woman and Raymond's wife, who frequently visited her, had together educated them and formed their minds; but the latter had never taken Gabrielle along with her, nor even acquainted her with their existence. Grimould, out of a kind of tenderness for his wife, had desired she should be taught to believe that her three daughters were dead; under the idea that she should spare her the anxious longing to see them, and thus some what alleviate her melancholy situation. To ensure the silence of his servant Raymond, he had recourse to a powerful engine, which seldom fails to produce the desired effect, namely, interest. He had given him hopes that if he kept his secret inviola-

bly, he would adopt his Arthur, a fine, strong, spirited boy, as his own son, dub him a knight, give him little Gisela in marriage, and bequeath to him his name and his extensive possessions. In this case Gertrude and her three other daughters were to be removed privately to a convent in some remote part of Italy. The count, however, had deferred the execution of this plan, because he had himself not yet relinquished all ideas of marriage, and he might not have seriously intended to fulfil those promises. Remorse and debauchery had meanwhile undermined his health, and a fall from his horse accelerated his end, and extended him on his death-bed, where he confessed all his misdeeds to a reverend priest. The latter, in the name of the holy church, enjoined him, in order to save his soul from everlasting perdition, to make amends as far as possible for his injustice, to release his wife and daughters from their confinement, to obtain their forgiveness, and to reinstate them in their rights. Grimoald submitted to a penance, which in his last moments he deemed much too light, and he first sent for his three eldest daughters, to beg them to intercede with their mother in his behalf. He scarcely durst hope for pardon from one whom he had so deeply injured—but how imperfectly was he acquainted with the heart of that incomparable woman! She had her children again; she saw the penitence of her husband; and the past was forgotten and forgiven. She could not cease to gaze upon and embrace her children. This affecting scene of maternal and filial love, passing by the bed of the dying count, imparted to him a tranquillity and composure of which he had so long deprived himself. Now for the first time did he wish to recover, that he might enjoy this felicity a little longer, but Providence decreed otherwise. He blessed his daughters, and conjured them to make their mother happy, and to indemnify her for the long misery with which he had overwhelmed her. In a few hours he expired in the arms of his Gertrude and his children.

Before he breathed his last, he desired that Raymond's son Arthur should be married to one of his daughters, and appointed him heir to the lordship of Wuffens. Gertrude, who had for fifteen years regarded Raymond as her only friend and support, assented the more cheerfully to this arrangement, as her future son-in-law fully came up to her most sanguine wishes.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

Dear Mr. Adviser,

I am told that you know a little of every thing; and if so, perhaps you may be lawyer enough to tell me what step I ought to take under the circumstances I am in. I have been married just three weeks this day, and have already had five quarrels with my husband. I married him on the express condition that I was always to have my own way, and besides his promise to that effect a thousand times repeated, I have a score of letters at

least, in which he solemnly declares, that if I would bestow my hand upon him he would never have any will but mine. Would you believe then, sir, that after all this, he is so unreasonable as to expect to be obeyed; nay, he even declared yesterday, that I should find he knew how to be master in his own house. Now pray do, Mr. Adviser, tell me, can't I institute a suit against him for breach of promise of obedience to me (because you know as it was previous to that made at the altar, it renders mine null and void of course), and so obtain a divorce, or at least a separation with a handsome maintenance. But if this cannot be done, I wish you would advise me how to deal with the intractable creature. I have striven very hard till now to have my own way, but to tell you the truth, I begin to be tired of quarrelling, and he is so rude and huffish, that I really don't know how to manage him. So pray, good sir, make haste with your advice, or 'tis ten to one but I shall run away before it reaches me. I am, sir, your most obedient,

SOPHY SNAPSHORT.

Though this letter is the last I have received, yet as I consider the case a pressing one, it is the first I shall answer. I am sorry to say I can give Mrs. Snapshort no hopes of gaining the suit she is so desirous to institute against her husband, our laws having made no provision for cases of this kind, a circumstance which is particularly lucky for the men, since I am afraid more than one wife would take advantage of it. As Mrs. S. finds that her present measures are not likely to produce any good effect, I would recommend an entire change of them. She can lose nothing by the adoption of that graceful submission which sits so well upon a wife, and it may, and probably will, make her husband ashamed of his tyranny.

I must now endeavour to answer my correspondents of last month; and first the gentleman who signs himself Philemon. I pity the unhappy malady of mind under which he appears to labour, and not the less so because I think that the disgust which he expresses to existence, and the disappointments which he complains of, have their origin in feelings naturally too keen, and never properly regulated. It seems to me that he has set out in life as I have known many people do on a journey, with a previous determination to find fault with every thing. I know not how else to account for the accumulation of petty evils which he groans under. I have no hesitation, however, in saying, that the means of recovering tranquillity are in his power. The first step must be a rigid self-examination. Half our quarrels with mankind proceed from the habit we have of overrating our own merit: we magnify the services we render others, and the goodness of our intentions to them, till we construe every slight omission on their parts into an act of absolute ingratitude; but if we would look narrowly into our own hearts, the humiliating consciousness of that alloy which attends our best actions would render us more indulgent to the failings of others, and less ready to be captious in trifles. Another means which Phi-

lemon might employ to advantage, is amusement; instead of secluding himself from his fellow-creatures, he should mix with them, provided, however, that he does not do it with the spirit of a cynic, but with a previous determination to try at least to please and be pleased. He may depend upon it, that the man who really forms such a determination seldom, if ever, finds himself unable to keep it.

I am sorry for the perplexities of Miss Languish: it is certainly a terrible misfortune for a young lady to have attained the age of twenty-five without having a single duel fought for her, being once run away with, or even enjoying the pleasure of breaking the hearts of half a score of lovers by her cruelty. I agree with her that things of this kind were better managed in Sir Charles Grandison's days; but as unhappily the age of adventure is passed, and a lady cannot in these degenerate times be quite certain of being coaxed or entrapped into matrimony at last, I would recommend to her to think seriously of the proposal of Mr. Gubblestone, whose name seems to be her principal objection to him. It certainly is, as she says, a break-tooth sort of appellation; but yet I am afraid that with all its harshness, Mrs. Gubblestone would sound more musical some ten years hence in her ears than Miss Languish. Besides, she must consider that she has high authority for making light of a name: does not Shakspeare say,

"That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet!"

In short, to give my opinion explicitly, a good husband with an ugly name is much better than no husband at all; and therefore I advise her to be married immediately.

I have at this moment one of the most whimsical cases I ever met with: it is a husband and wife who have not been long married, and whose love before marriage was so ardent, that each would have made any sacrifice for the other: yet now they are continually quarrelling about the merest trifles, and what each thinks very provoking, neither will give way in the smallest point. Advice to people who are so unreasonable would be of no use; I therefore issue my orders, that neither the one nor the other presume to have a will of their own for at least six months to come; that the offensive phrases now used by each in speaking to the other—"I will have it so"—"That is my determination"—"Nothing shall induce me to alter my mind,"—be immediately exchanged for—"My dear, I want to know if it would be agreeable to you"—"What had we better do, my love, in such an affair?"—"I am waiting, my life, to hear your opinion before I make up my mind." I desire also, that besides this change in words, a corresponding one may also take place in looks. The wife must consider, that matrimony is in itself too apt to ungoddess a lady without the additional aid of ill temper. The finest eyes lose their beauty if their mild lustre is exchanged for the fierceness of anger; and the prettiest mouth, when distorted by scorn, no longer invites a kiss. But if softness be essential to the empire of the wife, urbanity is not less so to that of the husband; no-

thing short of the most serious provocation can ever give a man a right to appear before his wife with a countenance less kind than he shewed when he met her at the altar. I order therefore that the husband resume immediately those looks of cordial love which formerly rendered him so amiable in the eyes of his wife; and that the lady appear from this time forth with that graceful suavity which formed the delight of her husband. And if either of the contending parties shall, after this public notification of our will and pleasure, presume to continue the contumelious behaviour which we thus unequivocally condemn, we shall then exercise our judgment in devising such punishment as may be adequate to the high offence committed against our sovereign authority as master-general of the united kingdom. Given under our hand and seal, this 1st day of August, 1824, in the sixth year of our office. SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY, OR THE FULL PURSE AND THE EMPTY ONE: A TALE.

"Good heaven! my dear child, why do you weep? What is the matter?" cried Suzette, the *bonne* of the pretty Lucille, who was alarmed at finding her young mistress in tears.

"Don't be frightened, Suzette," replied she, hastily drying her tears, "there is not much the matter; but yet I am so disappointed!"

"And why?"

"Because I thought to have coaxed my uncle out of a little money, that I might have bought something for Nannette la Borde on the day of her marriage, but he won't give me any."

"But does he know what you want it for?"

"Oh! yes, I told him. I had just netted him a purse, and he seemed very well pleased with it, till I asked him for a few francs to buy a wedding gift for Nannette; and then he told me that I must reserve my money for my own wedding, and that he had more purses than money to put into them."

"It is just like him," cried Suzette indignantly. "Ah! if your dear mother were alive—but I am an old fool," continued she hastily, as she perceived Lucille's tears begin to flow, "to talk so. Don't grieve, my dear child, about the ill-nature of one churl; I warrant I will rummage out something to deck the bride."

She quitted the room, but very soon returned with some old-fashioned gauze and faded ribbons, which she told Lucille would make Nannette a very smart wedding cap. The young orphan's better taste would have led her to reject the gift, but she did not like to hurt the vanity of Suzette. In taking the things from her, Lucille dropped the purse, which the *bonne* picked up, and threw upon a table at the other end of the room, at the same time saying, it was very pretty.

"Yes," cried Lucille, "it would

be of no service to Nannette; I wish I could exchange it for a ribbon, or any thing else that would be of use to her."

"Ah!" replied Suzette, "there is no chance of that in this damsel place, where one is shut up and never can see a soul. But come, my child, let us make haste with our cap, for when my master returns we must give over work."

While they are making the cap, let us see who it is that we have thus unceremoniously introduced to our readers. Lucille was an orphan, whose premature death of her parents had left wholly dependent on Monsieur Lecoeur, her mother's brother. He was a man of obscure extraction, who had never forgiven his sister for making an imprudent marriage with the cadet of a respectable family, but no fortune; he, however, extended his protection to his orphan niece, whom he took care to remind incessantly of the great obligations she was under to him although in truth, they extended no farther than to let her have the run of his table and an apartment in his old fashioned chateau. Suzette, who had put the cap of Lucille from her reluctant hands to be completed by herself, was the young orphan's favourite attendant, and had granted her request on the very reasonable condition that she was to be her only customer, and to serve no private orders. Suzette resented rather than otherwise the pride of Lucille, whose superior beauty and elegance of person, as well as her more refined manners, made the poor orphan acquiesce with the slavish submission of the faithful but subordinate dependant.

The cap was soon finished, and Lucille, in putting it on to try how it would look in the glass, approached the table where Suzette had thrown the purse; but what was her astonishment to find it was gone, and no purse, apparently well filled, was lying on a slip of paper written in pencil! Her exclamations of surprise were echoed by Suzette, and both stood for some moments transfixed with astonishment and terror. At length they recovered presence of mind enough to search the chamber; and then grown bolder, they looked into the anti-rooms and corridors; but in vain, they could find nobody. Suzette, who was the most courageous, now approached the purse, which, however, she touched with great caution; and in lifting it up, she saw written on the top of the paper "To Mademoiselle Lucille," and she eagerly read the following lines:

"I wish I could exchange it for any thing that would be of use to you." These were your words, mademoiselle, and I am happy to fulfil your wish; and without scruple the contents of the purse which I have exchanged for gems, and cheerfully always that benevolence of heart of which you have this day given proof."

"Suzette," said Lucille, after a lengthened silence, "what are we to think?"

The [illegible] by this time exhausted the subject, and the boldly [illegible] never could be the gift of the fool, since the [illegible] had produced no [illegible] in its favour. And, besides," remembered she, "where nature reflects [illegible] for a sacrificial purpose, there can't be a [illegible] has been bestowed by

some good spirit; for as to its being placed there by any thing made of flesh and blood, that is clearly impossible."

Lucille thought so too, but yet a feeling of terror took possession of her mind, and the *bonne* perceiving her agitation, soothed her with a promise that she would at least for the present share her chamber.

At night, when the young orphan was going to bed, she found a folded paper addressed to herself on her pillow; she opened it with some agitation, and read what follows:

"Banish, I beseech you, amiable Lucille, the terror which the exchange of this morning has caused. I am not allowed to reveal to you to what order of beings I belong; suffice it to say, that I am friendly to mortals, and that to reward and cherish virtue is my delight. Can you then have anything to dread from me? Start not at knowing that I read your heart; it is too pure and innocent to need disguise. In me you have a friend, who has both the power and the will to serve you, and from this moment I charge myself with the care of your future destiny."

The flutter of spirits which Lucille felt at the first reading of this note subsided by degrees into confidence and pleasure. She was not quite seventeen, and at that age one may be allowed to be a little romantic. She very soon wished it in her own mind, like the unknown guardian of hers was benevolent spirit, or genius, and she determined to receive gratefully, and without fear whatever favours he might choose to bestow upon her.

A walk once a day in the meadows adjoining to her uncle's *château* was one among the few pleasures Lucille was permitted to enjoy. As she was strolling there the next day, she saw a young man of rustic appearance seated on a bank, and playing upon the flute. He had a little dog with him, who ran barking towards Lucille; the stranger immediately called him back, and at the same time he rose, and bowed respectfully. As he appeared to be a traveller, Lucille supposed he was an itinerant musician; she asked him to continue playing, and when he had complied, she offered him some money. "Pardon me, mademoiselle," said he, respectfully declining it, "I am not a musician by trade." He coloured as he spoke; Lucille blushed also at the idea of having wounded his feelings. She apologized for her mistake, and this led to a conversation, in which she learned that the stranger was the son of a farmer, but smitten with a love for a military life, he had entered the army some years before; being then discharged, he was on his way to his native place, and hearing, when he stopped for refreshment, that there was to be a wedding the next day in the village, he meant to participate in the festivity of the occasion, and to aid it by his performance on the flute.

Lucille, as she returned home, could not help thinking what a difference there was between the young stranger, who was called "monsieur," and the peasants she had hitherto met with. She obtained with some difficulty her uncle's leave to be present at the wedding. Ah! how happy was she

at this rural *fête*, which her benevolence contributed so much to embellish! Nannette, the happy and grateful Nannette, had informed the villagers of her bounty; they crowded round her, and begged to be permitted to crown her with flowers, and to enthrone her as the queen of the feast. Lucille at first refused to accept an homage which in her opinion ought to be paid only to the bride; but the entreaties of Nannette at length prevailed upon her. The young soldier was selected to present her with the crown of flowers, and, in delivering it, he recited some verses which he had composed for the occasion. We are seldom displeased to criticize those strains in which we hear our own praises; no wonder then that Lucille found Theodore's poetry excellent.

The dance now began, and the queen was solicited to choose a partner, and open the ball. She presented her hand with a blush to Theodore, whom she soon found to excel his companions as much in dancing as in everything else.

At length Lucille started to accompany her young mistress home. She had not been permitted to attend the *fête*, but Lucille took care she should enjoy it at least at second hand; for during the whole night she did not suffer the lovers to close their eyes, so vigilant and incessant was her attention. Never perhaps did a village festival afford more delight to those who were its objects, or to those who gave it. Every face and every body seemed beaming with joy; and high above the rest the young soldier towered preeminent; and it may easily be supposed that his merit as a poet was not forgotten.

The next day, when Lucille took her usual walk, she found her partner in the meadow; this was an agreeable surprise, for she supposed he had quitted the village that morning. He informed her respectfully that such had been his intention, but that, at the solicitation of the bride and bridegroom, he agreed to remain a few days with them.

Somehow or other it so happened, that during these few days Lucille never missed her walk in the meadow, and there she constantly found Theodore, sometimes with a book, and sometimes with his flute. Yet no assignation was ever made: Lucille was too innocent to think of impropriety; and the manners of the young soldier were too humble and respectful to alarm her.

But when at the end of a fortnight he told her that the next morning was fixed for his return home, she found her heart beat with a sensation equally new and painful. She was about to express her sorrow for his departure, but she stopped, unable to articulate. The behaviour of Theodore was not calculated to raise her spirits; he was silent and gloomy; he frequently appeared to be on the point of saying something, but as often stopped. At last Lucille's usual hour of returning home came; she rose, Theodore extended his hand, and with a tremulous hurry pressed hers between both his, and then, as if fearful of his courage failing him, he cried out in a voice choked by emotion: "Farewell, mademoiselle! farewell! may angels guard you!

You will soon cease to remember Theodore, but never, never can he forget you." As he ceased speaking, he darted rapidly along the path which led to the cottage of Nannette. Lucille remained motionless for some moments, but at length a gush of tears came to her relief, and she hastened to her chamber, that she might indulge her sorrow unobserved.

During three days she took every opportunity of being alone, that she might weep undisturbed at the thought of having seen Theodore for the last time. On the morning of the fourth, when she returned from her solitary walk, she was surprised at finding in her apartment some books, drawings, and drawing materials, accompanied by the following letter, in the well known hand of her invisible friend:

"Have you forgotten the promise of your unknown friend, or do you doubt the performance of it, that you thus cherish a despondency which may in the end prove fatal to your health? I am forbidden to unfold to you the secrets of futurity, but I may confidently tell you, that you have no reason to despair of happiness. Look forward then with hope; seek in amusement and employment a cure for the melancholy to which you have recently too readily given away, and rely upon the cares of your constant though invisible guardian."

The perusal of this letter covered the cheek of Lucille with blushes; she had in truth entirely forgotten her mysterious friend, and her pride and delicacy were alike wounded at finding that this singular being was in possession of her secret. But her mortification was gradually soothed by the idea, that her invisible monitor had both the power and the will to serve her, and perhaps this thought contributed not a little to induce her to follow the advice contained in the note. She was naturally fond of drawing, for which she had great taste, and though she received little instruction, yet she had made some progress. She was fond also of reading, but till then she had little opportunity to indulge this inclination. The books thus strangely bestowed upon her were few in number, but they were well selected, and they opened to her a new world, and in a short time her cheerfulness began to return. We must observe, however, that the words "You have no reason to despair of happiness," which she very often repeated to herself, contributed perhaps as much as her books and her drawings to this happy change.

(To be continued.)

THE TEST OF LOVE.

"Do you know, my friend," said an Italian lady, "what love is? Do you know that enchanting delirium, when one ceases to belong to one's self, when, forgetting all considerations, all wishes, all desires, one thinks of nothing but the object of one's exclusive affection? For this one could sacrifice fortune, country, nay even honour and life itself. Ah! have I loved, that do I call love? Alas! my Ludovico!"

Ludovico was a young painter

of Mantua, who lived exactly opposite to my father's house. I saw him daily at work in his painting-room; he would pause from time to time, look up at the windows of my apartment, lay his hand upon his heart, and raise his tearful eyes to heaven, as if to implore the fulfilment of his wishes. I once placed my hand upon my breast, he seemed transported, and I, violently agitated, sunk upon a sofa. It was not long before I received a letter from him, requesting me to meet him in a church at a considerable distance from our house. I repaired thither accordingly. When mass was over, I was left alone with Ludovico. He seized my trembling hand, and led me to an altar. "Before my God, whom you see there," cried he, pointing to a picture of our Saviour, "I swear to love you till death!"—"And I vow," said I, with fervent passion, "to be ever yours, and no other's."

My father and a wealthy merchant, named Pola, had, I knew, agreed that I should be united to Lorenzo, the son of the latter. Lorenzo had no aversion to the match, nor should I probably have felt any, had I not become acquainted with Ludovico; for Lorenzo was handsome, accomplished, and rich, and was respected and believed by all who knew him, for the excellent qualities of his heart. He was a daily visitor at our house; and his looks and whole behaviour attested that I was far from indifferent to him. Lorenzo was a bosom-friend of Ludovico's. They had studied together at Bologna, and I agreed with my lover to procure him access to my father's house through the medium of Lorenzo. "Lorenzo," said Ludovico to him one morning, "you go so often to Teana's, are you in love with her?"—"I think her a charming girl," replied he, rapturously extolling my beauty, my grace, my innocence, and all the other qualities which possibly I might possess, or which his imagination conferred on me.—"I ask whether you love her!" cried Ludovico, interrupting him.—"How can I answer so precise a question? I have not yet thought of fettering myself for ever, and therefore do not know for certain whether I love her."—"Well then, you love her not, and I am easy. I live, I breathe for her alone. You must introduce me to her father."—"With pleasure: I could have wished to possess Teana; now I renounce her for ever. Come along with me."

Lorenzo brought his friend and my lover to our house. I trembled with joy and transport when I beheld him in the room by my side. Lorenzo served us to the utmost of his power. He pourtrayed his friend Ludovico to my father in the most brilliant colours. "Though but young," he said, "he is an eminent artist. The beautiful picture in the chapel of the ducal palace is his performance: his integrity and his magnanimity are equal to his talents; and he is as good and as virtuous as he is active and distinguished in his art. While we were at Bologna, he devoted that time which others spent in amusement, to study and the improvement of his mind."

My father listened coldly to this panegyric. "What can Lorenzo be thinking of," said he to me in

a grave tone, when the two friends were gone, "to bring another young man along with him? I need not conceal it from you any longer, that I intend you to be Lorenzo's wife. He will, he must marry you; and where is the man whom you could prefer to him? He is young, accomplished, and heir to the large fortune and the high reputation of his excellent father. That he is superior in person to the painter must be sufficiently obvious to you; and I therefore seriously admonish you not to think of a connection with any other."

I trembled, turned pale, and was unable to reply. My father talked to me every day of Lorenzo as my future husband; he even spoke of our wedding, though I had never dreamt of any such thing. The visits of my best friends became disagreeable, and my favourite occupations irksome to me; Ludovico engaged all my thoughts by day, and my dreams by night. I lived for him alone; I saw him, and nothing but him.

Ludovico called every day to see us. My father soon perceived our passion, but he knew not what strength it had already acquired. I participated in Ludovico's cares, his joys, and his sorrows, and my heart accompanied him whithersoever he went. He never quitted his apartment but I knew whither he was gone; when he returned I saw him; and if any stranger visited him, I was uneasy. Sometimes I imagined that joyful, and at others melancholy tidings were brought him, or even assignations from some female. Thus did hope and fear often alternate with me a thousand times in an hour, till he came to give an account of himself; and if he long delayed to do so, I did not fail to scold him.

"Have you then," he would often say, "no confidence in me? You imagine that I might be untrue to you; but you must not be afraid of this, that I may act and live more independently."—"Independently!" I would repeat; "have you not vowed everlasting fidelity to me?"—"Yes, but you ought to put confidence in this vow."—"What! do you suppose I can be indifferent? Good God! how coldly ye men are constituted!"—Reproaches indeed tend not to strengthen love, but Ludovico's passion was not weakened by them. Of this he gave me unfortunately but too convincing proofs: for after such scenes, he always quitted me more cheerful and in better spirits than usual, and hence I regarded him as indifferent and inconstant. I told him as much; he smiled, and his serenity and composure reduced me to despair. "Ought then a man to treat with scorn the woman whom he professes to love? Ought he to laugh at her tears?" cried I, weeping; but the more powerfully I was affected, the less he seemed to care, but merely to pity me. I formed a thousand plans to render him thoroughly sensible of my value. With this view I paid marked attentions to Lorenzo; I frequented with him all the promenades of the city, and rambled with him in the extensive grounds of his parents. Lorenzo himself appeared embarrassed by this show of partiality. his eye plainly said, "If you did not belong to my friend, then——"

Meanwhile Ludovico never made

me the slightest reproach. "Are you not jealous then?" said I to him one day.—"If I could be jealous," replied he, "I should not now be alive. How can I imagine that you could ever love any other than me, since I love you so tenderly, so inexpressibly!"—"But supposing my love had cooled, or that the charm of a new connection, or a whim——"—"That is impossible."—"What security? Ah! you men do not love like us!"—"Very likely," answered Ludovico, "but I love as fondly as man is capable of loving." This expression, which at the commencement of our acquaintance, would have filled me with rapture, now seemed so cold, that it plunged me into despair, and I conceived it impossible to live any longer on this footing.

My father remarked the extraordinary change in my behaviour to Lorenzo, which induced him to hope that his fondest wish to see me united to him might yet be realized. He even encouraged the young man to make advances to me, but Lorenzo constantly assured him that it would be in vain; for he knew that another already possessed my affections in a far higher degree. It will come about in time, thought my father; and to accelerate that time, he omitted no opportunity of intimating to Ludovico, that there was no prospect of my ever being his. My lover, feeling secure of his point, was not to be cast down. To rouse him, however, from his insensibility, I denied him the slightest token of affection. In vain did he complain of my coldness; in vain did he manifest the deepest concern. I considered this as only the expression of passion, not of real love and tenderness. The unhappy man bore my conduct with resignation, considering it as the result of waywardness and caprice, but not of a determination to vex him.

Not content with this, I at length wrote a letter—how it was possible for me to do so I cannot yet conceive—in which I acquainted Lorenzo that I loved him, and was ready to accede to his wishes, but that Ludovico's presence would be an incessant reproach to me, which I could not endure, and therefore we must devise some means of ridding ourselves of him. This letter I gave to an old trusty servant, with directions to carry it the same evening to Ludovico, and tell him that I had ordered her to carry it to Lorenzo Pola. This was done. For a fortnight after receiving my letter Ludovico did not once call on us. I now began to fear that he had wholly forsaken me, and was on the point of writing to him, to acquaint him with the trick I had played, and to assure him of my everlasting attachment, when he entered the house. There appeared to be scarcely any alteration in his behaviour: he was particularly kind and attentive to Lorenzo and me: yet I knew his heart too well not to perceive something forced in his manner; but I could not have imagined that he was such an adept in dissimulation as I afterwards found him from experience to be.

"How can he help being jealous?" thought I. But no—he does not love me—I am indifferent to him; and this, this is more dreadful to me than his most furious jealousy

could possibly prove. My heart was racked with the keenest anguish; I had not a moment's rest, and when Ludovico again called a few days afterwards, I resolved frankly to confess every thing to him. As soon as we were alone, I took him familiarly by the hand, and asked him, whether he loved me.—"Full as much as you love me," answered he with a cold sarcastic smile.—"Then you adore me," rejoined I, embracing him. He would have drawn back with evident displeasure, but I again clasped him in my arms. "Teana," whispered he, "we are not alone here. Come with me to the grove on the bank of the lake, where we shall not be disturbed by impertinent curiosity. There we may explain ourselves." I assented, as a private interview seemed to be the only way to reconciliation, and accompanied my lover.

We went out of the city, along the bank of the Mincio, to the spot where that river forms a lake. The foaming waves broke over the margin, along which the solitary path conducted us; they seemed as if they would have ingulphed us, and I could not help shuddering. I stole an anxious look every now and then at Ludovico; he was composed, grave, and cold. At length we reached a clump of trees, to one of which a boat was moored. Ludovico jumped in, and desired me to follow. "Come," said he, with the kindest look, "let us take a little excursion on the water." As I stepped into the boat, I was seized with an involuntary horror. I would have gone back, but Ludovico drew me by the arm into the vessel. He then seized the rudder, and steered towards the middle of the lake. When we had got to a considerable distance from the shore, "Do you know whither we are going?" asked he, in a calm, determined tone.—"For a little excursion, did you not say?"—"Yes, indeed, to the grave."—Without knowing precisely what I had to fear, and without even understanding his words, I was racked with the most cruel anxiety. "The grave!" said I: "surely you do not mean to kill me?"—"No, we must both die."—"Die! why so?"—"Because you must not live, since you have deceived me; and because I cannot live without you. Look at this letter." He then shewed me the letter addressed to Lorenzo, which I had purposely sent to him. "Ludovico," cried I, throwing myself on his bosom, "that was only a deception, a fiction of mine, to try you! I never ceased to love you, and at this moment you are dearer to me than ever."—"I expected this evasion," replied he with a contemptuous smile; "but our fate is decided—decided since yesterday! It is too late for repentance; we now need nothing but courage. Look at this trap-door in the bottom of the boat—nothing but a thin board between us and eternity! Recollect the oath which I swore to you at the altar of God; recollect the troth you plighted to me. 'I swear,' said you, raising your eyes to the crucified Redeemer, and pressing my hand—'I swear to be ever thine, and no other's.' I will spare you the guilt of perjury."—"Well," said I, "this oath I repeat to you: I will

be ever yours; I will never belong to another."—"Are you afraid to die?" asked he, with a smile a thousand times more frightful than his anger. "I want no more oaths."—"But I have not been inconstant to you, Ludovico!"—"No! and yet your father himself told me but yesterday that you had changed your mind, and that there was now no obstacle to your union with Lorenzo."—"My father believes what he wishes."—"What an excuse!"—"Well then, I appeal to Lorenzo; ask him yourself if——"—"Ask Lorenzo! Lorenzo is no more!"—"Cruel wretch!" exclaimed I, sinking senseless from my seat. When I came to myself, the water was pouring in torrents into the boat. "Ah, Ludovico!—unhappy man, what have you done?" cried I, shifting to the other side of the vessel. He followed me through the pursuing torrent, and dropping upon his knees, "My only love, forgive me!" sued he, in the most affectionate tone. "It is not in my power to save you; but I will die at your feet. Forgive me!" These were the last words I heard—the waves ingulphed us.

Borne up by my clothes, I was saved by some mariners, who saw me floating on the water. It was some hours before I was recalled to life: but all endeavours to find the body of Ludovico proved fruitless. How shall I describe the agonizing sensations which rent my heart on coming to myself! I would have hurried back to the water, had I not been forcibly detained. I was recognised, and conveyed to the residence of my father, who had just received intelligence that Ludovico had the preceding evening stabbed Lorenzo to the heart with a dagger. This dreadful catastrophe produced a strong sensation in Mantua and its environs, for which reason my father removed with me from that city: but neither time, distance, nor tears, can for a moment alleviate the inexpressible misery which I have prepared for myself by my follies.

THE THREE WALNUTS.

Daniel William Möller, professor and librarian at Altorf, lived in 1665 at Colmar, where he was tutor to the three sons of the burgomaster, Maggi. In the month of October in that year, the burgomaster entertained at his house an itinerant alchemist. After supper, some walnuts were set among other fruit on the table, and various observations were made on the qualities of that species of nut. As Möller's three pupils made rather too free with the walnuts, he good-humouredly warned them of the danger of eating too many, and desired them to give him a translation of the following verse of a writer of the Salernian school:

Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est.

This they interpreted as follows: "One walnut is good, the second injurious, and the third fatal."—Möller, however, told them that their translation could not possibly be correct, as they had each eaten many more than three walnuts, and were still alive and well; and bade them try to find a better. No soon-

or had he pronounced these words, than the alchemist, in the utmost agitation, abruptly rose from the table, and hurried to the chamber assigned to him, to the no small astonishment of all the company. The burgomaster's youngest son followed the stranger, by his father's desire, to inquire if he ailed any thing; but on finding the door locked, he peeped through the key-hole, saw the alchemist on his knees, and heard him, with tears and wringing his hands, several times exclaim, "*Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*"

Scarcely had the boy reported to his father what he had seen and heard, when a servant came from the stranger, to request that he might speak in private with the burgomaster. The boys, with their tutor and the rest of the family, withdrew. The alchemist entered, fell on his knees at the feet of the burgomaster, and besought him, with a flood of tears, not to deliver him up to justice, but to save him from an ignominious death.

The burgomaster, alarmed at his manner and address, began to be afraid that his intellects were deranged: he raised him from the floor, and in a kind tone begged to be informed of the cause of his apprehensions. "Sir," replied the stranger, "use no dissimulation: you and Mr. Möller are acquainted with my crime, as the verse about the three walnuts clearly proves. *Tertia mors est*—the third is death—yes, yes, it was a leaden bullet, a touch of the finger, and down he dropped. You have concerted together to torment me; you intend to deliver me up, and through you I shall be brought to the scaffold."

The burgomaster was now convinced of the insanity of the alchemist, and strove by kind words to dispel his alarm. Nothing, however, would pacify him: "If," said he, "you are not acquainted with it, your tutor certainly is, he gave me such a piercing look when he said—*tertia mors est*." The burgomaster could now do no more than beg him to make himself perfectly easy, and retire to bed; at the same time giving him his word of honour that neither Möller nor himself would betray him, if he really had been so unfortunate as he seemed to intimate. The wretched man, however, would not quit his host till Möller had been sent for, and also solemnly affirmed that he would not betray him; for no assurances could persuade him that the tutor had not the slightest knowledge of the circumstance to which he alluded.

Next morning, the unhappy alchemist resolved to leave Colmar for Basle, and requested Möller to give him a letter of introduction to a professor of medicine. Möller accordingly wrote a letter to Dr. Bauhin, and gave it to him unsealed, that he might not conceive any kind of suspicion. He quitted the house with tears and a repetition of his request that they would not betray him.

The following year, about the same season, only perhaps three weeks later, the burgomaster and his family were again eating walnuts, and talking over the adventure of the unfortunate alchemist, when a female called and begged to speak with the magistrate. He ordered her to be introduced. She was respectably dressed in mourn-

ing, and appeared to have suffered much from affliction, but she still exhibited traces of extraordinary beauty. The burgomaster offered her a chair, poured her out a glass of wine, and placed some walnuts before her; but at the sight of that fruit, she was vehemently agitated, and the tears trickled down her cheeks. "No walnuts! no walnuts!" said she, pushing aside the plate.

This refusal, together with the recollection of the alchemist, produced a strong sensation in the minds of the whole company. The burgomaster immedately ordered his servant to remove the walnuts, begged the lady to excuse him, as he was ignorant of her dislike of them, and requested to be informed of the business that had brought her to him.

"I am the widow of an apothecary at Lyons," said she, "and wish to settle here in Colmar. The most melancholy circumstances have compelled me to quit my native city." The burgomaster asked her for her passport, that he might be sure she was exempt from all legal claims when she left her country. She handed him her papers, which were perfectly regular, and in which she was designated as the widow of Pierre du Pont, or Petrus Pontanus. She also shewed the burgomaster various certificates of the medical faculty of Montpellier, that she was in possession of receipts for making many valuable medicines.

The burgomaster promised her all possible support in her plan of settling at Colmar, and begged her to accompany him to his library, where he would write letters of introduction to several physicians and apothecaries of the city. He conducted her up stairs, but as they proceeded along a passage, she was suddenly seized with such trepidation, that the burgomaster was afraid she would have fainted before they could reach his library, where she sunk into a chair and burst into tears.

Ignorant of the cause of her extreme agitation, the burgomaster inquired what was the matter.—"Sir," said she, "how came you to be acquainted with my misery? Where did you get the drawing that is fastened to the door which we passed?" The burgomaster then recollected the drawing, and said it had been made for amusement by his youngest son, who was in the habit of perpetuating in that way any circumstance or event in which he felt interested. In this drawing the boy had represented the alchemist in the attitude in which he had seen him kneeling, wringing his hands, and exclaiming, "*Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu!*" and above him three nuts, with the sentence, "*Unica nux prodest, nocet altera, tertia mors est;*" and affixed it to the door of the room in which this scene had occurred.

"How can your son be acquainted with the dreadful misfortune of my husband?" replied the lady: "how can he know that which I have determined never to reveal, and on account of which I have abandoned my native land?"

"Your husband!" rejoined the astonished burgomaster, "is Todenus, the chemist, your husband? I took you from your passport to be the widow of Pierre du Pont, apothecary of Lyons."

"So I am," answered the stranger; "and the person represented in the drawing is my husband du Pont: I know it from the attitude in which I last beheld him; I know it from the fatal exclamation, and from the three walnuts above him."

The burgomaster then related to her all that had happened to the alchemist in his house. "Sir," said she, when he had finished, "I perceive that fate itself has decreed that my shame shall not be concealed: but I trust to your honour that you will not make known my misfortune to my prejudice. Listen then to my story. My husband, Pierre du Pont, the apothecary, was in easy circumstances: he would have been rich, had he not squandered a great deal of money, owing to his fondness for alchemy. I was young, and had the great misfortune to be thought very beautiful. I say misfortune—and I really believe there cannot well be a greater; since a person can obtain neither peace nor rest, and is so teased and tormented, that, to get rid of such disgusting idolatry, she is frequently tempted to plunge herself into ruin. Wherever I went, I was surrounded by admirers, and could not sleep for serenades. So far was I from being vain of this distinction, that it caused me only disquietude and misery; and nothing but the delight with which my husband contemplated my features, prevented me from disfiguring myself in some way or other. He loved me tenderly, but Providence did not bless our union; we had no children. One day when I had expressed to him in strong terms my regret on this account, he looked very grave and said, 'If it please God, and every thing does not go wrong with me, we shall enjoy this pleasure also.' Soon afterwards he came home late one evening, and told me that he had been conversing with a profoundly initiated adept, who seemed to feel a lively interest for him and me, and that our wishes would soon be accomplished. I did not know to what he alluded.

"We retired to rest, and just as it began to be light, I was wakened by a noise: I called my husband, and asked whence it proceeded; then looking round the room, I perceived on the table by the side of my bed, a magnificent Venetian glass full of the finest flowers, and beside it, several pair of new silk stockings, Paris shoes, scented gloves, ribbons, and the like. I recollected that the day which had just dawned was my birthday, and concluding that these things were a present from my husband, I thanked him affectionately for it. He assured me, with the most solemn oath, that the present was not from him; and for the first time the most violent jealousy took possession of his mind. He urged me first with the greatest tenderness, and then with the utmost vehemence, to inform him who had brought these things: I wept, and could only declare my inability to satisfy him. He would not believe me, and ordered me to rise, and I was obliged to go with him to search the whole house, but we found nobody. He demanded the key of my writing-desk, and examined all my papers and letters, but discovered nothing. By this time it was quite light: my husband left me in a very ill humour, and

repaired to his laboratory, while I returned weary to bed. As I lay meditating with bitter tears on the extraordinary occurrence of the night, I remarked a paper sticking out of one of the new shoes that lay on the table. I hastily seized it, and found that it was a note to the following effect:

"'Beloved Amelia! misfortunes thicken upon me. I have been obliged to avoid you till now, and now I must flee the country in which you reside. I have killed in a duel an officer of our garrison, who boasted of your favours; I am pursued, and am here in disguise. To-morrow is your birthday: I must see you—see you for the last time. This evening you will find me in the grove, outside the gate of the town, under the walnut-trees, at the little chapel, about a hundred paces from the road on the right. If you can bring with you some money for my relief, God will reward your goodness. Notwithstanding my necessities, I could not help spending the last few louis-d'or I possessed on the little birthday present which you see before you. How I have introduced it, I will tell you myself. You must be secret—you must come, or to-morrow my corpse will be brought to your house. Your unfortunate

'Louis.'

"I read these lines with the deepest sorrow: I must see him—I must comfort him—I must carry him all I could, for I loved him inexpressibly, and was now on the point of losing him for ever!"

Here the burgomaster shook his head with a smile. "Then, after all, madam," said he, "you did feel an affection for another man?"

"Yes, sir," replied the stranger with calm dignity; "but condemn me not too soon: let me finish my story.

"During the day, I collected together all the money and jewels I had, and made them up into a parcel, which, towards evening, I gave to our maid to carry for me to a bath, near the gate beyond which Louis was to meet me. There was nothing particular in this, as I was in the habit of walking that way. On reaching the place, I dismissed my servant, directing her to send a coach to the bath about nine o'clock to fetch me home. She left me, but instead of going to the bath, I proceeded with the bundle under my arm to the grove. I hastened to the appointed spot; I entered the chapel; he flew into my arms; we covered each other with kisses; we were dissolved in tears. On the steps of the altar of the little chapel, overshadowed with walnut-trees, we sat each encircled by the other's arm, and, amid the tenderest caresses, reciprocally related our past fortunes. The moment of separation soon arrived; it was half-past nine, and the carriage I had ordered was waiting for me. I gave him the money and the jewels, and he said to me, 'O Amelia! would to heaven I had shot myself last night beside your bed! but the sight of your beauty as you slept disarmed me. I had climbed the trellis, and entered your chamber by the window which was open.' I clasped him in my embrace.—'Farewell, my dear, dear Louis!' said I; 'how rapidly this delicious hour of meeting has passed! thus stod the whole of this miserable life

will soon be over!' Upon this he plucked three walnuts from a tree close to the chapel. 'These walnuts,' he said, 'we will eat together before we part, and whenever we see walnuts hereafter we will think of one another!' He cracked the first, divided it with me, and kissed me affectionately. 'Ah!' said he, 'there just occurs to me an old Latin saw about walnuts, which begins, *Unica nux prodest*—one nut is good; but that is not true, for we must soon part. There is more truth in the following words: *nocet altera*, the second is hurtful—that it certainly is, for the moment of separation draws still nearer!' Here he again embraced me with a torrent of tears, and having shared the third walnut with me, he said, 'This part of the adage is but too true. O my Amelia, forget me not! pray for me!—*tertia mors est*—the third, the parting one, is death.' At this instant a shot was fired, Louis sunk at my feet.—'The third is death,' repeated a voice at the window of the chapel; while I shrieked, 'O Jesus! my brother! my poor brother Louis!'"

"Almighty God! was it your brother?" exclaimed the burgomaster.

"Yes, it was my brother," replied she solemnly; "and now, sir, conceive my anguish, when the murderer, entering with the pistol in his hand, proved to be no other than my husband. He pulled out another pistol, which he was about to point at his own heart, when I snatched the weapon from his hand, and threw it among the bushes. 'Flee, murderer!' I cried; 'flee—justice pursues thee.' Petrified with horror, he was fixed to the spot. We heard people, alarmed by the shot, approaching from the high-road. I gave him the money and the jewels which I had destined for my brother, and thrust him by force out of the chapel.

"I then gave full scope to my lamentations, and some of the persons who came up, knowing me, conveyed me home in a state little short of distraction. The corpse of my brother was carried to the town-house; and a horrible investigation ensued. I was luckily seized with a violent fever, which deprived me long enough of the use of my senses, to prevent me from betraying my husband, till he was in safety beyond the frontiers. No one doubted that he was the murderer, because he was not to be seen after that evening. Slander now assailed me with her most envenomed shafts. All that was said of me by other females envious of my beauty, all the calumnies of the men who had no cause to revile me but my virtue, I shall not repeat here; suffice it to say, that the most odious suspicions threw all possible difficulties in the way of my proving that the victim was my brother. All were ready to trample me in the dust, that they might triumph over my obnoxious virtue. At the same time I enjoyed the disgusting sympathy of all the young advocates, and what with their importunities, grief, and persecutions, I was driven nearly distracted. By virtue of a will of my husband's in my favour, I relinquished the business to a manager, and retired for some years to a convent, where I occupied myself in preparing medicines for the poor people whom the nuns attended."

"Your misfortunes affect me exceedingly," said the burgomaster; "but the manner in which you spoke of the behaviour of your brother left on my mind the impression rather of a lover than a relative."

"O sir!" answered the stranger, "this was the chief cause of my sufferings: he loved me more passionately than he ought to have done; and yet he opposed with the utmost energy of his soul the pernicious influence of my beauty. He was sometimes for years without seeing me; nay, he durst not even write to me any longer: on this last occasion, necessity drove him to me, and I could not refuse to meet him. My husband did not know him, and I had married him solely with a view to extinguish my brother's unhappy passion. He, alas! extinguished it himself with his life! My husband, tortured by jealousy, left his laboratory early: the maid told him that I was gone to the bath: he put a pair of pistols in his pocket, and sought me at the bath. He did not find me there; but the mistress of the bath informed him that she had seen me going out at the gate. He then recollected a stranger whom he had met the preceding day in the wood, and who had inquired concerning his wife; his suspicions were strengthened—he hurried to the wood, approached the chapel, overheard the conclusion of our conversation, and perpetrated the horrid deed."

"O the wretched, unfortunate man!" exclaimed the burgomaster; "but where is he? What is he doing? Why brings you hither? Could you forgive him? Shall we see him here again?"

"We shall never see him again," replied the stranger. "I have forgiven him; God has forgiven him: but blood will have blood; he could not forgive himself. He lived eight years at Copenhagen, at the court of King Christian IV. as chemist to his majesty; for this monarch was much addicted to the secret arts. After his death, my husband visited many of the northern German courts, but could not settle any where, being tortured by remorse; and whenever he saw walnuts, or heard them mentioned, he was suddenly plunged into the deepest melancholy. In these peregrinations he came to your house, and scared by the unlucky verse, fled to Basle. There he continued till the next walnut season, incessantly tormented by the horrors of conscience: at length, unable to endure this state, he returned to Lyons, and delivered himself up to justice. Three weeks ago, in an affecting interview which I had with him, after begging my forgiveness—I had long forgiven him—he desired me, after his ignominious death, to quit France and go to Colmar, the burgomaster of which city was an excellent man. Two days after [redacted] was beheaded, amidst a vast concourse of spectators, near the chapel where the murder was committed. Such, sir, is my melancholy history!"

With these words the lady concluded her narrative. The burgomaster, deeply affected, took her by the hand. "Unhappy woman!" said he, "be assured that I am profoundly moved by your misfortunes, and that nothing shall be wanting on my part to justify the confidence of your poor husband in my willingness to serve you."

As he thus spoke, and strove to suppress his tears, his eye was caught by a seal-ring on her finger, which made a powerful impression on him: he perceived on it a coat of arms that interested him exceedingly. The lady told him that it was her brother's ring. "And what was his family name?" eagerly asked the burgomaster.—"Piantaz," replied the stranger; "our father was a Savoyard, and kept a shop at Montpellier."

The burgomaster, in great agitation, went to his desk, and took out several papers, which he looked over. He then asked how old her brother was. "This very day," said she, "if he were living, he would be forty-six."—"Right, perfectly right!" replied the burgomaster with joyful impatience.—"To-day he is just so old, for he still lives. Amelia, I am your brother! I was exchanged by your mother's nurse for the child of Maggi, the mechanician. It was Maggi's son who bore your brother's name, who manifested a more than fraternal passion for you, and who perished so unfortunately. Happy, thrice happy am I that I have found you!"

The good lady was staggered, but the burgomaster convinced her by a declaration of the nurse, taken when on her death-bed, relative to this exchange; and Amelia sunk into the arms of her new-found brother. For three years she kept house for the burgomaster, and at his death she retired to the nunnery of St. Clare at Colmar, to which she bequeathed all her property.

REMARKS ON THE ALLEGED DEGRADATION OF THE FEMALE SEX IN FRANCE:

Addressed to CONSTANTIA.

MADAM,

I PERCEIVE by your letter, inserted in the *Repository* of May last, on the Degradation of the Female Sex, that you have formed very unjust ideas respecting the manner in which women are treated in some parts of France. You speak of the more laborious occupations in which women are engaged, as if they were forced into these occupations, so unbefitting their sex, by the men: give me leave to inform you, madam, that this is not the case. When the conscriptions of Boonaparte had exhausted the youth of France, and no males remained to till the ground, but very old men or children, the women then voluntarily hired themselves to work in the fields; but they always asked and constantly received the same wages as the men who performed such labour. This is a fact so well known throughout all France, that it cannot be contradicted; for unfortunately even at the present day there are not sufficient male labourers to be found, and you will see at least seven very old men or boys, to one man between the ages of twenty and thirty, working in the fields.

Now, madam, for the abuses which you say exist in the district of la Perche. I am myself a total

stranger to that part of the country, but I have an intimate friend who was born in it, and lived there for many years; and this lady assures me, that if the customs you speak of ever did prevail in that district, it must have been a very long time indeed ago, for she is now far advanced in life, and she never remembers to have heard of them. She has been very frequently in the houses of different farmers, and constantly saw the females at table with the men, nor did she ever know an instance in which it was otherwise. With respect to the term *master*, it is very generally used by the farmers' wives all over France in speaking of their husbands; and the latter, when they mention their wives, invariably use the term *mistress*. I believe, but I am not very certain, that this is also very common among the same class in England. Neither is the word *creature* ever used to express the sex of a child.

Thus much for la Perche. I have made inquiries respecting the state of the sex in the provinces in general, and I cannot find that they suffer any kind of oppression; on the contrary, they are in every respect on a footing with the men, except in the article of wages; and this difference is not made on account of the sex, but on account of the work, for where that is equal the wages are equal also. Where the work is light the wages are less, but they are always at least two thirds of what is paid to a man.

As I have not been long resident in this country, I can say little from my own observation, but that little confirms the truth of what I have heard. I went the other day to a farmer's respecting some poultry I wanted to purchase, but he directly told me I must talk to the mistress; he had nothing to do with those matters. I find that every part of the domestic economy is entirely under the government of the wife, and it happens very rarely indeed that the husband buys or sells, or does any thing else of the least consequence without consulting her. A curious circumstance which has happened since I have been here, and which I have myself witnessed, will serve to shew you the power which women, even of the lower class, have over their husbands. A gardener, who had lived 18 years with his master, with whom he was a great favourite, informed the gentleman that he must leave him. The master, with much surprise, inquired the reason, and learned that his lady had said something which offended the gardener's wife. The gentleman begged of him in vain to think no more about it; he said he was sure it would prey upon the mind of his wife, and he could not therefore think of remaining: at the same time he declared with tears, that he knew he should never be so happy with any other master. The gentleman, from whom I had the story, declared to me, that he would have done any thing that was possible to retain him; "but," said he, "you know I could not ask my wife to apologize to his;" and accordingly they parted.

As I have naturally a turn for a little merry mischief, I have been wicked enough to bring forward, in a serious tone, the charges which you, madam, have made; and I confess I have been much amused

by the warmth with which several of my male acquaintance have rebutted them: it is lucky they are brought by a lady, or else I do not know whether we should not have some swords drawn, to wipe out what every true Frenchman would consider as a stain on the national honour. As I have no doubt that your letter was written in a true spirit of good-will to our sex, I conclude that you will be pleased to find that the French part of it do not stand in need of redress. I am, madam, your humble servant,

ELIZA.

CHOISY-LE-ROI,
June 20.

THE LOVE-POTION.

(Extracted from the Papers of a Prussian Officer.)

BUSINESS obliged me, in 1802, to travel through part of what was then called South Prussia and Gallicia. As a good inn is a rarity in these provinces, I was not a little pleased to meet at last with such a house. On account of the charming prospect of the banks of the Rudawa and the distant mountains, of which I had not so good a view in the room assigned to me, I went into the apartment of the landlord. A considerable ruin on the summit of one of these hills excited my curiosity, and I asked a Polish nobleman, who chanced to be present, what kind of building it had been. "It was formerly," replied he, "the castle of a wealthy count, but which the owner was obliged to leave because it was haunted." An involuntary smile betrayed my incredulity. "I know," said he, somewhat nettled, "that such things are now laughed at as idle tales; but people of veracity declare, that even yet at midnight two young men and a female figure are seen wandering among the ruins, wringing their hands, and with sighs and moans looking up to heaven. Father Fulgentius too has assured me, that in the library of the neighbouring convent there is a great book, in which the history of these unfortunate persons is circumstantially related."

This information determined me to visit the convent, and the gentleman gave me an introduction to Father Fulgentius. I was hospitably received; and the book, a chronicle in Latin, written by a friar of this convent at the commencement of the 17th century, was cheerfully shewn to me. It contained also a number of circumstantial narratives of events, which, according to the belief of the writer, had occurred in those parts, and among the rest that which follows.

At Petrikau dwelt a tradesman, named Schneider, a German, whose father had settled there. After the death of the latter, he succeeded to his business, and had the character of a mild, kind-hearted, and honest man. His wife, though of a weak constitution, was an excellent woman, and he was happy as a father; for his daughter Maria, rich in personal and mental endowments, and polished by a residence of three years at Breslau, was preeminent among the damsels of the town, and universally

respected for her gentleness and virtue. A young tradesman, who had been settled but two months at Petrikau, solicited her hand. Maria and her parents were not absolutely averse to the match, but they declined giving a decisive answer on so short and slight an acquaintance; and Schneider therefore promised to acquaint him with their determination after his return from the approaching Leipzig fair.

Just at the time when he set out on this journey, the dispute between Maximilian and Stephen Bathori for the crown had produced a ferment in the country; and when his return was expected by Maria and her mother, the different parties had taken up arms, and they not only did all the injury they could to each other, but innocent inhabitants and travellers were plundered and put to death by these lawless hordes. Schneider had in a letter announced to his family his speedy return, and Kowal, the young suitor, renewed his solicitations with the more urgency for the hand of Maria, who declared that she should leave the matter to the decision of her father. She daily offered up her prayers with her mother to the Almighty and the saints, and both, jointly with Kowal, who was anxious to testify his love and regard for Schneider, caused masses to be said for his safe return, which was unaccountably delayed.

Maria was sitting one evening with her mother suppressing her own apprehensions, and endeavouring to cheer her desponding parent, by reminding her that her father had once or twice returned from the fair later than the time mentioned in his letter, when all at once a knock was heard at the door. "My father's knock!" cried Maria, hurrying out of the room. She opened the door: it was her father, nearly naked, and with a bloody handkerchief tied round his head. A small band, perhaps of confederates, or they might be robbers, had attempted to seize his waggons and the goods they contained, in a forest a few miles from Petrikau. He and the drivers opposed the plunderers; a stroke of a sabre extended him on the ground; and when he came to himself, he found one of the drivers lying lifeless by his side. His goods were gone, and it was not without the greatest difficulty that he had made shift to crawl home to his family.

The affliction and horror of his wife and daughter were inexpressible. Schneider was conveyed to bed; the surgeon who was called to his aid, declared the wound, though not absolutely mortal, to be extremely dangerous. Grief and distress of mind soon made it much worse; for Schneider had lost not only all that he had purchased with ready money, but also a quantity of goods for which the owners, on account of his known probity, had given him credit. The conviction that he was utterly ruined preyed upon his spirits, and threw him into a violent fever, which in a few days carried him off.

The widow gave up all that her husband had left to his creditors. In this state it would have been a great comfort to her to see her daughter settled; but the mercenary Kowal, for whom beauty and virtue were not a sufficient dowry, now receded. Her mother was soon

afterwards confined to her bed with sickness, and Maria paid her all the attention in her power. Benevolent persons evinced their sympathy, and when in a few months she followed her remains to the grave, an acquaintance of her father's offered the orphan an asylum. The abilities of this honest man were not equal to the goodness of his heart: it is possible too that the sight of Kowal might produce disagreeable sensations in Maria's soul; she wished at least to change her place of abode, and as the relative at Breslau who had brought her up had been dead for two years, she cheerfully accepted the offer of the situation of lady's maid to the Countess Rajewski.

The countess, who was somewhat advanced in years, had the weakness to pride herself highly on her rank: in other respects she was a religious, kind-hearted, and generous woman. Maria's humility and modesty therefore made immediately a favourable impression on her mistress, who, on discovering her many excellent qualities and talents, soon became much attached to her. Maria had a good voice, which she accompanied with the harp: this highly delighted the countess, who was fond of music. Many a vacant hour was filled with this amusement. Maria also read to the countess, wrote her letters, and received the more frequent proofs of her kindness, as, though her accomplishments were duly appreciated, she always, in her behaviour to her mistress, kept within the bounds of a respectful distance.

The young count, whom his mother had long been anxiously expecting, returned just at this time from his travels. He was both handsome and accomplished. He was at breakfast with his mother the morning after his arrival when Maria entered the room. Surprised by her beauty, and the elegance of her person, the count instantly rose from his seat. "I am her ladyship's maid," said Maria, with a respectful courtesy, and delivering to the countess some letters, written to acquaint the neighbours with the arrival of the young count. Having subscribed her name to these letters, she desired them to be sent off. When Maria had left the room, the count burst into a panegyric on her beauty. "Oh!" said his mother, "the girl possesses far superior recommendations in her piety, modesty, and virtue. I am extremely sorry that she is of humble birth; otherwise I would marry her to the son of our *potit-starost* (land-steward), your playfellow Francis: but as he is of a very good family, such a match is out of the question."

The count, on whom the sight of Maria had made a profound impression, was, like many others to whom fortune has been profuse of her favours, not accustomed to control his passions. His early education, however, had instilled into him a respect for innocence and virtue: he was moreover a dutiful son, and therefore strove to suppress his feelings. But as Maria was so useful to the old lady, that she needed her constant attendance, and he had of course frequent opportunities of seeing her, as his mother seized every occasion to extol her qualifications, and as Maria herself was obliged to display her musical talents in

his presence, the lively young man, however willing, was unable to check his rising passion, which he betrayed by his looks, by sighs, or at the utmost, by a slight pressure of the hand, to the susceptible Maria, who avoided him whenever she could.

But Maria had likewise been endowed with a heart. The handsome youth who treated her with the highest respect, who at first manifested such a flow of spirits, and became more and more dejected from day to day, was by no means indifferent to her: but who knows, thought the modest maiden, what may oppress his heart? Then recollecting her own insignificance, she blushed that the idea that she was the cause of the count's melancholy could arise in her soul. As she knew moreover from the letters which she had to write for the countess, that it was her intention to unite him with the young and wealthy Countess Veronica, she conjectured that it might be some disinclination to this match which affected the spirits of her son.

The count now took the diversion of the chase more frequently than he had been accustomed to do; and Francis, an unpolished young man, to whom, however, as the associate of his earliest infancy, the count was much attached, generally accompanied him. Many festive entertainments had been given on occasion of the count's arrival; these were now returned by the neighbouring gentry: visits were received and paid: hence Maria was less about the countess, and was mostly left by herself. But solitude is a painter to the passions, and so Maria found it to be. The count, amidst the bustle of company and diversions, had not unfrequently approached her unobserved: his looks then spoke but too plainly, and carefully as Maria avoided any explanation, yet occasional words which he dropped sufficiently betrayed his sentiments. She was in hopes that his marriage with Veronica would relieve her from this embarrassing situation; and therefore thought it best, out of regard to the countess, and from delicacy to her son, to make no complaint. But when her heart at times throbbed more vehemently in her bosom, she would address her prayers to God and the saints, and then felt herself strengthened and comforted. Often too a sudden melancholy would oppress her: she sought seclusion, and when, unseen by human eye, her tears would there flow faster, for what reason precisely she could not tell, she would then delude herself with the idea, that they were caused by the recollection of her dear departed parents and the uncertainty of her future lot.

In this mood she sat one evening, when the countess was gone to pay a visit, in an arbour, listening to the murmur of a brook and the song of a distant nightingale. She had her harp with her. She attempted to sing, but her voice refused its office. Absorbed in melancholy, and leaning on the harp, her fingers now and then struck a chord. The tears trickled from her eyes at the thoughts of death and the grave, the termination of all sorrows. She felt her heart somewhat lightened, and was able to pray. Confidence in the holy

and eternal Protector of virtue and innocence inspired her with the resolution to bear up against all the hardships and trials of this life; and the doleful strains of the harp changed to a burst of solemn melody. At this moment the count, who had returned from hunting, attracted by the unexpected sounds, entered the arbour. Maria would have retired, but he detained her, seized her hand, and pressed it to his heart and his lips. Maria mustered her courage, and withdrew her hand. "Sir," said she, "I am your mother's maid." — "But," cried he, "in virtue and beauty a queen."—"Then, count," rejoined Maria, "respect that virtue, and disturb not the peace of one who is already too unfortunate." She again attempted to quit the arbour.

"Maria," exclaimed the count, "is it possible that you do not understand me? that your heart is insensible to all my sufferings? Without you I cannot be happy: I will sacrifice every consideration, if you will accompany me to a distant land, where by your side I shall enjoy a felicity which it is not in the power of rank and fortune to confer."

Maria now thought of the countess; the image of her mother was recalled to her mind, and inspired her with energy and courage.—"Were I weak enough," said she, "to accede to this proposal, you would yourself soon despise a wretch, who could rob a fond mother of her only son, regardless of her malediction."

She seemed deeply agitated: the count threw his arm round her waist. Maria trembled. He would have imprinted a kiss on her lips, but she struggled, and released herself from his grasp. "The object of illicit passion, sir," said she with dignity, "I never can be; nor will I forfeit your respect. I should be very reluctant to quit the world, but without the protection of your noble mother I shall be compelled to do so. Be assured that if you presume to address such language to me again, I will implore her to procure me admission into a nunnery as speedily as possible."

"Maria," said the count, "is that your definitive resolution?"

"My definitive, inflexible resolution," replied Maria.

At this moment a carriage drove up. It was the countess returning from her visit. Maria hastily quitted the garden. The count was deeply agitated. Respect augmented his love for Maria; and the Countess Veronica, with her rank, youth, and wealth, when he compared her with Maria, was totally eclipsed by the latter in beauty, talents, and understanding. For the remainder of the evening he was absent and reserved. His mother attributed this to aversion to the proposed match, and was the more solicitous to convince him of the advantages that would attend it. After a sleepless night, he went out early next morning with Francis to divert himself with the chase. His thoughts, however, were too deeply engaged with another object: he suffered a deer which had been started to pass by him at a little distance without firing; at which Francis could not refrain from laughing aloud. "Happy insensibility!" exclaimed the count —"you have no conception of my sufferings!" — "As if," replied

Francis, "I had not observed that you are over head and ears in love with my lady's pretty maid."

The subject being once started, the count rejoiced that there was one person with whom he could converse about Maria and his hopeless passion. Francis and he now became inseparable; but the count's health declined, his cheek daily grew more pale, and his companion frequently expressed his profound sorrow for his situation. One day when the count had been complaining to him of the keenness of his pangs, "Oh!" said he, "were I in your place, I would risk a handful of gold."

"Degrade not the angel by so base a thought!" replied the count.

"You do not understand me," rejoined Francis. "About ten miles off, on the other side of the forest, there is a cunning woman, whom I would fee handsomely for a draught to make your cold beauty a little more compliant."

The count shrugged his shoulders; but as all his relatives strove to accelerate his marriage with the Countess Veronica, after which it was intended that he should reside on her estates, as Maria cautiously avoided him, and Francis was perpetually recurring to the love-potion, and expatiating on its extraordinary effects, the idea, as he became more familiar with it, appeared less and less absurd and abominable.

One day, when he was dining alone with his mother, "I am very sorry," said she, after a long silence, "to find that I must part with Maria. I scarcely know how to do without her, and yet as the good creature has to-day acquainted me with her resolution to go into a nunnery, it would be wrong to withdraw a bride from heaven." The count could scarcely conceal his agitation. He had given Maria no occasion to fulfil her threat; but he was ignorant that Maria was not insensible to his passion. Engaged on this account in a continual conflict with her own heart, she first became dissatisfied with herself, and then with all the world. Religion afforded her consolation; she imagined that by devoting herself to pious exercises, she should enjoy it in a still higher degree, and this notion suggested the idea of taking the veil.

The count, hurried away by the vehemence of his sorrows and his passion, was now willing to resort to that expedient which held out the last faint ray of hope; and the very next day Francis put into his hands a small phial containing a few drops of a reddish liquid, which, if taken by Maria, would, according to the assurance of the bag, inflame her with the most vehement passion for the count.

This phial he carried about him for several days, but could not prevail on himself to make use of it, when the countess received a visit from her future daughter-in-law. Veronica was fond of music, and recollecting an air which she had heard Maria play, expressed a wish to possess it. "The good creature," said the countess, "is to leave me next week, but I will take care to procure the air before she goes."—"I will fetch it directly," said the count, hastily quitting the room; and both his mother and bride seemed gratified with this mark of attention. He

hurried to Maria's apartment, undetermined whether to employ the potion which he held in his hand, or to try the effect of one more declaration of his love. He entered the room, and with some hesitation acquainted her with his errand. Maria was exceedingly confused; but that she might not betray herself, she kept her eyes fixed upon the pile of music. Her hand trembled, and after a long search she could not find the air. On the table near which the count stood was a bason of milk: he knew that Maria was in the habit of drinking milk, and before his intention was matured into a resolution, he had emptied the liquid into the bason. "Here is the air!" at length cried Maria, handing it to the count, who made no movement to go. Maria was aware that he wished to commence a conversation, which she, on the other hand, was desirous of avoiding. At this moment her little lap-dog ran up to her, and she seized this opportunity to turn from the count, and direct her attention to another object. "Poor Minon!" said she, "I quite forgot you to-day." With these words she took the milk, poured it into a saucer, and set it down for the animal, which greedily lapped it up.

The count stood confounded: he knew not whether to be vexed at the failure of his plan, or to thank heaven for it. But, with a view to begin a conversation, he praised the dog, and went up to the animal to pet him. Minon growled and bit his hand, which bled copiously. Maria was frightened, and ran to beat the dog, when she was bitten in the same manner. Foaming at the mouth, and hanging down his head, the animal then ran out of the room. "Gracious God!" exclaimed the count, "the dog is mad." Hurrying out of the apartment, he called for Francis and the gamekeeper, by whom his conjecture was, alas! fully confirmed. Physicians were sent for. They administered all possible remedies, but in vain; symptoms of the horrid disease soon manifested themselves in both. The count suffered the most torturing thirst; and yet the mere sight of any liquid not only excited antipathy, but threw him into terrible convulsions.

Both patients were given over by the physicians; for Maria was still worse than the count. Francis and a servant were watching beside the bed of the latter, when he earnestly requested to be taken into the garden, for the sake of the air. They accordingly supported him one on each side; they passed the door of Maria's apartment. "Oh!" said he, "permit me to stop here a moment! I hear the voice of the unfortunate girl: perhaps she may give me some comfort." They listened. "O God!" ejaculated Maria, "thou sawest how I struggled to subdue my passion; if I had a heart, that was not my fault. Father of mercy, wherefore this severe punishment? But if such be thy will, let me alone suffer, and save, oh! save him!" The count extricating himself from the hands of his attendants, and thrusting them back with the force of a giant, burst into Maria's room. "O Maria!" cried he, with a tone of unutterable anguish, falling on his knees before

her, "behold in me, wretch that I am, the author of your misery; and yet you, angelic creature, can pray for me!"—He confessed what he had done. "Grant me your forgiveness," said he, "here on earth, that I may not be driven from the judgment-seat of the Almighty!" The effect of this confession and this scene was too powerful for Maria's soul, and in a few hours she expired in the most dreadful convulsions. The stronger frame of the count held out two days longer.

The servants sought to conceal the cause of this fatal catastrophe and the confession of the count from the unhappy mother; but three days after the funeral, a frightful moaning was heard in the castle, and many affirmed that they had seen the count, and others Maria. The countess caused masses to be said, and distributed alms, but in vain: the moans and lamentations were regularly heard at the hour of midnight. Francis in particular declared, that he was almost incessantly haunted by them, and that he could get no rest even in the daytime. Impelled by the anguish of his soul, he confessed the whole affair to the countess. The unhappy lady, who had already suffered so much on account of the death of her only, darling son, and could never think of Maria but with deep sorrow and emotion, swooned away. She awoke to new anguish, for Francis, hurrying off in a paroxysm of despair, had put an end to his life with a pistol. The unfortunate countess forsook the castle, where every thing served to awaken melancholy recollections: a slow fever ere long released her from a life which had ceased to possess any charms for her.

Various subsequent attempts to inhabit the castle proved that it was impossible: for now the inmates not only heard the same moans as at first, but, since the tragic end of Francis, they were disturbed at midnight by a tremendous noise and tumult. In process of time, therefore, the whole building fell to decay: but the figures of the unfortunate persons are yet frequently seen wandering among the ruins; and the reverend Father Blasius, being summoned to administer the sacrament to a dying man, and passing this place at midnight, averred, by his hope of salvation, that he had himself beheld the three spirits, and heard their moans and lamentations.—"God be merciful to the poor souls," are the concluding words of the chronicler, "and release them from the flames of purgatory!"

NEW METHOD OF PRESERVING EGGS.

In the year 1820, an egg-dealer of Paris received permission from the prefect of the police to sell eggs in the market which he had preserved for a year, by means of a composition the nature of which he kept secret. Upwards of thirty thousand of these eggs had been sold, without any complaint being made by the purchasers, when the Committee of Health received directions to examine specimens of these eggs. They were found to be almost as fresh as if they had

been new-laid, and there was nothing to distinguish them from common eggs but a coating of carbonate of lime, which was perceived on their shells. This circumstance led M. Cadet, the celebrated chemist, to the discovery of the process for preserving them, and he made the following experiment with complete success.

On the 24th of November, 1820, he put half a dozen new-laid eggs into a glass jar, which he filled to the brim with strong lime-water. On the 8th of September, 1821, the Committee of Health charged M. Marc de Pariset to ascertain, with M. Cadet, the result of the experiment. One of the eggs, which had been accidentally cracked, had become thick and coagulated, but gave out no offensive smell: the others were full, and had retained their transparency. When gently boiled for three minutes they were perfectly sweet and good.

The lime-water therefore preserved these eggs in the best state for nine months and a half. M. Cadet is of opinion that the same end may be attained by a weak solution of muriate of lime. This process has been for some time employed with success to preserve anatomical preparations and objects in natural history. The muriate of lime is said to be a complete substitute for the much more expensive spirit of wine, or the solution of alum, which is liable to injure the substances to which it is applied.

SUPPLEMENTARY CLASSES OF OLD MAIDS:

Addressed to Celibia, Caroline Contest, *and Mr.* J. M. Lacey.

I am, my good ladies and gentleman, one of the readers of the *Repository*, to whom your correspondence respecting the sisterhood of old maids has afforded considerable amusement. I have watched its progress with a good deal of interest, and witnessed its close with some disappointment; for I think that you, my good Mr. Lacey, have (no reflection on your personal courage, sir,) given up the cause at last in a cowardly manner. What! could you really find no weapons to wield against the light arms of Caroline Contest? or did gallantry oblige you not to press a lady to the last extremity of argument? or, what is more probable, did Mrs. Lacey, who I warrant me is not without her share of the *esprit de corps*, exclaim, "Come now, really, my dear, you must not harass these poor spinsters any farther: it is hard enough upon them to be excluded from the rights and privileges which wedlock bestows upon us matrons, without being laughed at into the bargain." Egad, I fancy I've hit the right nail upon the head at last; but whether or not, without farther investigating the cause of your capitulating, it is certain you have thrown down your arms, and surrendered at discretion. Now, sir, as I have, for certain reasons which I need not enter into, a very decided antipathy to the venerable sisterhood, it remains for me to take up the gauntlet, and to prove, if I can, that there are in the world certain class-

es of old maids, of which neither you nor Caroline Contest have taken any notice, and for whom I think even her rhetoric and invention cannot furnish an excuse.

Before I speak of those classes I must say a word to Celibia, who, in her zealous wish to exonerate the whole body from blame, would willingly make one excuse serve for all. Though this betrays a poverty of invention, which I could not have expected in a lady, and cannot in any shape be admitted as a general apology, yet I am willing to allow, that as far as regards herself, and perhaps some half dozen more of the community in the three kingdoms, her plea may be just.

Now for you, fair Caroline: you have classed the sisterhood, and this classification Mr. Lacey admits to be very fair, and so I allow it as far as it goes; but I contend that it by no means embraces the whole body of the sisterhood, which is the point you, madam, pretend to establish; and now let us see who are those who cannot, justly speaking, be placed in any of the classes you have enumerated.

First upon my list is the manœuvrer: a *belle* of this stamp sets out with a determination to make the very best match she possibly can. You will here exclaim, that this lady belongs to the ambitious class. No such thing; the ambitious spinster, from the moment she is old enough to marry, looks forward to making a great match, and if she be actually verging upon the desperation of old maidism, she will not condescend to think even for a moment of a person of inferior degree. The manœuvrer, on the contrary, sets out merely with a determination to get a husband; a rich one if she can, but at all events to get one. She does not therefore hastily reject a proposal, but as soon as it is made, she sits down deliberately to weigh the pros and cons, calculates all the chances, and ends by deciding that the offer is by no means the very best she may expect, though still it is not to be absolutely refused till she is quite sure of a better. Accordingly she manages, by some means or other, to give hope without, as the phrase is, committing herself, till she either fancies herself certain of a more advantageous match, or else wears out her lover's patience. In the former case she dismisses him without ceremony, and continues to play the same game perhaps in two or three instances, till at last her crooked policy meets the fate it deserves, and she is left to wear the willow by the man of whom she thinks herself most certain. In the latter, her lover, tired of delay, or perhaps seeing into her character, abandons her; and then our manœuvrer, in spite of the still small voice of conscience, proclaims herself to the world as a deserted damsel, and if she has but a moderate share of artifice, obtains the credit of being one more victim to the perfidy of mankind.

The second class may be called the romantics: a lady of this kind cannot endure the idea of a lover who could not rank with Amadis de Gaul, or any other hero of old romance. Should a plain worthy man offer, it is impossible for her to think of a creature of such gross and earthly mould, in whom she cannot discover the least grandeur

of soul, or elevation of sentiment. She is told that he is a good son, an excellent master, a warm friend. No matter, these are every-day virtues; they may perhaps entitle their possessor to the regard of the common herd, but she must find something more sublime and distinguished in the man on whom her virgin affections are to be bestowed. No such hero, however, appears; years glide on, and our fair Penthesilea blooms and fades in single blessedness, with only this comfort, that the days of chivalry are at an end, and the race of Amadis de Gaul is for ever extinct.

The third class are learned ladies, who waste the midnight lamp not in framing nets to catch hearts, but in deciphering Gothic characters, or poring over Greek manuscripts. A virgin of this sort is too much devoted to Apollo and the Muses to attract the attention of the men, and she usually passes the morning of her days without troubling herself much about them, or receiving many civilities from them; but as the noon of life approaches, the woman conquers the pedant, and she begins to think it high time to get married. There is, however, what an Irishman would call a small difficulty in the way; that is, to find somebody to have her. In vain does she display the treasures of her mind by repeating Greek quotations or Latin verses; vainly does she condescend to recollect at last the duties of the toilet, and submit to the hardship of washing her face and cleaning her teeth. She has passed the period in which a little attention to the decencies of life might have enabled her to read a new page in the history of the human heart, and she returns to her studies with a thorough conviction, that they managed these matters better in the days of Ovid and Tibullus.

The fourth class consists of those wealthy heiresses who know how to calculate to a farthing the value of their rent-roll, and resolve never to match it with half an acre of land less: a lady of this kind does not consider the person, character, or temper of her lover; she looks at nothing but his estate. You will perhaps, madam, be for insisting upon it, that you have provided for this case in the class of the ambitious. I answer no, positively no; she is merely actuated by the spirit of trade, determined to make a fair bargain, and to have her pennyworth for her penny; and if she does not succeed, good bye to matrimony, for she would live single till seventy rather than take a farthing less than she has a right to expect.

I have no doubt that with a little reflection I should be able to add three or four more classes to the above, but I fancy I have said enough to convince you, madam, that there are old maids to be found who may justly be pronounced fit food for satire. Whether your omission of these classes were unintentional, or merely a *ruse d'avocat*, to place your cause in the fairest light, I won't pretend to say; all I want to prove is, that there are antiquated spinsters in the world, whose celibacy is actually and *bonâ fide* owing to causes for which no apology can be made; and after what I have above stated, I challenge you to deny this truth if you can. I am, madam, your very humble servant,

FRANK FEARNOUGHT.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS OF A MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF OLD MAIDS:

Miss GRIZELDA GRIMLOOKS *in the Chair.*

LONDON, August 10.

A MEETING of this respectable body was called at the Hall of the Society, on the day above-mentioned, for the purpose of taking into consideration the correspondence which has lately passed, respecting the venerable sisterhood, between Celibia, Caroline Contest, and Mr. J. M. Lacey, when the following resolutions were unanimously entered into:

Resolved,—That the pretended vindication of Celibia is in fact nothing more than a covert libel on the sisterhood, and as such punishable by law; which the sisterhood are determined, on this occasion, strictly to enforce against the offender, whose malice is clearly discoverable in making the groundwork of her pretended apology rest upon a gross and scandalous falsity, namely, that numbers of ladies remain single for want of offers: whereas, all the single ladies, of a certain age, in his Majesty's dominions, will every one of them testify, that they might have been married half a dozen times at least, if they could have submitted to the odious yoke of matrimony.

Resolved,—That notwithstanding the apparently handsome submission of Mr. J. M. Lacey, we are, from our knowledge of the deceitfulness of mankind, fully persuaded that there are still certain feelings inimical to the interests of our body lurking in his mind; at least, putting all circumstances together, we are perfectly assured that he would do his utmost to place the institution of matrimony in the fairest light, in order, by this indirect method, to prevent the increase of our sisterhood. We cannot, therefore, consistently with our interests, treat him otherwise than as a suspicious person, who ought to be kept under proper *surveillance*; and accordingly we do hereby direct our honourable secretaries, Misses Lynxeye and Eavesdrop, to pay the most particular attention to the future conduct of the said Mr. J. M. Lacey, in order that, if he should be convicted of meddling at any time either directly or indirectly with the affairs of the sisterhood, we may proceed without delay to levy the penalty of his bond.

Resolved,—That the thanks of this meeting be given to Caroline Contest, for her very handsome, able, and disinterested vindication of our sisterhood; and that, as a more substantial mark of our approbation, she be informed that she is from this time present taken under the particular patronage of our community; and that her person, dress, and private affairs are hereby declared exempt from that tax of censure which youthful spinsters and married women have been laid under, time immemorial, by our body.

Resolved,—That a copy of these resolutions be immediately published in the *Repository of Arts*, for the information of such of our sisters as could not attend this meeting, that they may regulate their conduct accordingly.

After the resolutions were passed, and the business of the meeting consequently concluded, several of the members called as usual for cards; but this measure was opposed by the chairwoman, on the ground, that as the members had that day conducted themselves with a degree of harmony highly worthy of their dignity, and totally unexampled in the annals of the society, it would be wrong to risk the interruption of it by the introduction of an amusement which never fails to be attended with consequences totally subversive of peace and good order. The justice of these remarks was universally admitted, and the meeting broke up in the most amicable manner.

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, THE FIRST WIFE OF BUONAPARTE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

At a time when O'Meara's picture of the habits of *Napoleon in Exile*, and his record of the opinions and reflections of the fallen emperor on the most important events of his life and government, are in the hands of every reader, it may not be amiss to direct their attention to a work not less curious, and I should think quite as authentic, which appeared at Paris a year or two ago, and which, whatever interest it may have excited in France, is I believe very little, if at all, known in this country. I allude to the *Memoirs of the Empress Josephine*, from the pen of Mademoiselle le Normant, the celebrated and fashionable fortune-teller of the Fauxbourg St. Germain. Fouché, as minister of police, was doubtless well acquainted with the family secrets of the Parisians, but it seems to admit of a question, whether this fortune-teller, to whose predictions Buonaparte himself is said to have sometimes listened, were not still more profoundly initiated into them. It is well known that the empress frequently consulted the "Sibyl of the rue Tournon," as she styled herself; and her appearance at the Congress of Aix-la-Chapelle affords reason to presume, that other persons of high rank may have occasionally listened to her oracles. Be this as it may, her work, in two thick octavo volumes, is of such a nature as to excite a high degree of interest and curiosity. Your readers will not be displeased with a few extracts from these *Memoirs*, which, if not from the pen of the empress herself, yet evince at least an intimate acquaintance with the circumstances of her life. I am, &c.

An old Correspondent.

Josephine Marie Rose Tascher de la Pagerie was born, as is generally known, in the island of Martinique. Her parents regarded it as a propitious omen, that the moment of her birth was marked by the thunder of the cannon, on account of the peace which had just been concluded, and by which the colony was transferred to France; and that the infant's head was adorned with a crown of hair —"which," adds Mademoiselle le Normant, "is always a lucky sign"

After the author has proceeded with the history of the empress to the period of her separation from her first husband, she all at once remarks: "Here terminate the events which I presume must be contained in the missing manuscripts. I lay down the pen, and communicate to my readers the memoirs which follow those that I have had to fill up and complete."

In very early youth, Josephine, who was then known by no other name than that of "the fair Creole," felt the first movements of awaking love. William K——, a young Englishman, of about the same age as herself, whose parents had been obliged to quit their native country, in consequence of their attachment to the house of Stuart, and had settled in the colony, inspired her with this passion, and shared it with her. The return of the young man to Europe, to finish his education, parted the lovers. This circumstance would not be worth mentioning, had not accident brought them together again at a later period, and united them, as it were, in death.

Madame Renaudin, Josephine's aunt, who then resided at Fontainebleau, was very desirous that her elder sister, Marie, should come to Europe to be united to the young Vicomte de Beauharnois, but the early death of the bride frustrated this plan. The parents at length consented to send Josephine to France, and "the fair Creole" left her happy island at the age of scarcely fifteen years. At Fontainebleau she again met with K——, the friend of her childhood, and his father, both were frequent visitors at her aunt's, but every precaution was used to prevent the young folks from seeing one another alone. Josephine was at length placed in the nunnery of Panthemont.

The author relates very circumstantially, how Madame Renaudin, who afterwards married the old Marquis de Beauharnois, contrived to effect a union between Josephine and his son, the vicomte. The latter had the reputation among the ladies of being a Bayard at the head of his regiment, and a Zephyr in the *boudoirs*. On several occasions, says Mademoiselle le Normant, he was honoured by the queen with tokens *d'une bienveillance toute particulière*; she always called him "the handsome dancer," and he continued to be distinguished by that appellation. This match, in which love had no share, ended like many others of mere convenience. The vicomte was attached to a Madame de V. and had reluctantly given his hand to Mademoiselle Tascher: he was extremely amiable in the company of any other woman than his own wife, and Madame de Beauharnois became more and more uncomfortable every day. Some good-natured friend informed the vicomte of her former partiality for young K——: mutual reproaches were the consequence. Trusty persons were dispatched to Martinique, to make inquiry among the lady's attendants respecting her conduct; and the result was a process, which, however, terminated in favour of Madame de Beauharnois. These long domestic troubles, and the advice of her friends, determined her

to return to Martinique with her daughter Hortense, while her son (Eugene) remained with his father.

In a note, the author relates the farther fortunes of Josephine's first admirer, K——. After a long residence on his possessions in India, he returned to Europe towards the end of the year 1802. He had married the niece of Lord Loy***, but she died at Batavia, after giving birth to a son. Upon this he left the East Indies, committed the infant to the care of his mother, who lived in Dublin, and repaired to Paris about the time of Napoleon's coronation. He was not then presented to the empress, who did not even know that he resided so near her. When the unfortunate General du Buc was arrested by command of the emperor, K—— was also thrown into confinement, because he had associated with him. In this dilemma, he found means to transmit a note through the Marquise de Montesson to the friend of his youth, in which he merely solicited a keepsake and a passport. Josephine obtained of Fouché what he desired. He returned to Scotland, but disliking Edinburgh, he went to Italy, and resided for some time in the convent on Mont Cenis.

Here the author describes a romantic meeting between Josephine and her former lover. In July 1805, Napoleon went, as it is well known, to Italy, and stopped for a short time at the convent on Mont Cenis. Here he heard among other things of the eccentric Englishman, who had fixed his abode on a steep crag of the mountain. The empress expressed a wish to see him. A sedan-chair was brought, and the emperor laughed heartily at the alarms of Josephine while she was being carried along the brink of tremendous precipices. When she had nearly reached the spot, she perceived the Englishman, but he quickly withdrew from her sight. From some papers found in his hermitage it appeared that he had been confined in the Temple: this circumstance excited the curiosity of the emperor; he inquired the name of the stranger, and when it was told him, he cast a roguish leer at his wife, who had previously acquainted him with her juvenile amour. He joked her a great deal on this *rencontre*, and said, "It is very ungallant of the dear Mr. K——; he ought to have stopped at least to salute the empress!"

Josephine scarcely thought any more of K——, when in 1814 he called on her at Malmaison. He had been wounded in the action near Paris, and had his arm in a sling. The empress, when she saw him, was overcome with surprise: she nevertheless contrived to conceal her emotion from those about her. Just at this time she was frequently visited by the foreign sovereigns, and was closely watched on all sides. K—— regarded what was but extreme prudence as coldness and indifference, and took it so to heart that he fell dangerously ill. The empress sent a confidential person to assure him of her fervent wishes for his recovery, but it was too late; his wound grew worse; it was deemed necessary to amputate his arm, and the unfortunate K—— survived her who had been his first love only three days.

Much has been said about a prediction pronounced respecting Josephine in her youth. On this subject Mademoiselle le Normant relates what follows:

Josephine had the same custom as J. J. Rousseau: she never missed picking up in a morning the little stones that lay in her way, throwing them against the trunk of the next tree, and thence inferring the lucky and unlucky events which were to befal her. She carefully collected all sorts of omens, and then quietly awaited the issue of things. During her connection with K——, she took it into her head to have her fortune told by Euphemia, a mulatto woman, who was in high reputation in the island for her predictions. She went in company with two female friends to the Pythian priestess. After the cunning woman had told her two companions their fortune, she took the hand of the "fair Creole," which, says Mademoiselle le Normant, was beautifully marked and covered with magic characters, and said, "You will marry a fair man, who is intended to be the husband of one of your family. the young lady whose place you are destined to take, will not live long. A young foreigner who loves you, will never cease to think of you. You will never have him for your husband, and you will even strive in vain to save his life, which will terminate unhappily.—— Your planet announces that you will be twice married. The first of your husbands will be a native of Martinique, but reside in Europe and wear a sword: owing to a scandalous law-suit, you will be parted, and in consequence of the great troubles which will break out in the kingdom of France, he will come to a tragic end, and leave you a widow with two young children. Your second husband will have very dark hair, he will be of European descent, and possess but little fortune. but he will be renowned; he will fill the whole world with his fame, and even subject several nations to his authority. You will then become an eminent lady, and be surrounded with pomp and splendour. but many ungrateful persons will forget the kindness you have shewn them After you have astonished the world, you will die unhappy. Many a time, in the midst of your riches, will you wish for the quiet, peaceful life you now lead in this island At the moment when you will be forsaken, but not for ever, a sign will be seen in the heavens, and this will be the forerunner of your astonishing fortune."

Josephine, says the author, could never think of this prophecy without apprehension. She placed but little confidence in the permanence of her prosperity; and in the moments of her highest splendour, she gave way to fears which incessantly agitated her heart. A few days after her coronation, while lying on the magnificent bed sprinkled with golden bees, she observed to Madame de St. H——. "You see how every thing smiles upon me; I am at the summit of grandeur and dignity; my husband is all-powerful—but, alas! all this will pass away like a dream!"—"I strove to sooth her," says Madame de St. H——, "by representing the difference between her then situation and that into which she felt

apprehensive of falling: but she replied — 'For that very reason, because I have mounted so high, the fall will be tremendous. Think of Marie Antoinette! did she deserve her fate? I cannot reflect on it without trembling with horror. I hate the sight of the Tuileries—it makes me melancholy—I am always afraid of being driven out of it.'"

So long as Josephine was seated on the throne, continues the author, she exercised her generous and benevolent disposition whenever opportunity offered. "I know not that I have any enemies," she would say to those around her; "if I have, they sneak about in the dark: for that reason I cannot help fearing them. I have as strong an aversion to flatterers as to false advisers. I cannot but believe that Napoleon is attached to me, that he has a real affection for me, and that he will never voluntarily put me away against my will." At the same time she was under no small apprehension of treacherous attendants, and for nearly seven years one of her ladies, Mademoiselle A. carried about her an *antidote, to be administered in case of necessity*. It is true that it was never made use of.

At the time of Mallet's conspiracy, Josephine actually believed for a moment that the emperor was dead, and she sincerely deplored his loss, without thinking what was to become of herself. In 1814, she was firmly convinced that the sinister prophecy of the negress was about to be accomplished. "I will not survive thy downfall, Napoleon!" said she to herself, on her return from Navarre to Malmaison. When she was apprised of his fate, she resolved to accompany him, and lighten by her attentions the burden of his misfortunes. She mustered her spirits, and dispatched a messenger to him while at Fontainebleau, but receiving no precise answer, she took it so deeply to heart, that her health in consequence suffered materially.

Passing over what the author says concerning the return of Madame de Beauharnois to France and her reunion with her husband, the early events of the Revolution, in which the marquis acted so conspicuous a part, and his unfortunate end, as also the anecdotes that are related of the persons who then frequented her house, we proceed to the account given in the *Memoirs* of the first acquaintance of Josephine with Napoleon Buonaparte. It was believed for some time that she would marry General Hoche, whom she frequently saw, and who was particularly fond of her son Eugene; but on this head she thus expressed herself: "I had conceived such a high esteem for this brave officer, that most of my friends set it down as a match. I felt indeed a degree of kindness for the general; but this was very different from love. I was aware of his intimate connection with Madame de Pons Ballan (who afterwards married the general's aide-de-camp), whom honest Lazaro (as Madame de Beauharnois was accustomed familiarly to call him) had saved in La Vendée. I believe that had his heart still been at his disposal, I should have had no great difficulty to obtain it; but I

was content to be his friend, his *confidente*, and perhaps I had sometimes the good fortune to suggest some of those generous ac-

tions, so many of which grace h military career.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

PLATE 14.—VIEW OF THE WEST ENTRANCE OF THE REGENT'S CANAL GREAT TUNNEL.

As the spirit of trade and commerce spread itself through the country, its inhabitants became impatient of the difficulties and delays caused by bad roads, and resolving to overcome the obstruction to their pursuits, the public ways became effective and ready means of communication to the principal towns; but the rapid and immense increase of native produce, and the consequent return of foreign supply in weighty goods, even so late as a few years ago, covered our roads with ponderous waggons, and which were at length inadequate to the increase of trade and the speculations of manufacturers. The same genius that raised and augmented this common traffic, created the means of more rapid and cheap conveyance by artificial rivers, where nature had not provided navigable waters; and in a few years canals have been made to intersect and convey the produce of every climate and the manufacture of the whole country. The immense value of land, however, for a long time prevented the formation of a canal [illegible] tion than Brindley [illegible] of the present Duke of [illegible] ted with the [illegible] its commerce with [illegible] delays of tide. This inconvenience produced the [illegible] of the Paddington Canal [illegible] brought the means of [illegible] veyance to the edge of the town it yet remained to project and execute a continuation of it that should approach every part of the city and its suburbs, and entering the port of London itself, become the receptacle of every article destined for the country, and the avenue by which its produce might be [illegible] returned for the foreign [illegible].

The Regent's Canal has accomplished all that is required for these purposes. It skirts the north side of London, as the Thames does the south, with which it forms a junction at Limehouse, where it has a capacious dock, and thence continues, in a line of nearly nine miles from east to west, to its communication with the Paddington branch of the Grand Junction. The facility which now exists of receiving and dispatching goods at the [illegible] of London, the accommodation of the many wharfs [illegible] on the margin of the canal, the [illegible] districts connected with it, the [illegible] and its [illegible] the [illegible] with almost every [illegible] of [illegible] in which [illegible] itself, may [illegible] ate [illegible] that the Regent's [illegible] will obtain an extraordinary [illegible] and eventually [illegible] may be com-

mensurate with its means, for in this every lock canal has obvious limitations.

From Limehouse the canal passes the Commercial-road through the fields near Stepney, Mile-End, and Bethnal-Green. It diverges northward to Cambridge Heath, the Hackney and Kingsland-roads; thence through the parishes of St. John, Hackney, and St. Leonard's, Shoreditch; when arriving at the hill of Islington, a passage through it became necessary, and here it passes beneath the village and the New River in an arched tunnel, 970 yards, or above half a mile, in length, opening upon the western valley, a short distance below White Conduit House. The annexed view exhibits this entrance of the tunnel, and in which White Conduit House, and indeed the ancient conduit itself, are represented immediately over the south pilaster of the archway.

From this point the canal is continued along the rear of Somers-Town, crossing Camden-Town at a point highly accommodating to Highgate and Hampstead; it then skirts the Regent's Park, and by a branch directly southwards, supplies an ample basin near the end of Portland-road. After emerging from the park, the canal enters a second tunnel, 272 yards long, under Maida-Hill, and bearing to the south-west, joins the Paddington branch of the Grand Junction Canal, from which it receives its water, and consequently partakes of the supplies from the river Brent and the great reservoir at Ryslip.

The length of the canal is nearly nine miles; its average breadth 48 feet; the towing-path 12 feet; it has twelve double locks, besides the tide-lock: it occupies about eighty acres of ground; the City-road basin twenty-five acres; the Limehouse dock six acres. It is crossed by thirty eight bridges, besides the tunnels, and possesses ample basins and accommodations for wharfs.

The Regent's Park wharf is 1500 feet frontage, Horsfall's wharf 1400, City basin wharfs 2000, Kingsland-road wharf 1500, besides several private wharfs, of which Mr. Agar's is 500 feet long.

The tunnels are executed in brick 17½ feet wide, and 19½ feet high, of which 7½ feet are occupied by water: the great one is passed in about eighteen minutes, and of course without the use of the towing-line.

The project was suggested in 1811 or 12, and was begun in 1813, and executed under the direction of Mr. Nash, the architect, assisted by Mr. Morgan; and indeed it required all the well-known ability and perseverance of these gentlemen to surmount the obstacles and difficulties thrown in their way by opposing interests, and those necessarily attendant on so vast a work.

On the 1st of August, 1820, the canal was opened in due form by the Earl of Macclesfield, the chairman of the committee, its deputy chairman, and other members, attended by Mr. Nash, Mr. Morgan, and the engineers of the establishment, and witnessed by a number of the nobility and gentry, and a great concourse of the public, anxious to behold the successful accomplishment of a work so peculiar in importance to the New River, under which it passes, and

about two centuries before, opened by its great projector, Sir Hugh Middleton. The circumstance was not forgotten, and it heightened the sentiment which the occasion inspired: that important work advanced in value so much, that in 1790 its one hundred pound shares produced ten thousand pounds; and which fact is recorded by Mr. Pennant, who states their value was yet increasing, "because their profits increase on which their dividends are grounded."

HISTORY OF A PIN.

By the Vicomte SEGUR.

We shall pass over all that befel the celebrated pin, whose history we are about to relate, before it came into the hands of Ninon de Lenclos. Suffice it then to state, that it was lying one morning on that lady's toilet, when Madame de Maintenon called to pay her a visit. It is well known that this haughty fair-one was accustomed to go from her confessor, and from the foot of the altar, to the temple of pleasure and voluptuousness, the abode of that enchantress whose spells retained their power to so advanced a period of life. She had just come from the Abbé Gobelin, her confessor, who was in the habit of making innocent presents to the pious females whose consciences were under his guidance. He had that morning presented her with an elegant pincushion, consecrated by his sacred hands. Madame de Maintenon pulled her handkerchief out of her pocket too hastily, and the pincushion rolled to the feet of Ninon, who quickly picked it up. The blushing owner begged her to restore the valued memorial. Ninon promised to comply with her wish, on condition that Maintenon should tell her how she came by the pincushion, which looked very like a present. The latter was not without secret apprehensions that the sacred object had been profaned by the touch of the fair libertine: she was embarrassed, and kept silence. "If you will not tell me," said Ninon, "I shall have a right to infer the worst: there is nothing that I might not presume from the appearance of this pretty pincushion, which you have certainly received from some admirer. May I not know who it is? Is it Villarceaux, or Chevreuse, or perhaps the king himself?" At the mention of the king Madame de Maintenon's confusion increased, and she knew not how to extricate herself: at length sacrificing her self-love, and exposing herself to Ninon's ridicule, she declared, that she had received this present, to which she attached so high a value, from her confessor. —"Indeed!" exclaimed Ninon, laughing; "I should never have imagined that the Abbé Gobelin could so powerfully excite my curiosity. But before I return you his present, I will stick the first pin into it. Here is one which I put into my ribbon merely to remind me that La Châtre is coming this evening. I select it on account of the coincidence. You know I consider you as religious

rather from principle and compulsion than from disposition: this mixture of the sacred and the profane cannot fail to bring you luck." She thereupon pulled out the pin, and stuck it in the pincushion of Madame de Maintenon, who, too fortunate to come off so easily, made no objection, and took her leave, as she had no wish to continue the conversation.

In the afternoon the Abbé Gobelin again called on his fair spiritual daughter. He mentioned the pincushion, which the lady produced with expressions of acknowledgment: but the single pin in the middle, which she had forgotten to remove, caught his eye. He was going to make some observation upon it. Madame de Maintenon guessed what he would have said, and again blushed. It is astonishing how often a virtuous woman has occasion to blush in the course of a day. The conversation was suspended for a moment; the lady abstained from any allusion to the pin, which was soon destined to act a more important part.

About this time the king was accustomed to walk out with Madame de Montespan in the pleasure-grounds of Versailles, and his majesty contrived as frequently as possible that Maintenon should be of the party. This was far from agreeable to Madame de Montespan, who now began, and not without good reason, to repent having placed so dangerous a rival by her side. One morning, when they were taking their usual walk, the sun shone so hot as to be very troublesome to Madame de Montespan; in vain did she strive to keep a fine gauze over her eyes, for the wind blew it away as fast as it was replaced. There needed not this little contrariety to put her into a worse humour than she was. She all at once desired Madame de Maintenon to give her a pin: the latter, after looking to no purpose at her pincushion, mildly replied, that she had none; not taking into the account Ninon's pin, which at that moment fastened her neckerchief. Could her modesty, indeed, be expected to dispense with that pin?—"I beg pardon, madam," said Montespan angrily, "you have a pin; but you are so contrary to-day!"—With these words she took or rather snatched the pin, which had served to hide so many charms. Let the reader conceive the fury of Madame de Montespan, when, after having been for a moment engaged in pinning her gauze, her eye turned to the king, merely to see his fixed upon those charms which she had just exposed. Shame and confusion on the one hand, rage and despair on the other, and the transported monarch in the middle! what a picturesque scene! Madame de Montespan tore off her gauze, forgetting the pin, which pricked her finger till it bled. "There, madam," said she, throwing it to the owner, "look how your abominable pin has pricked me! It seems as if every thing belonging to you was to hurt me to-day!" Madame de Maintenon cast her eyes on the ground, and the king, as though he had not overheard this keen remark, to give a more pleasing turn to the matter, picked up the pin, saying, "This pin shall belong to nobody but myself, since you are displeased with your

blood." Madame de Montespan made no reply; the walk was terminated, and the unfortunate favourite had just cause to apprehend that the pin which the king took with him would remind him much less of her wound, than of the neckerchief of her lovely rival.

If it were not generally known that from this time a more intimate connection took place between Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, it would appear from what follows. She had frequent interviews with the king before Montespan knew any thing of the matter. It may easily be conceived, that at their first meeting the circumstances of the above-mentioned walk were the subject of conversation. The king spoke with enthusiasm of the pin, which he had ever since kept constantly about him, and with which he pinned his shirt. Madame de Maintenon, nevertheless, received pain alone from the words of the enraptured royal lover. He soon discovered that this sensitive female was under the influence of jealousy, and that she believed he kept the pin more on account of Madame de Montespan's wound, than as a token whereby to remember her neckerchief; nay, she was candid enough to acknowledge this herself.

The king, to demonstrate the injustice of this conclusion, returned the pin to her, on condition that she should never use it again to pin together the neckerchief which so annoyed him. Would Madame de Maintenon have assented, had there not been another pin in the world? Heaven knows—but the conflict between modesty and love would at least have been worthy of her. The condition was accepted, and the pin given back. Unluckily Louis XIV. one day entered Maintenon's apartment when she least expected him. In her haste and confusion she had scarcely time to throw a handkerchief over her bosom, and fasten it with the selfsame pin. At the end of the conversation it was removed for good, and transferred to the hands of the king, who preserved it as a token of his triumph, to which it is said to have paved the way. If, as is not to be denied, this connection led to important events in France, it must be admitted that our pin acted a distinguished part. But its history is not yet finished: let us patiently follow it through the rest of its extraordinary adventures.

Louis XIV. shut it up in a jewel-box, and nothing of consequence befel it till James II. having been driven from the British throne by the Prince of Orange, sought refuge at St. Germain with his queen and infant son. It is well known with what pomp the king received him; that he gave up to him his own apartments; and that, as he went to meet him, Madame de Maintenon, impressed with the grandeur of this moment, endeavoured to stick in the diamond clasp which adorned the king's hat, a plume of white feathers tied with a ribbon, on which she had embroidered the words: *St Jaques est ressemblé à Louis, tout lui serait fidèle*—"Had James been like Louis, all would have remained faithful to him!" These words, which flattered the sensibility and vanity of the king, pleased him

exceedingly: the ribbon ought not to be seen, and yet he was desirous of wearing it. Madame de Maintenon took the utmost pains to fix it as she wished, but to no purpose; it was unmannerly enough to slip at every repeated attempt out of her beautiful fingers. The king assisted her, but the last word withstood their united efforts: both became impatient. The king rung his bell; Bontemps, his valet, entered; Louis ordered him to fetch his jewel-box, and with the grace peculiar to himself, he took out of it the pin that was so dear to him. "Take this, madam," said he: "this is the only way to conceal that word to which mystery alone can impart any charm." Madame de Maintenon pinned on the ribbon, and the king, intoxicated with pride and love, hastened to console the unfortunate Stuart. The precious relic was afterwards duly deposited again in its shrine.

Let us now leave Louis XIV. sometimes at the pinnacle of power and glory, at others on the brink of perdition, to finish his reign. Let us pass over the period of the regency. Our pin lay quietly, whether from oblivion or respect, in the jewel-box, without being touched during this long interval. It was not till towards the end of the reign of Louis XV. that an extraordinary circumstance again brought it forth.

It is well known that Madame Dubarry was the favourite of Louis XV. In her idle or sportive hours nothing was spared by her. One day after dinner, weary of a dull conversation, she took it into her head to see the inside of a cabinet, in which the king kept the most valuable effects of his predecessors, important manuscripts, and curiosities of various kinds. In an instant every thing was turned topsy-turvy in spite of the remonstrances of the king, who, more of the lover than the monarch, had abated so much from his dignity by unbounded condescension. Thus did the jewel-box of Louis XIV. fall into the hands of a woman to whom he would probably never have intrusted it. It contained several diamonds of great value, an enamelled ring of Madame de Maintenon's, on the outer surface of which were engraven religious objects, but on the inner the tenderest mottos and emblems that love and ingenuity could devise; besides a little crucifix of ebony, in commemoration of the repeal of the edict of Nantes, on which were seen the names of Le Tellier, La Chaise, and Madame de Maintenon, together with the unlucky date of the 10th of October, 1685. In one corner of the jewel-box was an *etui* of amber of curious workmanship, containing the motto given to the king by Madame de Maintenon at the meeting between him and James II. at St. Germain: the two ends of the ribbon, together with a paper, on which was written a brief statement of the circumstances that imparted so high a value to our pin, were fastened up together with the latter. In a moment Madame Dubarry had read the motto and the paper, taken the pin, and dashed down the *etui*. "This pin," said she, "I will keep: I'll pin my flowers together with it to-day." In vain did the

king attempt to oppose her: opposition in certain situations is only the forerunner of a fresh weakness. While Louis declared that he would not lose the pin on any account, his mistress was already employed in pinning with it a coloured ribbon, which she had tastefully twisted round the flowers.

This circumstance occurred just at the time when Aiguillon was almost sure of bringing to a successful issue the intrigue in which he was engaged with Madame Dubarry for overthrowing Choiseul. The minister, a man of equal good fortune and talents, had long observed the storm gathering over his head. Uninfected by the apprehensions of his friends of both sexes, he appeared constantly calm, and confided in his good luck. Matters proceeded so far, that he determined to parry the last blow, which was to be aimed at him through the all-powerful favourite. He was always of opinion, that a clever and agreeable man has but one way of reconciling himself with a woman, were she even his mortal enemy: in pursuing it he had always been successful, especially during that reign, and under similar circumstances. To resolve and to execute his resolution was one and the same thing with a man like Choiseul, who was fertile in plans and resources of this kind: in short, the dangerous favourite agreed to give him a meeting in his cabinet, upon pretext of transacting business. Before we proceed any farther, we must observe, that during the last days the king had, not in the best of humours, several times demanded back the pin from Madame Dubarry; but she, by way of teasing her royal protector, kept him in constant fear of losing the invaluable memorial. She had in the presence of the king stuck the pin in a ribbon which served her for a sash. The day appointed for the rendezvous arrived. It is inconceivable how she could have been so absent as to wear this sash on that occasion. It is evident, however, from this fact, that the fascinating favourite really designed to talk of nothing but business. The clock struck six: the king was gone a-hunting, and was not expected to return till late. Choiseul had made all the necessary preparations for availing himself of these delicious moments. The folding-doors flew open; Madame Dubarry entered, more charming than he had ever seen her, and flung herself on a sofa. The conversation passed rapidly from the usual compliments to subjects of the day, from these to gallantries, and from gallantries to caresses. At this critical moment the provoking pin deranged the minister's whole scheme. He felt himself wounded by its sharp point, and uttered a loud cry: neither the warmth of his imagination nor his brilliant genius could render him insensible to pain. *Ennui* and ill-humour succeeded: at length Madame Dubarry suddenly opened the door: "Farewell, Monsieur le Duc!" said she; "I think I hear the king coming." No sooner, indeed, had she reached her apartments, than the king entered. He had never found his mistress so kind: he seized the opportunity to request her to give him back his pin, and she complied. Two days afterwards the minister received

his dismission; and when those who accompanied him to Chanteloup, whither he was exiled, were considering what could be the cause of his sudden disgrace, what he had done, or what omitted to do, the duke with a sigh observed, "Madame de Pompadour wore pins too, but then indeed she knew how to place them better."

The pin now took its station again for a short time in the king's jewel-box, till a new event called it once more into the world, never to return thither.

Mademoiselle C——, a beautiful actress at the *Comedie Française*, had turned the head of Count d'Artois: it is scarcely possible to conceive how highly she rated her favours. She had heard of the celebrated pin, and took a fancy to possess herself of it. She therefore insisted not only that her admirer should obtain the pin from the king, but that the jewel should be in her hands at the first representation of the *Marriage of Figaro*, which was to take place in a few days. She thought it would be a charming thing to transfer this pin from the neckerchief of Madame de Maintenon and the hat of Louis XIV. to Susan's letter, to which she meant it to serve instead of a seal; and she threatened to discard her lover unless she received it by the appointed day. The prince was in the utmost embarrassment; he knew of no method of getting at this talisman—for on what former occasion had a pin been the key to a heart? It was only four days till the representation of *Figaro*. The whim of his mistress reduced him almost to despair: at length chance presented an expedient, which he employed. Quadrilles were danced about this time. M. Delaporte had accurately informed him what the jewel-box contained: upon pretext that he wanted some of the diamonds deposited in it for the approaching ball, he prevailed on the king to lend them to him. "I will look them out myself," said the count, "and then I shall have an opportunity of seeing the famous pin, which I have heard so much talk of." Before the king had time to reply, he was already in the cabinet, where he desired the jewel-box to be opened; and while the attendants were arranging the diamonds, he substituted another pin for that which he coveted, and in an hour it lay at the feet of the fair votary of Thalia. It was high time, for the play had begun. Susan's letter was pinned with it: it passed thus through several hands, till it was lost. Mademoiselle C—— scarcely took the trouble to make an excuse to the count, who now found himself in a very awkward dilemma, for the keeper of the jewel-box soon discovered that the genuine pin was missing. A small *douceur* closed his lips, and the spurious pin was thenceforth treated with a respect which the real one scarcely deserved.

The pin, meanwhile, lay for two days in the dust, till it was picked up by a female dancer, who possessed more beauty than celebrity (therefore her name is not material to our story), at a rehearsal of *Les Amours de Bayard*, into which play ballets were introduced. It so happened that this lady was the mistress of M. de Harlant, the first mortal who was adventurous enough to attempt an aërial voyage in the

balloon of Pilatre de Rozier, and who subsequently fell a victim to his talents and his hardihood. This dancer, as is rarely the case, adored her lover. It is easy to conceive what must have been her apprehensions when, considering the perils to which Harland was about to expose himself, she had the courage to accompany him to La Muette, where the modern Icarus was to wing his flight from the earth. "Let your prudence," said she to him at parting, "at least avoid every unnecessary danger in this hazardous enterprise; and let this lock of my hair remind you of my request!" With these words she affixed the precious lock to his bosom with the eventful pin; her eyes filled with tears, and her lover was soon lost in the clouds. We will leave him to pursue his bold career, and confine ourselves to the adventures of our pin. A gust of wind tore a little flag which our voyager had taken with him as a sign of triumph, and on which the year, day, and hour of the ascent were inscribed. Harland considered it as totally spoiled, and strove in vain to join together the two pieces of stuff. He was obliged to sacrifice the pin, and the lock of hair found another place. In a few hours the balloon descended, amid universal plaudits and congratulations. Natural philosophers, astronomers, and men of science, came in crowds to wish the traveller joy. Bailly had the reputation of being one of the first astronomers of the age: Pilatre presented him with the flag, as a memorial of the attempt, and as a mark of respect due to his talents. Bailly accepted it, and thus, after so many vicissitudes, the celebrated pin was transferred with the flag to the study of an astronomer.

And why did it not remain there?

On the ever-memorable day when the unfortunate Louis XVI. was compelled to leave Versailles, and conducted by his subjects in triumph to the Hotel de Ville of Paris, Bailly, who had been chosen by the people to be mayor of the city, awaited at home the moment when he should be summoned to the town-house to receive the monarch. The king arrived earlier than had been expected; a horseman came at full speed to apprize Bailly of the circumstance: he hurried away, and forgot the patriotic ribbon which for two days he had worn at his button-hole. He returned to his apartments to look for it; he knew not how to fasten it, when the pin, still sticking in the flag, caught his eye: he hastily drew it out, pinned his ribbon to his coat with it, and posted away to the town-house. At the moment when the mayor delivered to the king the national cockade, he had no other means of attaching it to his hat but with the pin which is the subject of this narrative. Too weak for this purpose, it bent full twenty times: at length it fastened the cockade of Louis XVI. in the face of all the people, and thus decided the fate of France.

Let us briefly recapitulate the various situations in which our pin was successively placed.—In the neckerchief of Madame de Maintenon; in the shirt of Louis XV.; in his jewel-box; in the plume of his hat when he received James II.; in the nosegay of Madame Dubarry; in the sash of that favourite;

in the jewel-box of Louis XV.; stolen by Count d'Artois; in the possession of Mademoiselle C——; used instead of a seal to Susan's letter in the *Marriage of Figaro*; lost for two days; in the hands of a dancer; in the coat of M. de Harland; in the flag of a balloon; in the study of M. Bailly; at the button-hole of his coat; and finally in the cockade of Louis XVI.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. XIII.

INSCRIPTION AT GREAT-PARNDON.

A CORRESPONDENT, who lately visited Great-Parndon, near Harlow, in Essex, found in the church-yard the following inscription, which in his opinion possesses sufficient merit to occupy a corner in the *Repository*. He knows not the author.

JOHN BARTON died April 23, 1801, aged 66 years.

Mark, midst the silent mansions of the dead,
An old blind man by parish bounty fed:
Spurn not the grave of one oppress'd by fate:
If virtue have its value, he was great,—
Devout,—industrious,—civil,—sober,—true:
Such, neighbours, was John Barton—such be you.

RUSSIAN DIVINATION.

The author of a recent work on St. Petersburg, relates that the young damsels who are curious to learn whether they shall be married in the ensuing year, form a circle, and each of them strews a small quantity of oats before her. A woman then steps into the middle of the circle, with a cock which is covered up. Shutting her eyes, she turns round several times, and looses the bird, which has been kept for some time without food, and of course does not fail to pick up the corn greedily. The girl whose corn is first consumed may expect to be soon married; and the more eagerly the cock picks it up, the nearer is the time at which the important event will take place.

POWER OF FASHION.

At Vienna, two natives of Brasil, of the savage tribe of the Botocudos, have excited as strong a sensation as the Laplanders lately did with us. At a ball recently given in that capital, for the benefit of the Protestant schools, and which was most numerously attended, some ladies appeared in *Botocudo corsets* of dark red velvet, embroidered with figures, representing the ornaments worn by those savages in their lips and ears!

EXTRAORDINARY TALENTS OF UNEDUCATED CHILDREN.

A society for reclaiming youth of both sexes from vicious habits, and rendering them useful members of the community, on the plan of our Philanthropic Reform, has been established in the county of Mark in Westphalia, under the auspices of Baron von der Recke. The first report of the society contains some very interesting particulars respecting the juvenile objects of this charity. In some of them, during their state of nature—for they lived entirely in the woods—the most extraordinary faculties and powers were developed. Thus a boy only eleven years old knew every species of birds, and could tell for certain by the flight

of each individual whether it was going from or to the nest; and whether it had eggs or young ones. By these indications he was guided in his pursuits. To seek the eggs was his greatest delight; he would risk his life ten times in climbing to the top of the highest tree in order to gratify this appetite once, and he was so expert in climbing, that he would catch the old birds upon the nest: these he would eat immediately raw with bread, which he obtained by begging. Regardless of Linneus's classification, he had, like Adam in Paradise, given a characteristic name to each bird, and could imitate the notes of the different inhabitants of the forest so exactly, as to be mistaken for them. With proper instruction this boy would probably make a first-rate naturalist: had he remained longer in the wilderness, he would doubtless have become a formidable captain of banditti. Another boy, ten years old, had a particular predilection for mills; he had visited them exclusively during the mendicant life he had led for many years, wandering along every river and every stream, and applying for charity no where but at mills. He was intimately acquainted with the concerns of all the mills, as well as with their construction, their value, the number of persons employed in each, and the way to grind every sort of grain. This boy possesses undeniable talents for a mathematician and engineer.

METHOD OF MAKING ICE IN THE EAST INDIES.

Not one of the least of the curiosities of India is an ice-manufactory established in the palace formerly belonging to the Great Mogul at Delhi, for the supply of the imperial household. In so hot a climate where cooling things are particularly grateful, and where frost and snow are never seen, excepting in certain remote mountainous provinces, the following method has been invented for producing artificial ice.

Towards the end of November, every year, a hole six or seven feet deep is dug in a soil strongly impregnated with saltpetre, and consequently very cold. The earth thrown up is piled round the four sides of the pit to increase its depth, and to protect it from the warm winds. When finished, it is filled to the depth of four or five feet with perfectly dry millet-straw, laid horizontally. Upon this are placed a number of pans of burned clay, three or four inches deep: they must be new, as they are then more porous, and consequently promote the more speedy evaporation of the superfluous caloric. At nightfall they are filled with water, which freezes in about two hours, owing to the coolness of the nocturnal air and dew. This process is repeated three or four times a night, and in this manner three or four thousand pounds weight of ice are made between eight o'clock in the evening and sun-rise the next morning. While some of the attendants remove the pans with the frozen water, others replace them with fresh ones. The pans are then broken, the ice taken out of them, wetted with luke-warm water, formed into larger or smaller masses, and conveyed to the ice-cellars.

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Three Airs from Haydn's Creation, arranged for the Piano-forte, with a Flute Accompaniment, and dedicated to his friend, Hamerton John Williams, Esq. by Joseph de Pinna. Price 4s. (Clementi and Co.)

The airs included in this collection are, "The marv'lous works"—"With verdure clad"—and "In native worth." The arrangement of them for the piano-forte evinces a great degree of taste and judgment, and we may fairly add, that few piano-forte extracts have given us more complete satisfaction.—Their merit is the more conspicuous in a score so rich and scientific as that of the "Creation." Haydn himself, perhaps, would scarcely have transfused with greater fidelity the spirit of his magnificent original into so narrow a compass. The flute accompaniment forms an acceptable addition. It is not a mere hanger-on, but proceeds in good connection, frequently with much independence, and generally with the best effect.

A Duet for the Harp and Piano-forte, or two Piano-fortes, dedicated to Miss Krumpholtz, composed by Joseph de Pinna. Op. 4. Pr. 3s.—(Royal Harmonic Institution.)

Three movements in E♭ form the successive portions of this duet; viz. an introductory andantino, an andante, and a march. All these are written in a graceful and impressive manner: the melodies are chaste, and the harmony is replete with good combinations, full, and striking. In short, this duet may justly be ranked with our good compositions. The harp part adapts itself, without any constraint, to the character and powers of the piano-forte.

Mozart's celebrated Grand Symphony adapted for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments for the Flute, Violin, and Violoncello (ad lib.) by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 6s.; without Accompaniments, 4s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Winter's celebrated Overture to "Solomon's Judgment," arranged (as above) by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 3s.; without Accompaniments, 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The first of the two foregoing publications is the masterly symphony of Mozart generally known under the appellation of "Jupiter;" and which must be heard at the Philharmonic to be truly appreciated; we might almost say, to be adored as one of the grandest productions of musical genius and skill. Mr. Rimbault has spared no exertions in the adaptation of this wonderful composition, and we may fairly aver, that it forms one of the most elaborate and best pieces of the series of symphonies and overtures which he has adapted for the piano-forte.

The overture to "Solomon's Judgment," by Winter, is likewise arranged in a careful and satisfactory manner. There is some clever contrapuntal work in it, which, in the extract, could not but lose somewhat of its full force and beauty, without charging the piano-forte with a degree of executive labour beyond the reach of the generality of players. In these passages, Mr. R. has, however, pre-

served the leading character of the harmony with sufficient fidelity to convey an idea of the general effect.

"*Partant pour la Syrie*," *a popular French Air, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte*, by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The four variations devised by Mr. R. upon this favourite air, are written in an easy and agreeable style. The composition, without laying pretensions to the higher class of musical works, cannot fail to interest the majority of performers; and as there are no practical difficulties in its execution, Mr. R.'s labour falls within the scope of moderate players, to whom it may be recommended as a proper lesson for practice. The bass in the second variation is cleverly contrived, and calls for our special commendation.

"*I love thee still*," *a favourite Song, sung by Master M. Metz at the Public Concerts, composed* by S. F. Rimbault. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

Although this song is not distinguished by any striking originality in its construction, the unaffected flow of its tender melody, supported as the latter is by a neat and appropriate accompaniment, pleads strongly in its favour. The word "heav'nly," with two notes of some duration upon each syllable, produces an awkward effect.

Hodsoll's Collection of Duets for two Performers on one Piano-forte. No. 22. Pr. 3s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The above is one of the most valuable numbers in this voluminous collection. It contains Mozart's overture to Il Don Giovanni, adapted to four hands by Mr. Rimbault. As we have on many occasions expressed our opinion of Mr. R.'s judgment in labours of this description, we shall only state, that in the present instance he has been attended with his usual success. The arrangement is an able and effective one. At the end, however, where some deviation from the original score was necessary, in order to produce a full and complete termination, Mr. R. has not quite satisfied our expectations. The conclusion we think ought to have been developed and wound up in a more extensive and striking manner, in correspondence with the spirit of the original; somewhat in the way in which Mr. Clementi treated this overture in his adaptation for the piano-forte.

The Bells of St. Petersburg, an admired Russian Air, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte or Harp, by Augustus Voight.—Price 2s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

In the simple theme selected for these variations, four in number, we perceive a considerable degree of that fascinating originality which distinguishes many of the national airs of the Russians. The variations are conceived with a tasteful ease, and occasionally with a display of good harmonic contrivance. The latter remark particularly applies to variation 2. In the last variation the air, which is in $\frac{3}{4}$ time, has successfully been changed into $\frac{4}{4}$. The finale thus produced forms a lively and striking conclusion.

"*Batti, Batti, o bel Masetto*," *an admired Air by Mozart, arranged*





for the Harp or Piano-forte, by S. Poole. Pr. 1s.

"*Zitti, zitti, piano, piano,*" *a favourite Terzetto by Rossini, arranged for the Harp or Piano-forte* by S. Poole. Pr. 1s.—(Hodsoll, High-Holborn.)

The arrangement of these operatic airs is of the most easy description, probably with the intention of bringing them within the capabilities of incipient performers. With this aim in view, we cannot expect to trace all the nicer points of the score, which a higher class of proficients might have been able to master on the piano-forte; but there is sufficient in Mr. P.'s adaptation to convey a fair notion of the most essential portions of the melody and harmony; and considering the restraints which his purpose imposed, the two airs may be said to be satisfactorily extracted from the originals.

"*Calder House,*" *a Divertimento for the Piano-forte, in which is introduced the favourite Scotch Air* "*Auld Lang Syne,*" *composed, and respectfully inscribed to Miss Jane Meadows*, by J. C. Nightingale. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Halliday, Bishopsgate-street.)

Mr. N.'s divertimento comprises four movements: a short andantino in E♭, by way of introduction; an allegro of two parts, in the same key; the above Scotch air, in B♭; and a polacca, in E♭. In all these a vein of agreeable melody prevails; the harmonic combinations, without being of the higher order, are natural, and quite to the purpose; and the general treatment is such as to fall within the reach of the greater part of players, and to form a very proper and entertaining lesson for pupils.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

We have great pleasure in announcing to the musical world, the appearance of a double-movement pedal-harp, the invention of Mr. J. Delveau, and for which this gentleman has obtained a patent. The upper and lower notes, so long complained of in the old mechanical system, are, by a peculiar contrivance, rendered perfect in the patent harp; the tones of which are so round and powerful, that the celebrated performer, Mr. Bochsa, pronounces it the most perfect instrument of its kind. The inventor has not lost sight of economy in preventing the continual breaking of strings, or beauty in improving the form, in rendering it easier to play, as well as adapting a support to the harp, which removes the necessity of resting the instrument on the shoulder when playing, to the inconvenience and injury of beautifully formed females.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 16.—BALL DRESS.

Dress of fine tulle over a white satin slip, ornamented nearly half the depth of the skirt with scollops of pink net and steel; the latter formed by a large steel button in

the centre, and a semicircle of small steel beads. Short full sleeve, composed of alternate rows of pink net and steel, and white tulle and steel scollops, confined by a band of pink net and steel. Tucker, a quilling of the finest tulle. Sash of pink and white embroidered satin ribbon. A wreath of roses confines the hair, which is in ringlets, as in the reign of Charles II. and presented to our admiration in the beautiful paintings by Vandyke. Necklace, red cornelian and pearl. Gloves of white kid; shoes, white *gros de Naples*.

PLATE 17.—COURT DRESS.

This elegant robe and petticoat were made for a lady of high rank and taste, as a presentation dress at the palace of Holyrood. It is of pale blue silver lama, over a blue satin slip; thus combining Scotland's national colours of blue and white, now so prevalent among the leaders of *haut ton:* the waist is of that graceful length which cultivated taste has adopted, and which we hope will long be retained. The stomacher is of silver vandykes: a double row extends over the shoulders and back, united by silver roses. The sleeve is short, and of novel construction, consisting of a dozen rows of silver vandyke trimming, separated by blue satin pipings, confined by a silver band round the arm, and finished with the same trimming. The tucker is fine blond lace. The robe and petticoat have an elegant border of large roses, of blue gofre crape and silver, half encircled with thistles, which form a kind of radii, giving lightness and effect to the trimming, which is edged with a silver wave, and finished with scolloped gofre crape. The headdress is of diamonds, with a superb plume of ostrich-feathers. Necklace and ear-rings of diamonds and sapphires. White kid gloves; white satin shoes, with blue and silver roses.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

As the season advances silk pelisses become every day more general, and the light hues of summer give place to the full and glowing tints of autumn. Waists still continue long; tight backs are rather more worn than full ones: the sleeves (of pelisses) are moderate in width, and we see a great many of these envelopes adorned with braiding: where this is the case, the top sleeve, which is usually made very full, is always finished with tassels. One of the prettiest and most novel pelisses that we have lately seen, is composed of lemon-coloured *gros de Naples*, with a trimming of *pluche de soie* to correspond: it is in the form of a wreath of oak-leaves; the trimming goes only round the bottom, the fronts being fastened up by knots of the same material, each of which is ornamented in the centre by a small rosette of polished steel. The epaulette is composed of full bands, crossed and fastened by rosettes of steel to correspond: the bottom of the long sleeve and the collar are ornamented with a wreath to correspond with the bottom, but narrower. Shawls and spencers continue in favour, but pelisses are more general than either.

Bonnets are still of a very moderate size. The cambric muslin *capotes* worn in dishabille begin

now to be replaced by straw bonnets: this material, and Leghorn also, are very generally in favour for walking bonnets; but *gros de Naples* is upon the whole more fashionable, except for the earlier part of the day. Flowers are still in favour: we see a good many bonnets adorned with small wreaths at the edge, and full bouquets, which fall backward over the crown. Feathers are likewise much worn.

Transparent bonnets begin to decline in estimation for carriage costume: we see in their stead *chapeaux* of *gros de Naples*, made a good deal in the shape of a man's hat: the crown is of a moderate size; the brim bent a little before and behind, and rather raised at the sides: they are adorned with a profusion of feathers, several of which fall over the crown.

We have seen, during the last month, several pelisses *à capuchon*, made of clear muslin, and lined with coloured satin, richly embroidered all round; the hoods of moderate size, and the collars embroidered to correspond. However expensive may be the materials of these pelisses, the form will always prevent their having an elegant appearance.

The old fashion of long-quartered shoes, both in out and in-door costume, is now very general: in the former, black and buff leather are worn. We also frequently see the shoes correspond with the dress. In full dress, white satin and *gros de Naples* are worn, and for grand parties they are richly embroidered in silver.

The most fashionable morning dress is the *blouse*: it is made in cambric muslin, and trimmed with deep tucks or flounces. Dinner gowns are variously made: some are very much trimmed, and others very plain. We have seen some with the *corsage* cut rather high round the back part of the bust, and sloping at the sides of the bosom, with a full fold in the centre, and a little fulness in each front at the bottom of the waist. Long sleeves are still worn tight, and in some instances they are made to fit the arm. A new style of trimming for silk dresses consists of double folds of gauze, set on with a little fulness; they are headed by braiding, or narrow silk rouleaus, to correspond.

Head-dresses *en cheveux* continue most fashionable. The front hair is rather more parted on the temples; the hind hair dressed low. Flowers are perhaps more general than any thing else; but for grand parties, feathers, pearls, and brilliant combs are all in requisition. The colours most in favour are lemon, the different shades of green, orange, lavender, and deep rose colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, August 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

At this moment, white, with the exception of the *blouses* in raw cambric, and *London smoke gros de Naples*, is universally the mode; and as these last are but little seen in the promenade, the eye would be fatigued with the uniformity of white robes, were it not for the dif-

ferent colours of the light shawls and scarfs that are worn over them. The newest promenade dresses are *redingotes*, *blouses*, and *robe redingotes*. The first are composed of raw cambric or *London smoke* gros de *Naples*; the body is that of a *blouse* with a high collar, cut square in front, which falls over like a pelerine; if they are of raw cambric, it is of that thin sort called *perkaline*, which is nearly transparent. These *redingotes* are trimmed with different colours: there are at present two new ones, termed *rouge des Indes* and *le vert espérance*; besides these colours, deep blue, azure, rose colour, and orange, are also worn to trim the raw cambric *blouses*: those of *London smoke* have a trimming to correspond with the gown.

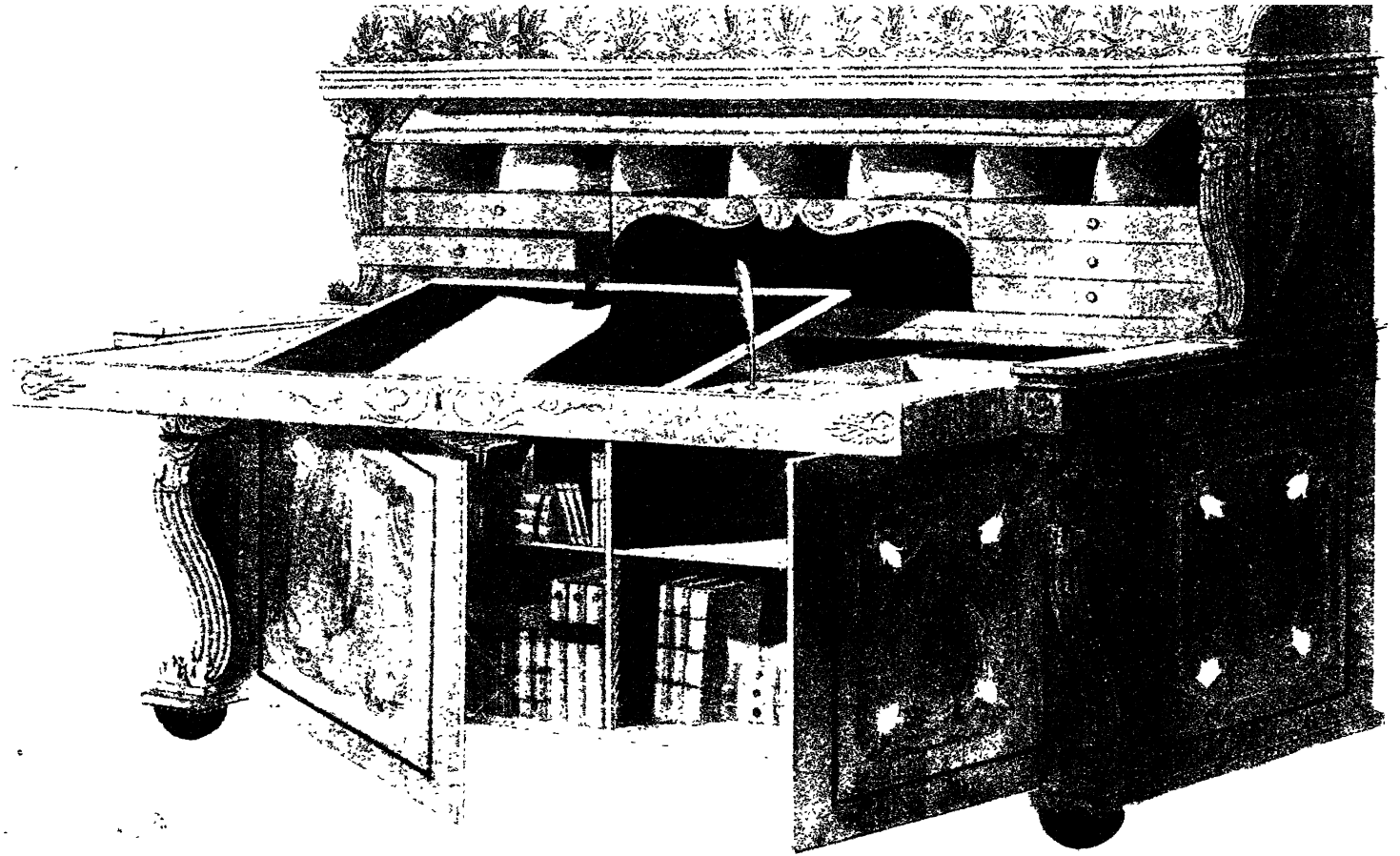
The *robe redingotes* are made in white *perkale*; the form is exactly that of a pelisse closed in front: the trimming is composed of bands of tulle, placed between *bouillons* of muslin; these bands are put perpendicularly at the bottom, and horizontally on each side of the front. The long sleeve is very tight, and the epaulette is formed by *bouillonné* between cords: the collar consists of a soft roll of muslin, confined by cords twisted round it.

Besides these two dresses, the different sorts of *blouses*, of which I shall speak by and by, are also worn in walking dress. As to the shawls, they are the same as last month.

Walking bonnets are something smaller: those in cotton straw are generally distinguished by crowns rather lower than the others. *Chapeaux of gros de Naples*, both white and *gris de lin* colour, begin now to be very fashionable: a good many are ornamented with a half-handkerchief of black lace pointed at the edge; this is put on so as to entirely cover the bonnet: the points form a trimming for the edge of the brim, and the ends tie under the chin.

The *blouse* is still in favour in full dress costume; but it is now of two distinct sorts, one for dishabille, and another for dress: the principal distinction of the first is, that the girdle is always of the same stuff as the gown; and the buckle is composed of mother of pearl, enamelled in small blue points to resemble turquoises.

Many *belles* of good taste find that the *blouse* is by no means calculated for ladies who are inclined to *embonpoint*, and they give the preference to robes *en blouses*, or *demi-blouses*, which are made with a tight back, very little fulness in the front, and a good deal trimmed. The sleeves, if long, are of an easy width, but they are not so loose as those of the *blouse*. The trimming consists of flounces *en bouillonné*. Another style of dinner dress is the robe *en bouillonné*: the body and sleeves are formed of full bands of muslin placed between narrow bands, consisting of three tucks. The trimming of the skirt is of the same description: there are from five to six bands of *bouillonné* placed horizontally. This last gown is exclusively for dinner or promenade dress; but the *blouse* and *demi-blouse* are worn in evening costume, as is also the robe *à la Niobe*, which is tight to the shape, and is made in the Grecian style, with a point in the middle of the bosom: the



sleeves are extremely short. If the dress is muslin, the trimming is very deep. One of the newest trimmings consists of three flounces, lightly embroidered at the edge; above that is a row of tuck work, which is again surmounted by three flounces, disposed in a wave, and terminating at top in points richly embroidered. Another novel style of trimming consists of narrow draperies, confined from distance to distance by bands and buttons: these are much used in blue satin to trim the *blouses* of clear muslin.

Hats are very fashionable in full dress: the crowns are rather low; the brims very small, and bent a little in the Mary of Scotland style: they are adorned in general with marabouts, mixed with ears of ripe corn in gold. The ribbon of the opera glass is no longer carelessly suspended round the neck: it is now fastened on the shoulder by a buckle, to correspond with that of the *ceinture*. Necklaces of Roman pearl mounted in gold are among the newest articles in jewellery: there are also necklaces of dead gold, made to imitate serpents twisted together. The bracelets always correspond. I need not recapitulate the colours in favour, as I have already mentioned them in different parts of my letter. Adieu! Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 15.—A SECRETAIRE BOOKCASE.

The convenience of a table that shall contain the implements for writing and proper receptacles for papers, is always desirable by the chief of a family, particularly if it can be closed and rendered secure in a very short space of time; and many devices have been resorted to for the purpose of rendering this piece of furniture complete. The annexed design, drawn from a specimen executed by Messrs. Durham, late Morgan, Catherine-street, Strand, is perhaps the best of its kind. It is furnished with every requisite in a very limited compass, and by one operation of the hand, the whole apparatus is either opened or shut, and so that the conveniences for writing are properly placed on the instant, and the paper bins exposed to view; or as readily every part is closed, and secured by a single lock.

The drawing is made to represent the entire construction of the table, and expose the means used to perform all the objects, as well as to display the general effect of this useful piece of furniture.

It is executed in mahogany, and prepared to admit a greater or less quantity of embellishment, according as the demand may make simplicity or splendour desirable.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

The Rev. H. C. O'Donoghue is preparing for publication by subscription, *The Domestic Guide to Literature and the Sciences*, in two 12mo. volumes.

Mr. J. Harrison Curtis will com-

mence his next Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Diseases of the Ear, and on the Medical Treatment of the Deaf and Dumb, early in October.

Mr. C. Haldenwang, engraver of Carlsruhe, has announced his intention of publishing by subscription, four prints from the celebrated Claude Lorraine's landscapes, representing the four times of the day, which some years since formed a chief ornament of the select gallery of Cassel, but were thence transferred to Paris, and are now in Russia.

Three German architects, Messrs. Heger, Hübsch, and Thürmer, who visited Greece in 1819, have announced a series of *Picturesque Views of Athens and its Monuments*, in twenty-six plates, with descriptive text in French and English, from the pen of Professor Creuzer of Heidelberg. The plates will be 18 inches long, and the whole work will be published in five parts.

Mr. Ignatius Kühn, director of the Lithographic Institution of Vienna, has invented a method of engraving upon a plate of brass or zink, from which, by means of a chemical process, upwards of thirty thousand good and perfect impressions may be taken; and M. Malopeau of Paris has invented a method of applying oil colours to the purposes of lithography.

The following circular of Dr. O'Shaughnessy, an Irish Catholic bishop, to his clergy, will shew how justly English benevolence is appreciated by our fellow-subjects of that communion. It is dated August 3, 1822.

"*Dear Sir*,—You will mention from your altar, on Sunday next, that Dr. O'Shaughnessy, R. C. Bishop of Killaloe, requests that the pastors of the distressed districts of the said diocese should, at their respective chapels, excite their flocks to unite with the clergy in expressing their heartfelt and everlasting gratitude, for the unexampled, necessary, and timely relief administered to them, through the paternal influence of our beloved Sovereign, by the kind generosity of the government, and by the numerous donations of our benefactors in Ireland; but above all, by our truly charitable Protestant benefactors and fellow-subjects in England.

"This work of mercy originated with our generous and compassionate friends in England, by whose zeal and piety immense sums poured in on the London Tavern Committee of Management, by whose anxiety for our relief, all possible means were adopted—charity sermons—benefits of balls and theatres—and having tried all other measures, collections from door to door were resorted to with considerable success.

"In the history of the world is there to be found no instance of such benevolent feelings as are now manifested—and by whom?—by the illustrious English Protestants, in favour of the destitute Roman Catholics of Ireland.

"As the apprehension of famine must soon be done away by the prospect of an abundant harvest, this same great nation is turning its thoughts towards a supply of night and day covering, for men, women, and children of our half-naked peasantry.

"Heavenly God! can those wretched poor people ever forget such kindness? (Here let the congregation kneel down.) Therefore, with our heart and voice, let us offer our fervent prayer to the throne of the eternal God, humbly and earnestly beseeching him, that every spiritual and temporal happiness and prosperity may be the reward of this unheard-of munificence in favour of the destitute population of this unfortunate country."

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 12th of the month, announcements of works which they may have in hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New musical publications also, if a copy be addressed to the publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and extracts from new books, of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

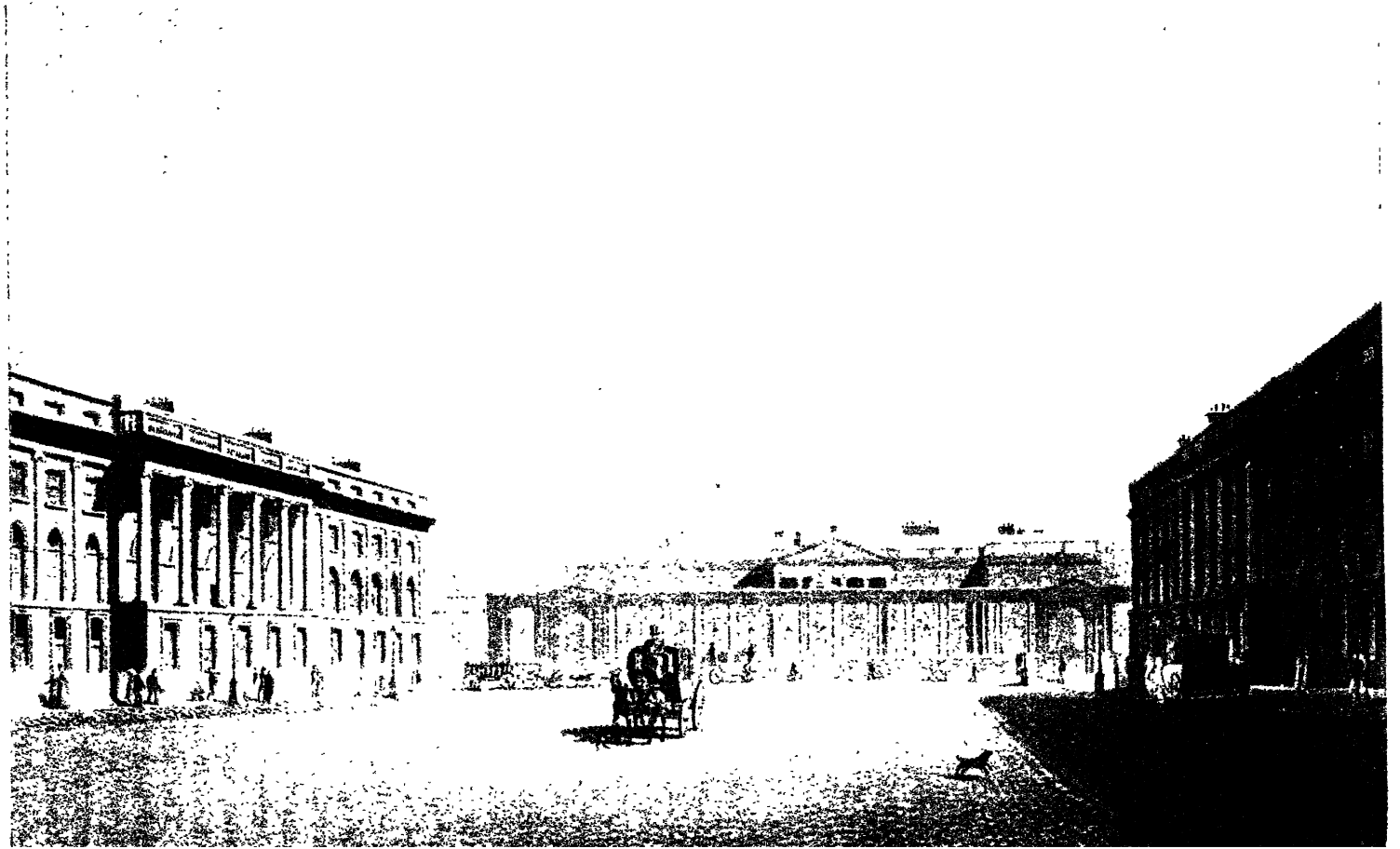
We are under the necessity of apologizing to our readers for the omission this month of the Musical Review, owing to the indisposition of our reviewer. We have the satisfaction to add, that they are not likely to experience a repetition of this disappointment.

Our correspondent at Grantham will perceive by the present Number, that her communication has neither miscarried nor been rejected. A second has come to hand.

To An Inquirer we reply, that the article in question will be brought to a conclusion in the present Series.

The Thetford Cut—The Influence of Fashion upon the Parisians—A Wife of Ten Thousand—What has been, is our text.

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and many part of the West Indies, at £1 19s. per Annum, by Mr. Thurnham, of the General Post-Office, at No. 31, Bartholomew-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Port of the Mediterranean, at £2 12s. per Annum, by Mr. Swaysland, of the General post-Office, at No. 29, Bartholomew-Lane, and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. Guy, of the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 6, 9, or 12 Months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIV. OCTOBER 1, 1822. No. LXXXII.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 19.—WATERLOO-PLACE.

THE annexed view of Waterloo-Place, and in which Carlton-House is the central feature, exhibits the entrance of the New Street, at its junction with Pall-Mall.

That the buildings should not encroach on the frontage of the palace, an area has been preserved, so as to form a spacious court, in the centre of which it has been proposed to erect some monument of art suitable to the spot. The buildings of Waterloo-Place have been erected in a style of architecture adapted to combine with that of Carlton-House, and they are symmetrically planned, to accord with, and include that edifice, as an essential to the general design.

The screen of Carlton-House and the entrance elevation were designed by Mr. Holland the architect, in the year 1789, when it was altered and repaired for the residence of the Prince of Wales; its effect is now so lessened by the late erections, that it is probable the whole will be removed, except the basement, which might readily be improved into an ornamental and sufficient barrier, and permit the very fine Corinthian portico behind it to be seen to advantage, and which is now rarely noticed; the view being interrupted by the pillars and the entablature of the *façade*.

Carlton-House, as it is seen from Pall-Mall, does not convey to the mind of a stranger an impression of its real magnitude; for though the building is by no means capacious enough for the residence of a British monarch, yet it contains many very handsome apartments on the ground-floor, and a very extensive suite of rooms on the floor beneath it: in this particular, Carlton-House is of peculiar arrangement; for its most commo-

dious and habitable part is beneath the level of the street, and opening into the gardens, which are so low as to admit this basement story. The state apartments are on the level of the street, and a very handsome staircase leads to the under apartments, and also to the chambers of the upper floor. For a more particular description of Carlton-House the reader is referred to vol. I. p. 398 (First Series) of the *Repository*.

It is impossible to view the interior of Carlton-House without being impressed with the inestimable advantages that British art and manufactures have received from the thoughtful mind of its possessor; for in every apartment may be traced proofs of the early encouragement to improvement that has been held out to genius, from the day in which the alterations were commenced. The example thus set by the Prince of Wales was necessarily followed by the nobility and the affluent, and has eventually obtained so extensive an employment for our manufactories, and raised their reputation so high, as to rank their works with the best productions of every other country. Perhaps a walk through Carlton-House affords one of the most gratifying sights an Englishman can enjoy; not from its particular magnificence, for in this his expectation might be disappointed, but from beholding around him so tasteful a collection of native works in every department of art and manufacture, many of which, a few years ago, were not to be obtained. By this encouragement, the silk-loom has advanced to so great perfection, that its articles are now coveted by foreign markets, and works of classic taste in every species of furniture are chiefly and deservedly sought for in England.

MISCELLANIES.

SOME PARTICULARS OF THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE, THE FIRST WIFE OF BUONAPARTE.

(Concluded from p. 128.)

The author of the *Memoirs* relates the first interview between Buonaparte and Madame de Beauharnois in the words of the latter. "One day," says she, "visiting Madame de Chat— Ren—, I was sitting with her at the window. All at once the celebrated Buonaparte was announced. This name made me tremble, I knew not why; I could not help shuddering when I saw him enter. At length I ventured to look more closely at the man who had gained so easy a victory over the Parisians. Every body surveyed him in silence, which I first broke, and said to him, 'I should presume, citizen general, that you are now sorry for having thrown the capital into such alarm. If you had had time to consider the horrid office with which you were invested, you must have trembled at the consequences attendant on it.'—'Very likely,' replied he; 'but soldiers are machines which

the government sets in motion at pleasure: they have nothing to do but to obey. The sections may think themselves fortunate; I have spared them: most of my cannon were merely charged with powder. I only wished to give the Parisians a little bit of a lesson. For the rest, *it is my seal which I have stamped upon France.*' This calm tone, this perfect *sang-froid*, with which Buonaparte spoke of the butchery of so many unfortunate inhabitants of the city of Paris, quite incensed me against him. He added, 'These slight skirmishes are but the avant-couriers of my glory.'—'Ah!' said I, 'if you must pay such a price for it, I had rather number you among the victims!'

"Pichegru was present at this conversation, which then turned to other subjects. The pensive and absent air of that general sufficiently betrayed his disapprobation of the mischievous hopes of his young ambitious comrade. The company then conversed without reserve on the topics of the day. 'Have you heard,' said a deputy, 'the report that is current in the *salons* of the Fauxbourg St. Germain? A general of division is to take the command of the army of the Rhine; and it is conjectured that a fresh army will be formed for Italy.' Buonaparte expressed some surprise. He did not then know that the Directory had appointed him to that important post. 'It is a wide and yet bare field,' involuntarily exclaimed the child of Victory; 'fortunate the man who shall have an opportunity to cultivate it!'—Then suddenly recollecting himself, as though he had been guilty of some indecorum, 'I rather think, ladies,' said he, in a most complaisant tone, 'that I shall not be long in France; I have a strong desire to make a pilgrimage to the Mother of God at Loretto:' and he added, smiling, 'I should like to afford you an opportunity of admiring her wonderful things.' The company joked him on his plan, and the time passed very agreeably. On leaving, he said, 'I had no hand in the crimes of the French Revolution. Have the goodness to consider me as only the soldier of Vendemiaire: I have devised and executed the most ingenious and complicated manœuvre; but under all the circumstances, I was compelled to employ artifice. Here was no question of a war of tactics, but a war of extermination: it was absolutely necessary that victims should fall, and all I could do was to diminish their number. For the rest, the great men who signalize themselves in revolutions ought never to leave their work till it is too firmly established to be shaken; for there are always ambitious men ready to undermine in secret the edifice erected by the better disposed. From my childhood I have adopted this principle—that whoever is afraid of being deceived cannot be sufficiently on his guard; for he is very often caught when he fancies himself most secure.'

"I belonged," continues Madame de Beauharnois, "to the favoured persons who formed the society of the Directors. I had always some petition or request to make in behalf of unfortunate emigrants, and was every day at the Luxembourg. Barras was the man to whom these applications were

addressed, as it was easier to obtain any thing of him than of his colleagues. Next day when I saw the Director, 'Madam,' said he to me, 'I have an advantageous match to propose to you. You have long been occupied with the affairs of others; it is time that you should pay some attention to your own. I will give you to little Buonaparte, whom I have made general in chief: I have reserved for him the conquest of Italy.'—I was taken by surprise, but strongly objected to the proposal. 'What are you thinking of?' said I to the Director, 'I have not the least notion of your plan.'—'Only consider,' rejoined Barras; 'a new country that I give him to conquer! Buonaparte cannot fail to make his fortune there easily, and in a short time: his character is Italian, consequently ambitious; he thirsts for military glory; if he marries you he acquires a name in the world, and you on your side will find a support in him. Never fear, madam, this young Corsican will rise very high, especially if he has the good fortune to gain so good and so amiable a partner as yourself. In my opinion the young man possesses all the qualities that can render him worthy of you, and he has not a fault that can justify one rational objection: address, talents, character, reputation, in short, he possesses all that the heart of a woman can desire.'—'All that the heart of a woman must abhor,' rejoined I.—'Abhor! and why?' inquired Barras. The Director in fact held forth to me a thousand brilliant hopes, but I disliked the warrior who was to realize them. I found in him such a positive tone, and such extravagant pretensions, as quite revolted my heart. The more I studied his character, the more eccentricities I discovered in it; in short, such was the aversion he excited in me, that I gave up visiting at the house of Madame de Ch—t— Ren—, where he was almost every evening. We sometimes met at Tallien's: the more I shunned him, the more he seemed to haunt me. I mentioned this in confidence to my friend Madame Tallien, who surprised me by this confession: 'My dear Josephine,' said she, 'listen to my secret. I married my husband out of gratitude; but his kindness and attention and the influence I have gained over him, would render me unworthy of myself, were I to give ear to the voice of ambition. There are people who seem to interest themselves warmly for me, and who advise me to quit the man who circumscribes my sphere, and to unite myself with the modern Chevert*. I love you too

* Demoiselle Le Normand here remarks that Buonaparte was very anxious that Madame Tallien should part from her husband. It is possible too that in consequence of a little tiff, she might have had some thoughts of doing so. Tallien loved his wife to idolatry, and could not bear the idea of a separation. It brought on him a dangerous illness, and on the day when Buonaparte imagined that he had overcome all obstacles, and expected the most favourable answer, he found the beautiful Spaniard seated beside the bed of her recovering husband. She had her daughter, a lovely infant, in her arms, and held her up to the general, with these words: "Do you think, citizen, that it would be such an easy matter for a mother to abandon the father of this child?" Buonaparte

well not to advise you to accept the offer that is made you. Either you will conceive a real affection for the general, and that will be a happiness which will concern yourself alone; or if you do not exactly love him, yet the splendid career which is opening upon him may contribute to your welfare, and that of your children. Gratitude will then supply in your heart the place of love——.'

"Such advice from a woman to whom I was attached as my earliest friend, could not but furnish occasion for serious reflections. The idea of a union with a man whose enterprising character was already so manifest, made me dread a miserable futurity; but when I considered the prosperity that might thence arise for my children, all considerations of a merely personal nature were silenced. Though I still opposed the views of my friend, yet all the objections I could urge to her sensible representations, were too weak not to be easily removed. The attentions which Buonaparte continued to pay displeased me less and less every day; I began to find a certain charm in his conversation; my heart gradually became more and more prepossessed in his favour, and I agreed to marry the hero who was destined to subdue so many nations. It was I who delivered to him the letter of the Directory, offering him the command of the army of Italy."

The author states in a note, that Josephine was really attached to General Hoche, and preferred him to the hero of Vendémiaire, and if it was not till she thought herself slighted by the former that she accepted the hand of Buonaparte. The marriage was kept secret for some weeks. Buonaparte joined the army, while his wife remained in Paris. She would not at first acknowledge to her friends that she had married "little Buonaparte," as she used to call him, the conqueror of the Parisians.

Buonaparte, says the author in a note, was naturally jealous. One of his aides-de-camp, Le M——, who was wounded at the bridge of Lodi, reported to him every movement of his wife's. He once discovered that she had received some letters. The general suspected no good, but they were in fact of no importance. Quarrels ensued between them, so that Josephine began to entertain serious apprehensions, but the general only wished to frighten her. In a paroxysm of anger, he kicked to death a little dog which had been given her by General Hoche, and of which she was extremely fond. A few days afterwards, he seemed to be ashamed of what he had done, and to make up matters, he ordered a monument to be erected for the innocent victim. This present of the benefactor of La Vendée first interested in the ground of Malmaison, near Rueil.

We could not enter into the minute detail of political events, with

understood her, and perceived from the reception he experienced from his more fortunate friend, that his secret was betrayed. "She is a shallow hag," said he, with reference to Madame Tallien, "I could wring her neck. If she takes the least trouble, she is sufficiently intelligible; will never bring forward a proposal herself, but will always agree to things which seem to her good."

out translating half the work; we shall therefore merely subjoin a few particulars respecting the domestic life of Josephine and her celebrated husband.

She had no great reason to like his family. Joseph could not endure her, though his wife did her more justice. Madame Murat never concealed her sentiments; on many occasions she strove to humble the consort of Napoleon. Josephine repaid her in kind, and the two sisters-in-law were always at variance. Madame Bacchiocci regarded Josephine merely as the first instrument of her brother's elevation. "The moment his power was firmly established," said she, "he could not but break with her." She is also related to have been one of the first advisers of his unjust divorce. Madame Letitia occasioned her daughter-in-law much vexation: their dispositions were totally opposite; the one was distinguished for benevolence, the other only by sordid parsimony. She loudly condemned the luxury prevailing at her son's court, and accused Josephine with being the cause of it. "She will ruin him yet," said *Madame Mère*, "her profusion knows no bounds."

Josephine was afraid, and not without reason, lest Bonaparte should engage in secret intrigues: hence that anxiety which she expressed without reserve when any beautiful young female was presented to her. The author gives the following account of the manner in which the empress at first detected [illegible] one of these [illegible] ladies of whom the empress so [illegible] fond. Great entertainments [illegible] given at the palace of Caroline, and her majesty was particularly excited by a fascinating young creature, who for some time attracted a considerable share of the attention of the emperor. Josephine was offended, as reader to her. Nor was it unfounded—for one day she actually surprised her husband at the feet of Mademoiselle Guill—. The young lady seemed to be repulsing him, and on the appearance of the empress, "Come," cried she, "and remind your husband that he is Napoleon, who ought to set his subjects an example of virtue!" The emperor was confounded, and Josephine immediately sent off her reader to Paris. The empress is said to have subsequently given this lady (who afterwards acquired notoriety through her husband, Revel) repeated proofs of her particular favour; but Buonaparte never forgave her. Josephine was exceedingly apprehensive of the fulfilment of a prediction, that "a woman would once supplant her with Napoleon, and occasion her exile."

We shall only further introduce a conversation which Napoleon had with his consort relative to his divorce, a few days before it was decided upon in the council of state.

One morning Napoleon, without being announced, entered the empress's chamber. She had not yet risen. Seating himself at the foot of the bed, he thus began: "I am very sorry to distress you, Josephine, but the welfare of my subjects requires my separation from you." I went on, he, I have wished all along that this desire might be gratified through you. But that is now impossible, and it grieves me to be obliged to take [illegible] step. Recollect that long [illegible] been apprised of the secret [illegible] of the empress; but the world never perceived [illegible] that I would adopt an extraordinary [illegible]

measure. "Ah!" replied I, to quote her own language, as given in the *Memoirs*, "a gloomy presentiment tells me that the happiness of both is fled. Recollect at least that there is one woman who breathes but for you, who adores you in the bottom of her heart, and who will always be ready to prove with her life how sincerely she loves you. You are rushing into ruin; yes, ungrateful man, who are but too dear to this heart, I shall see you again, and whatever fate you prepare for me, I may perhaps yet support you by my counsel!"—"Cease, Josephine!" cried he, "and pity your husband. I am sorry to be obliged to imitate the conqueror of the League; but I owe it to my subjects; I belong entirely to glory. I confess it costs me exceedingly dear to part from you; but my power is become so immense, that I must raise it on foundations whose solidity is adequate to the weight which they have to support. The Emperor Napoleon must have an heir, and the blood of kings must in future be proud to mingle with mine."

Such were the words which the emperor repeated to me in the evening of the day when he declared to me, for the last time, that he was determined to break the bonds which united us. "You expect," said I to him, "to heighten your glory by an alliance with a great monarch." I then told him what I had heard respecting his views. He listened to me with the most profound attention; and when I had finished my recital he made several turns in the room. The struggle which he felt in his countenance, as I followed him with my eyes, was terrible to behold. At last he stopped short, and asked me who had betrayed his secret to me. "Buonaparte," said I (for the empress was familiarly accustomed to call him), "you will learn to form a more correct judgment of the world; you will discover how dangerous it is to follow the counsels of persons who are not wise."—"All the powers of Europe," replied he with the most serious look, "will soon be under my dominions; and I repeat to you, I must have children to maintain this authority. Nature does not permit you to gratify my fondest wish; you are wrong, madam, and your cause is lost."—Wounded to the heart's core by this black ingratitude, I called upon futurity to justify and avenge me. "When people," I added, "will not follow the counsel of friendship, it is a proof that they are unworthy of it; adversity will not fail to give you severe lessons." Our conversation was almost at an end, when he pretended to be extremely anxious to correct my mistake; he protested that no other woman should ever be his wife, and that he had only wished to try me. "No, no," replied I with vehemence, "it is now of no use to dissemble; my sorrows will not terminate but with my life; you are really intent on your plan, and certain circumstances lead me to infer, that you have long been undecided in what manner to communicate it to me." At these words he became pensive, and a cloud of deep melancholy overcast his countenance. "It is your intention," I continued, "to ally yourself with one of the first monarchs in Europe. Whether as conqueror or ally, you still imagine that you may with impunity treat the other how-

ers just as you please. The blood of kings indeed circulates in the veins of your intended wife: you, arrogant mortal, fancy yourself a demi-god, and surrounded by victorious bayonets, imagine you can overrun the globe—but beware—.' I was in despair. Buonaparte gradually softened, and swore, before he retired, that no power on earth should induce him to dissolve the hallowed bonds. Several days passed in the most gloomy expectations. I observed that he seemed to avoid me, and was afraid of another tragic scene, as he acknowledged to Fouché and his confidents."

*** We learn that in consequence of the notice of these *Memoirs* in our last Number, an English translation of the work has been undertaken, and is already in considerable forwardness. Our readers may judge from the above specimen, that it is by no means deficient in the interest derived from vivid colouring and *piquant* anecdote.—Editor.

A CURE FOR THE VAPOURS.

The Marquise de Vancey had passed her youth in all the gaieties of Paris: she arrived at middle age without once feeling the attacks of lassitude or disease, but on a sudden her strength began to fail; she grew vapourish and low-spirited. She called in a fashionable physician, and he ordered a quantity of medicine, which could not be said to have no effect, since the patient grew worse: a circumstance which the doctor gravely assured her was extremely fortunate, because it was a certain proof that she would soon grow better. It appeared, however, that the unmannerly disease was determined to bring his veracity in question, for it kept its ground. Several others of the faculty, equally fashionable, and of course equally eminent for their skill in modish disorders, were called in, but without effect. Madame de Vancey became a confirmed invalid, and continued for some time a martyr to those complaints which, for want of being able to define the cause of them, the faculty have lumped together under the title of nervous disorders.

Some remarkable cures performed by a physician, whose name had till then been unknown, attracted the attention of Madame de Vancey: she sent for him; he came, listened attentively to all her symptoms, and after a few moments of thoughtful silence, laconically told her, that her case was beyond his skill: there was only one physician in Europe whom he thought likely to cure her, and he was then residing at Genoa. "I will send for him instantly," cried she with vivacity.—"It will be of no use, he will not come."—"Not come! he must, he shall! I will give half my fortune——"—"He does not want it, he has fortune enough of his own: he practises his profession now more out of humanity than the desire of gain: no consideration would induce him to travel, and if the greatest personages in Europe want his advice, they must seek it at his house."

"Ah!" cried Madame de Vancey, bursting into tears, "how un-

fortunate I am! I must then perish."—"Why so? cannot you go to him?"—"Go to him!" replied she with great indignation; "what I, who cannot even walk across the room without support, undertake so long a journey? I should expire with fatigue before I had performed the half of it."

"You are mistaken," replied the physician, "your strength is not so much exhausted as you think: I will undertake for your performing the journey in safety; and I repeat, that it is your only chance for life."

The advice was too unpalatable to be followed; the marquise dismissed the physician, and she strove to persuade herself that his opinion was certainly wrong. Some days passed away as usual, when a more violent attack disposed her to reflect a little on the doctor's advice, and she ended by determining to follow it.

Accordingly she set out for Genoa, taking with her a train of servants, and, as our readers may suppose, neglecting no means to make the journey as easy as she could. Immediately on her arrival, she went to the house of the physician, whom she found a polite and intelligent man; he listened to her with an air of sympathy, allowed that her sufferings were great, but said, he doubted not, by the blessing of Providence, to effect her cure, provided she would follow his advice: but he could do nothing unless she placed herself entirely under his care, took up her residence in his house, and dismissed her servants.

The last article was the only one to which the marquise objected; she offered to make a compromise, to send away her footman, and keep only her woman and her cook. The former was so handy and attentive; and the latter knew so well how to prepare nice little things, which did sometimes tempt her to eat, that she could not possibly do without them. The physician replied politely but firmly, that he was sorry for it, since in that case he could not undertake her cure.

The lady pouted and hesitated; at last it came into her head, that the doctor might possibly have more reasons than medical ones, for wishing to have her entirely in his power. She looked in a mirror which hung opposite to her, and found, or fancied she found, charms enough remaining to justify such an opinion. Our readers will suppose that she made a precipitate retreat; on the contrary, she resolved to remain, if it were only to convince the doctor, that disease had not enfeebled her mind, and that she knew how to defend her honour against all attacks.

Accordingly her servants were dismissed, and as it was then late, and she had dined on the road, she desired to be conducted to her bedchamber. She found it a good-sized room, furnished with great neatness and simplicity, but not at all according to her taste: there were neither silk hangings nor luxurious couches; and what was worst of all, instead of the down bed on which she was accustomed to repose, she found only mattresses, and those none of the softest. Our marquise prided herself on the sweetness of her temper, and in fact she seldom scolded her ser-

vants oftener than twice a day; but all her equanimity was not proof against this trial; she peremptorily desired to be conducted to a chamber more befitting her quality; and all the assurances of her attendants that the one she was in was the best in the house, were insufficient to pacify her.

As, however, necessity has no law, she suffered herself at last, when she had fairly exhausted all her rhetoric, to be undressed and put to bed, where she dropped asleep while she was thinking in what manner she should express to the doctor the next morning, her indignation and surprise at being prevented, through the hardness of her bed, from closing her eyes all night.

She slept till she was awaked by the singing of the birds, and in a few minutes afterwards her attendant entered the room with a cup of warm milk: the marquise refused to taste it, till she was informed that the doctor had infused into it a very powerful medicine. She then drank it, and was about to compose herself again to sleep, but the servant assuring her it would be dangerous to take repose after the medicine, she consented to rise: but what was her rage and astonishment, when, on asking for her dressing-case, she found it had been rifled of her whole treasure of cosmetics! not a single article remained, and our poor marquise was reduced to the deplorable necessity of incarcerating herself in her chamber, or appearing, for the first time during twenty years, with her face in its natural state.

When the violence of her passion would suffer her to speak so as to be understood, she desired to see the doctor. He came, and listened with great temper to the heavy charges of deceit, cruelty, and injustice, which she brought against him. When he could edge in a word, he very humbly begged her pardon: it was truly unfortunate that the preservation of her life should have obliged him to destroy her cosmetics, but such was the fact. The medicines which he should give her would act in a great measure by perspiration, and if that were in any way checked, the consequences might be fatal: yet checked it must be, or rather totally obstructed, by the corrosive substances with which she covered her neck and face. Though this apology was made in the most humble manner, the doctor had too much tact to trust entirely to it; for he justly thought, that no motive would be strong enough to justify him in the eyes of a beauty for diminishing the lustre of her charms, and he enlarged so artfully upon the little need that she had of such aids on the one hand, and the certainty on the other, that returning health would soon bestow on her a brighter bloom than rouge could give, that the marquise insensibly began to listen to him with complacency, and at length suffered herself to be persuaded to take a little exercise in a garden-chair. The beauty of the morning, and the charms of the scene around her, prevented her for some time from perceiving that she was drawn to a considerable distance from the house; at last she began to feel fatigued, and she readily complied with the servant's desire to get out and rest for a few moments in an

arbour: but no sooner had she done so, than, to her great astonishment, the garden-chair drove off, and she was left to find her way to the house as well as she could. Our poor invalid thought that this was the climax of her sufferings; during a whole year she had scarcely set her foot upon the ground, and now to be compelled to walk the Lord knows how far—for the gardens were very extensive—it was an undertaking which she thought it impossible she ever could accomplish, and she threw herself on a seat in the arbour, determined not to stir without a conveyance.

But even the determination of a beauty, unalterable as we all know their resolutions generally are, must sometimes yield to circumstances. Two hours passed, the marquise saw no one approach to relieve her, and what was more, she found, to her infinite astonishment, that she wanted her breakfast. The sensation was so novel, that she could scarcely believe that she felt it: it increased, however, every moment, and after another half hour, she set out in the hope that the distance was not so great as she fancied. To her mortification, however, she soon got into a labyrinth, where, after half an hour's vain search to find her way out, she was nearly sinking with fatigue, when the doctor appeared in sight with the garden-chair, and placing her in it, with many apologies for the part which his duty compelled him to act, she was soon seated at the breakfast-table; but here a new vexation awaited her; instead of coffee, chocolate, and tea, she found bread, milk, and fruit. Remonstrances and entreaties were equally unavailing; the doctor was polite but inexorable; he assured her that what she saw on the table was mixed with medical substances which he could not possibly infuse into the viands she desired to have: he declared that medicine was more necessary for her even than food, and begged earnestly that she would at least taste what was prepared. As his request was pretty well seconded by her appetite, she complied; and from the exquisite relish which she found in her simple fare, she became convinced that the doctor's medical skill was indeed very great, though she still regretted that it was not accompanied with a more accommodating disposition.

Soon after breakfast, the doctor again endeavoured to draw her into the garden, but she was not now to be taken by surprise, and she positively refused. Dinner-time came, and our poor invalid was convinced that she was indeed very badly off, when she found herself restricted to soup and boiled beef, with a roast chicken and vegetables. Was this a dinner, she haughtily asked, for a woman of her rank? The physician readily allowed it was not, but what could he do? All the skill of the profession would be insufficient to blend medicine with ragouts or fricassees, and for that reason he was obliged to give her such dishes as he could prepare in the manner necessary for her disorder; and he urged so strongly the good effects which he was sure she found from what she had already eaten, that she was prevailed on to take a moderate dinner, and even to wash it down

with a glass of generous wine, instead of the coffee and liqueur to which she was accustomed.

Just before she retired to her chamber, she recollected her bed: but here the doctor's medical skill was again in opposition to her wishes; the downy couch that she required would tend too much to increase the perspiration which the medicines she took would promote, and therefore it was impossible to oblige her. She acquiesced, not without murmuring, but a tolerably good night's rest tended to put her in better humour with her physician; although she awoke with a determination not to suffer herself to be carried off as she had been the preceding day. He assured her that he had no thought of the kind, he should only recommend a bath. The lady hoped it was a warm one. No. Then she never would use it, for she was very well assured, that to plunge into cold water would be to hazard her life. The doctor admitted she might be right if she spoke of a common bath, but she must remember his was a medicated bath, and he only desired a single trial. She agreed, and was so refreshed and strengthened, that she was convinced he was right.

The following day the physician told her, that he saw she was now in a fair way of recovery, but there was still one remedy which she must try. "You noticed yesterday, madam," said he, "the beauty of some beds of flowers at a distance from my house; I do not keep them for ornament, but for their excellent medical qualities."—"What, sir, have flowers then medical qualities?"—"Undoubtedly, madam; there are small particles to be found in the earth, near the roots of some sorts of flowers, that I will shew you, which, if smelled to, are sovereign specifics in your disorder: but this remedy you can only obtain by digging till you discover these particles, and smelling them in the ground, as their virtue would be entirely lost by removing them."

"It is of no use, doctor," said the lady, in an impatient tone, "to propose this remedy: I am certain I could no more dig than fly; I know I should faint if I was even to attempt it. The doctor owned the labour was very great, but still the experiment was one of such importance, that it must not be hastily given up. In short, he prevailed upon the lady to take a small light spade, and begin to dig, merely to try whether she would be able: in a few minutes she wanted to give over; but as the doctor assured her that she had just discovered some medical particles, she was encouraged to persevere, but it was at least an hour before she could find enough of them to operate sufficiently.

We need not follow the fair invalid through the progress of her cure: suffice it to say, that in the course of a week, she found her strength so far recruited, that she could dig with much less fatigue than at first; at the end of a fortnight, she was able to take several short walks in the course of the day; her appetite was generally good, and she was entirely free from that terrible feeling, for which, as our fair readers cannot find any single or compound word that will express it, they are obliged to employ the phrase, "I find myself I can't tell how;" a phrase which will disci-

plined husbands never hear without horror. In short, by the end of a month our marquise was completely cured.

"And now, madam," said the doctor, in reply to the thanks with which she loaded him just before her departure, "I must not suffer you to leave me under an error: you owe your recovery less to me than to yourself."

"Dear doctor, you joke."

"No, indeed, your malady could never have been cured by medicine only: that was the opinion of the honest and sensible man who recommended you to me; and as soon as I saw you, it became mine also. Want of exercise, and high living, with its concomitants, late hours and cosmetics, had robbed your stomach of its tone, and thus your whole system became disordered. To remove the effect it was necessary to take away the cause; but had I begun by prescribing exercise and plain food, you would never have followed my advice. You looked to medicine only for your cure, and from medicine only would you condescend to receive it: aware of that, I resolved to deceive you, in order to preserve your life; but as my purpose is answered, it would be useless to carry the deception farther; and I now tell you honestly, that the only medicines you have ever taken were those draughts which you swallowed twice a day: they were really tonics prepared from the juice of herbs."

"And my food, the bath, and the medical flowers——?"

"Your food was never in any way medicated; the exquisite relish which you fancied you found in it, was solely owing to the increase of your appetite. Your baths were simple water; and I gifted the flowers with healing properties, only because I found it impossible to make you walk, and I knew that the exercise of digging would answer your purpose as well, or perhaps better."

"So then, doctor," said the marquise, after a thoughtful pause, "you have really treated me like a child: in short, you have made a mere puppet of me."

"Not so, my dear marquise: I have indeed been compelled to make you take your remedies, as we make children take theirs, by a little artifice, but I did not deceive you when I pledged myself, with the blessing of Providence, to effect your cure."

The marquise felt that he was right, and she had the magnanimity to acknowledge it, and to promise that she would endeavour, by simple and regular habits of life, to preserve for the future the health she owed to him.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

TO MR. SAGEPHIZ.

I AM tired to death, Mr. Adviser, of fine speeches and compliments; it is for that reason I write to you, for nobody can accuse you of paying any. You must know, sir, that I am one of those people who are destined to hear nothing but flattery, for I am pretty well descended, and an heiress—to my great misfortune. You may laugh and shake your head as much as

you please: I am serious, however, and I will tell you why. Nature has bestowed upon me a very warm heart, and a strong inclination to love every body that seems to love me; but I have also a spice of suspicion in my temper, and with a great share of pride, I have, at least I think so, not much vanity. I listen with pleasure when I am praised for the qualities I really possess, but I know that I am many times applauded for those to which I have no pretension, and I directly think that these praises are not bestowed upon me, but upon my fortune; or, what is almost as bad, upon my person. As to real and disinterested attachment, I nearly despair of finding it; and, to say the truth, I could at times almost quarrel with the whole world, because I fear that there is nobody in it who will love me for myself. You may suppose I have plenty of admirers; as yet I have not felt a preference, but if I had, I should be afraid to indulge it, lest I should find too late that my fortune, and not myself, was the object of my lover's wishes. Is there, Mr. Sagephiz, any touchstone by which I can try the sincerity of my fellow-creatures? If there be, teach me how to find it, and you will be entitled to the everlasting gratitude of your humble servant,

CELINDA.

If I possessed such a touchstone as she speaks of, I should be lothe to indulge my fair correspondent with it, since I am convinced it would not add to her happiness. If my advice has any weight with her, instead of indulging, she will try to conquer a distrust of her fellow-creatures, which may by degrees grow into misanthropy. But she will perhaps say, Am I then to listen with implicit faith to all the fine things that may be said to me? By no means, but there is a medium between suspicion and credulity. Patience and observation will teach her to distinguish between the voice of adulation and that of friendship; but while she receives with good-humour the homage which youth, beauty, and fortune will always command, let her strive to challenge the love of her fellow-creatures by the use which she makes of her large possessions: the consciousness that she deserves to be beloved, will go a great way towards removing those feelings of distrust, which, if indulged, will be at once destructive to her utility and happiness.

S. SAGEPHIZ.

TO THE ADVISER.

I am an easy-tempered man, sir, and I have the misfortune to be married to a woman who is not of an easy temper; but as it is my maxim to lead a quiet life if I can, I have till now suffered my wife to do as she pleased in every respect, and bating a regular succession of curtain lectures at night, and one or two jobations in the course of every day, I had not on the whole much to complain of: our table was well served, and at regular hours; our house nicely clean, and our expenses always rather within our income. But, alas! Mr. Adviser, these halcyon days are at an end! My wife has taken a fancy to cut a figure, as she phrases it, and our comfort and respectability are both sacri-

ficed to this new passion of hers. In order to be able to keep a footman, she has discharged one of our two female servants, and as there was more work than the other could do, she discharged herself, and from that time, now about a year ago, we have had a dirty house and a new servant every month. We are not much better off with respect to our male domestic, for my wife being determined to have only those that are very genteel, makes the requisites for her service consist in the man's being tall, rather well-looking, and having lived in a stylish family. The consequence is, that we have had a succession of footmen, the most idle dissolute dogs in the creation, and much too fine to be of the least use. But the greatest grievance still remains behind: as our expenses now are much heavier than formerly, my wife, who, in the midst of her new-fashioned notions, has still a vulgar horror of going in debt, tries to make up for the extra-expense by all those paltry privations which destroy the comfort of a family. Thus, for instance, a grand dinner-party is sure to be succeeded by a week's famine at least: I may say literally famine, for my dear rib is too genteel to give a dinner in the English manner. None of your turkeys and chines, your sirloins of beef, and so forth; no, no, my darling can't bear such vulgar doings; so with the assistance of a French cook, whom she hires for the day, we have a dinner served up in what she calls good style. Her guests are generally polite enough to declare it is charming, and so it is to look at; but to tell you the truth, Mr. Adviser, I never can find any thing fit to eat even when it is hot; I leave you to judge then whether I can make a dinner on the remains which are served up during eight days at least under one form or other. In vain do I plead for a beef-steak, or a mutton-chop; my wife is astonished that I should think of such a piece of extravagance, when there are so many nice things in the house which must be eaten, or else they will be spoiled. This argument would have no weight with me, did I not know by experience, that any act of opposition to her sovereign authority would be followed by a storm, which I have not the courage to provoke; so I silently swallow a few mouthfuls of some stuff which I can hardly get down, and then finish my dinner with bread and cheese: but I find a continuance of this slender diet agrees as ill with my health as my comfort, for I am actually become as lank as a greyhound. I have therefore determined to muster up my courage, and to break out into open rebellion. I intend that my first act on resuming my authority as master of the house, shall be to have a plain plentiful dinner; and you would oblige me exceedingly, Mr. Sagephiz, by coming to partake of it; for, between ourselves, I think that a little of your advice to my wife on that occasion might tend to lessen the difficulties of your humble servant,

HARRY HENPECK.

As this invitation is not very formally made, I think myself at liberty to decline it without ceremony, for the following reason:

However plain the dinner might be, I am afraid that the *sauce piquante* with which I am pretty sure Mrs. Henpeck would furnish us, might be too sharp to suit my taste.

S. SAGEBRUIZ.

EXCHANGE NO ROBBERY, OR THE FULL PURSE AND THE EMPTY ONE: A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 137.)

It was nearly two months after the departure of Theodore, that Monsieur Limours was one morning sent for by a nobleman who had recently arrived in the village. Immediately on his return, Lucille was summoned to attend him: she found him pacing the room with a countenance full of joy: as soon as she entered, he hastened, for the first time in his life, to embrace her. "I congratulate you, my child," cried he, "for I have such joyful, such unexpected tidings for you!"

"And what are they, my dear uncle?"

"Why, you will hardly credit them, and indeed even I, whose head must be stronger than such a little giddy-brain as yours, can scarcely believe in the reality of our good fortune. I say our, for I have no doubt, Lucille, that you will gladly return all my kindness to you."

Lucille might truly have declared that she had no kindness to return, but her heart was too affectionate to retain any remembrance of the harsh treatment she had received, and she answered warmly, "Indeed I will, uncle, if ever I have the power."

"Well, my dear, you will have the power very soon: in three days you will become the bride of the Comte D'Alonville. Aye, you may well look astonished, but it is true nevertheless. The comte and I have arranged every thing, and on Friday morning the marriage ceremony will be celebrated. But how is this, my poor child?" continued he, catching her in his arms; "the surprise and joy are too much for you."

The surprise had indeed overcome her; but her feelings were very different from those of her uncle, and notwithstanding the awe in which she stood of him, and her natural timidity, she mustered courage, for the first time in her life, to oppose his will. It is impossible to paint the anger and astonishment with which he heard her: at first he could not believe that she was serious, but when he was at last convinced of it, his rage passed all bounds; and after a torrent of reproaches, he finished by a declaration, that if she persisted in her obstinacy, she should be immured in a nunnery. And with this threat, which he had little doubt would bend her to his purpose, he quitted her, and hastened to his intended nephew, whom he had engaged to introduce that morning to his niece; an interview which he now thought he must if possible prevent, lest the comte's pride should take the alarm at Lucille's behaviour.

This nobleman, who was but recently arrived in the country upon a visit to a friend, had seen Lu-

cille by accident, and was captivated with her beauty, which was indeed uncommonly striking. The Marquis de Senanges, the friend at whose house he was staying, had some business to settle with Monsieur Limours, and the comte chanced to be present at their conversation: he made some inquiries from Monsieur Limours respecting Lucille, and finding that she was an orphan entirely at his disposal, and her affections disengaged, he offered her his hand. His proposal was immediately and most joyfully accepted by Limours, who never dreamt that it could be necessary to consult Lucille on the subject: in fact, a more indulgent uncle than he was might be pardoned for supposing that she could not possibly refuse so brilliant an offer.

It was a task of more difficulty than he had imagined to delay the interview without giving the comte any reason to suspect the cause. D'Alonville was so minute in his inquiries, and fixed his penetrating eyes upon him with such a searching expression in them, that he blundered and stammered a good deal while he made his niece's sudden indisposition an excuse for delaying the comte's visit; nor did he dare to refuse D'Alonville's positive desire of seeing her, even if it were only for a few moments, in the evening.

Poor Lucille in the mean time was a prey to the most violent sorrow, not unmingled with resentment at the false hopes held out to her by her invisible friend. "Ah!" thought she, "was it for this that I was told not to despair of happiness? Alas! for me it is no more! But if I must renounce Theodore, at least no power shall compel me to give my hand to another."

And in this resolution, to the utter astonishment of her uncle, she firmly persevered. In vain did Limours paint in the most gloomy colours the life of monastic seclusion, which he vowed he would compel her to embrace if she refused the comte; she heard him with streaming eyes, but she relaxed not in her resolution. Baffled in his endeavours to effect his project by terror, he had recourse to entreaties, heaven condescended to employ the influence of Suzette, who, dazzled on the one hand by the prospect of calling her dear child a comtesse, and alarmed on the other by the threat of a nunnery, tried to shake her resolution by the whole artillery of tears, entreaties, and caresses, but in vain: Lucille, hitherto so gentle and flexible, shewed all at once a degree of resolution, of which no one could have believed her capable. In short, her positive refusal even to see the comte obliged her uncle at last to acknowledge the truth to that nobleman; though not without taking great care to exonerate himself from having any share in the affront which the perverse Lucille had put upon him.

Monsieur Limours, who was not naturally the clearest orator in the world, acquitted himself so badly upon this occasion, that it was some time before the comte could understand whether Lucille was overwhelmed with joy or grief at his proposal; and the impatient and agitated manner in which he

questioned Limours, nearly prevented the poor man from explaining the matter at all. When, however, he did make himself at last understood, the comte hastily covered his face with his hand, and resting his elbow upon the table, sat for some minutes without speaking, but it was evident from his respiration that he laboured under considerable agitation.

At last he said, in a tolerably collected tone, "I am far from wishing, sir, to lay any constraint upon your niece's inclination; all I desire of you is, to tell her that it is only from herself I can receive my dismission; and if upon hearing the arguments I mean to use, she persists in refusing me, I will never again enter her presence."

Limours began an elaborate harangue of thanks for the comte's condescension, which the other interrupted by requesting that he would prepare Lucille instantly to see him. The poor girl, who dared not refuse the positive command of her uncle, rose at the comte's entrance, but when she heard the words — "O Heaven! what a change has my mad folly made!" she uttered a piercing shriek, and fixing upon him for a moment an earnest look, sunk fainting into his arms.

"I have murdered her!" exclaimed he in a tone of despair. He was mistaken, joy does not kill; she soon opened her beautiful eyes, but scarcely could she believe she was indeed awake, when she found herself in the arms of her beloved Theodore.

"By what magic," cried she, "has this been brought about?"

"By the magic of love," replied the comte, tenderly pressing her to his heart. "Compose yourself, my Lucille; all that appears wonderful shall be satisfactorily explained."

But as the comte's explanation was a little prolix, and our readers may perhaps think that the story is already long enough, we will clear up the mystery in our own way.

A short time before Lucille received the full purse for her empty one, D'Alonville, who was in the army, had been provoked into a duel with a brother officer; the issue of the *rencontre* obliged him to fly, yet as his antagonist's wounds were not absolutely pronounced mortal, he was unwilling to leave France while there was any hope of his recovery. He sought therefore a temporary retreat in the château of his friend De Senanges, which adjoined that of Monsieur Limours. The apartment of Lucille was divided only by a partition from a long gallery, in which the comte frequently walked for hours together. In examining the old family portraits with which the gallery was decorated, D'Alonville one day discovered a sliding panel, and he was standing close to this very panel when he heard Lucille express her disappointment at having no money to purchase a gift for Nannette. The comte was naturally benevolent; he was also a little romantic, and the panel afforded him an opportunity of exchanging unobserved the purse of Lucille for his own. He watched through the chinks the moment when she and the *bonne* were busy with their work, and seated with their backs towards

him, and gently sliding back the panel, he laid the note and purse upon the table. Curious to see the benevolent girl whom he had thus obliged, he threw himself in her way the next day in the meadow, and that interview led him to become for some time the inmate of the new-married couple, to whom he got ready access through an old servant of De Senanges, who was in his secret.

Till then D'Alonville had seen the fair sex only in the meridian of a court; Lucille was to him therefore a being of a new order, and her natural and simple graces soon completely fascinated him. He saw clearly that her heart was his, yet he could not be satisfied without subjecting her to a trial, which the natural romance of his temper, aided perhaps by the vanity so natural to a Frenchman, made him hope she would get through triumphantly; and for that reason, when he found himself obliged to return to Paris, he left her in ignorance of his rank. He even deferred his departure for three days, in order to ascertain, which he could easily do by means of the panel, whether he was truly regretted; and sensibly touched by the sorrow of Lucille, he devised the means, which we have related, to lighten her grief.

The moment he had arranged his affairs, he returned to the chateau De Senanges, half hoping that as the Comte D'Alonville he should be rejected, and half fearing that Lucille would be dazzled by the splendour of his rank. Our readers will easily believe that D'Alonville's confession was not made without some tremor, but Lucille was too happy to be angry—she suffered him to seal his peace upon her lips; and when at length Monsieur Limours made his appearance, for at D'Alonville's desire he had not accompanied him into Lucille's apartment, he heard without opposition the comte's declaration that she had consented to become his within two days. Her uncle gazed upon her for a moment incredulously, and was half inclined to believe that the comte must have gained his purpose by the aid of necromancy; though even in that case Limours would hardly have objected to a marriage which would make him uncle to a nobleman. In two mornings after his wish was gratified, and D'Alonville and his Lucille still continue to celebrate the anniversary of that day as the happiest of their lives.

MODERN VANS A NUISANCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

There is a nuisance at this time existing in the metropolis and elsewhere, which I think calls loudly for legislative interference; for although Michael Angelo Taylor's Street Act touches almost every possible nuisance—and some perhaps a little too closely—yet it does not extend to the nuisance I mean, which is the modern heavily laden van. These vans are built coach-fashion, and are loaded so immensely as to become absolutely

dangerous to the passengers in the streets. There is one (but not worse than the rest) which goes to Bristol I think, that I have met several times lately in the Strand, with heavy luggage piled upon, and entirely covering the roof, full as high as the top of the vehicle is from the ground, and at every kennel or hole in the pavement swinging and reeling in the most frightful manner. I think I could go with a safe conscience into court, and swear that I was *put in bodily fear* by it. I am well aware that the establishment of these vans has been a great accommodation to trade, by the much greater quickness with which they travel than the old *fly* waggons, and the greater saving in comparison with coach-proprietors' charges for luggage; and as such I by no means wish to see them put down entirely: but certainly they ought to be regulated in some similar way to stage-coaches, or not suffered to carry luggage *on the roof* at all; for one of the principal inducements at first held out with respect to them was, that as the luggage would all be inclosed within the body of the vehicle, and locked up, it would be consequently kept *safe and dry*: but if luggage is allowed to be piled on the roof, it will be neither safer nor dryer than in a waggon, indeed not so dry. But the real question is, the danger of it; and that it is dangerous, any one who has noticed these vans will I am sure decide.

Another complaint against them is, that they injure the roads excessively; and there is no doubt of the fact; running as they do on narrow *coach*-wheels, and carrying such extraordinary weights, it is quite clear they must cut the roads to pieces. I was myself witness to this in a late journey into Norfolk, where I found some parts of the roads, which I had remembered excellent, full of little ruts, occasioned by these vans, all of which ruts hold the water, and the road soon becomes rotten.

I much wonder that our ministers, who do not long let any thing escape which can be taxed, have not laid their hands on these vans, for really they want controuling in some way or other. I am, &c.

J. M. Lacey.

ADVENTURE OF THE ARCHDUKE MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA.

The Archduke Maximilian of Austria, who, in the sequel, ascended the imperial throne of Germany, and succeeded his father, Ferdinand I. in the government of the Austrian monarchy, passed a great part of his youth in Spain at the court of his uncle, the powerful emperor and king, Charles V. who had him educated with his own son, afterwards Philip II. In 1544, Maximilian attended his uncle in the campaign against Francis I. of France; two years afterwards he accompanied him to the war of Schmalkald, and in 1547, to the diet of Augsburg, which he opened with a speech in the name of the emperor. By heroism and personal intrepidity in the field, and by intelligence and prudence in the cabinet, the young prince gained the favour and affection of the emperor to such a degree, that,

in 1548, he gave him his daughter, the infanta Maria, in marriage. Charles, however, seemed to have a deep political motive in this match; he wished thereby to bind Maximilian more firmly to Spain, as he had been for a considerable time secretly engaged with a plan for securing the imperial crown of Germany for his son Philip, after his own death. Having, with a view to the prosecution of this plan, summoned the latter to Germany, he appointed the Archduke Maximilian viceroy of the whole Spanish monarchy, which honourable post he filled for two years and a half with the utmost assiduity and the most scrupulous integrity. Charles now began to throw aside the veil with which he had at first concealed his plans respecting his son Philip, and took less pains to disguise his proceedings: Maximilian, therefore, as soon as he was apprized of them, suddenly quitted Spain, and returned to his father, Ferdinand, King of Hungary and Bohemia, who had so far back as the year 1531 been elected King of the Romans, for the purpose of counteracting with him to the utmost of his power the views of the emperor; and their efforts, as appeared from the result, were not ineffectual.

It is well known that the Spanish nation had a great antipathy to Maximilian, nay, that an attempt was even made to poison him. On the one hand, the national vanity was hurt by the circumstance that their viceroy, and perhaps their future sovereign, was a foreigner; for that, though born at Vienna, he was nevertheless a grandson of King Philip I. and great-grandson of Ferdinand the Catholic and Isabella, never entered into the thoughts of the Spaniards; on the other, he was too mild for that grave people, because, in most cases, he preferred clemency to rigour; and upon the whole he did not display in his demeanour enough of the Spanish *grandezza*. The archduke's sentiments in regard to the Spaniards were, in consequence, much changed, and his exertions against the plans of his uncle were the more vigorous in proportion to his antipathy to the Spaniards: hence he more than once declared, that he would rather be imprisoned for life, than cede the German succession to Philip, to become the sovereign of the whole Spanish monarchy.

The following hunting-adventure, which is not so well known as the preceding facts, was not calculated to raise the Spaniards in Maximilian's opinion. His life was brought by it into not less danger than that of his ancestor, the Emperor Maximilian I. by the tremendously bold chase of the chamois among St. Martin's rocks in the Tyrol.

The Archduke Maximilian, then a young man full of energy and fire, and passionately fond of the chase, one day during his viceroyalty, went out a-hunting in the environs of Granada. A noble stag engaged the attention of the prince, who, bent on winning the splendid prize, pursued the swift animal into the recesses of an immense and almost impenetrable forest. But he paid dearly for his boldness, for the stag drew him farther and farther from his retinue, of which he at length lost all tra-

ces. He found himself alone with his panting steed in the solitary wilderness; he sought an outlet first on one side, then on the other, but in vain, for its mazes were more intricate than those of the labyrinth of Dædalus. Instead of finding a way out, he involved himself deeper and deeper in the forest; he climbed eminences, and traversed valleys and ravines, but nowhere could his anxious eye discover the least vestige of human beings. He shouted with all his might, and fired his piece, which was answered by echo alone, amidst the fearful solitude.

While involuntarily shuddering at the danger of his situation, he was thus wandering in the trackless forest, to increase his embarrassment night overtook him. Not a star, not a ray of moonlight, penetrated the thick vault of interwoven branches, and the twilight of the forest was succeeded by pitchy darkness. Maximilian had already resigned himself to necessity, and resolved to lie down on the damp ground to wait for morning, when a faint light in the distance suddenly caught his scrutinizing eye. Perhaps, thought he, it is some pious hermit, who will afford me a night's lodging in his cell, and put me into the right track in the morning; and fresh hope revived his sinking spirits. Springing up from the damp moss, which he had chosen for his couch, and leading his weary steed by the bridle, he forced his way with difficulty through the bushes and briars towards the point from which the faint glimmering proceeded.

It was not one of those deceitful meteors which so frequently lead the way-lost wanderer into pits and swamps; neither did he find a hermitage as he expected; but it issued from the lowest window of a wretched hut that stood in the wilderness. Here dwells hospitality, said Maximilian to himself, for she is oftener met with, and is more courteous, in the abode of poverty, than in the richly decorated apartments of the great. Never did he enter a royal palace with greater pleasure than he went up to the miserable hut, and never had the brilliantly illuminated festive hall appeared so charming as now did the little room sparingly lighted by a single lamp. His heart beat high with joy at finding himself again among fellow-creatures, from whom he hoped to obtain a lodging for the night and a guide in the morning.

The owner of the hut, a shepherd, with rustic cordiality bade the stranger welcome, and cheerfully promised him a night's lodging and fodder for his weary hunter. The archduke entered the hut, and there found the shepherd's wife, her son and his sweetheart, a young girl, her daughter, and the shepherd's man, who immediately took charge of the horse. A scanty repast, to which he was made heartily welcome, refreshed the prince, who never partook of the grandest entertainment with a better relish. He sat cheerfully by the fire, considering himself in the bosom of the kindest hospitality, and began already to consider how he should reward these generous rustics on his return, with princely liberality. And how could he, or any other mortal in his situation, after the hospitable reception and

entertainment which he experienced from the inhabitants of the hut, have conceived the least suspicion of the sanguinary scheme formed respecting him, while he was enjoying in such high spirits the frugal repast set before him! He thought nothing of it, that while he was eating his supper, the owner and inmates of the house left him almost entirely by himself; or that, as they now and then went in or out, they at most exchanged a friendly word with him. He supposed that the good folks had domestic occupations to attend to, and satisfied the cravings of appetite at his ease. But while Maximilian was thus enjoying himself, his host and family had been consulting together on the best means of dispatching the stranger, whose rich dress or jewels might probably have excited their cupidity, as soon as sleep should have closed his weary eyes. Thirst of gold prevailed at that time with fearful force among the Spaniards; for this event occurred about the time when they stained their history with torrents of innocent blood shed by them from an ardent desire of silver and gold in Hispaniola, Mexico, Peru, and other parts of America. This passion had infected even the lowest classes of the nation; and into what crimes is not man liable to be betrayed, when any guilty passion sways his heart?

The archduke had finished his repast, and requested to be shewn his bed. The people of the house hastened to prepare one for him in a small chamber, closed by an old shattered door without a lock. While they were thus engaged, the viceroy was left alone, and, sat leaning his head upon his arm. All at once the bride of the young shepherd entered the room, deeply agitated and pale as death; she told him in a whisper, that she had something of the utmost importance to disclose to him, if he would give his word of honour not to betray her. The good creature partly felt the sincerest compassion for the handsome stranger, and partly hoped by the discovery to prevent the atrocious deed, so that she might not be compelled to give her hand at the altar to a man who had imbrued his in innocent blood, and to live with an assassin.

Maximilian at first looked at her in silent astonishment; he then gave his word of honour that she might rely with confidence on his silence. The girl thereupon acquainted him with the murderous plan, and hastily retired. The reader may figure to himself the surprise and alarm of the prince: but, whether from irresolution or foolhardiness, whether from mistrust of the well-known aversion of the Spaniards to him, or from a romantic spirit of chivalry, which impelled him to risk every thing, not excepting his life, for the honour of extricating himself alone from so awkward a dilemma—he did not make known who he was, though it is more than probable that the declaration that he was viceroy of Spain, and the promise of a liberal reward, would have stifled the sanguinary scheme in its birth. He, on the contrary, quickly formed the resolution to remain *incognito*, and to sell his life as dearly as possible.

The honest girl had not long left the archduke before the shep-

herd entered, to conduct him to what was intended to be his death-bed. Maximilian readily followed, and entered the wretched chamber. His host soon withdrew, and with apparent courtesy wished him a good night. Under such circumstances, however, sleep was out of the question; the archduke was no longer weary, but felt brisk and lightsome. He began to think seriously of the means of defending himself against the attack of the murderers, fastened the crazy door as well as he could, pushed a large chest that happened to be in the room against it, held his well charged gun in his hand, laid his drawn sword on the chest beside him, and resolved quietly, but not without a beating heart, as he afterwards acknowledged, to await the result.

It was about the hour of midnight, when the shepherd, who had noticed the great fatigue of his guest, and thence concluded that he would by this time be fast asleep, crept as softly as possible to his chamber, thinking to dispatch him without difficulty in his slumber. What was the astonishment of the villain to find the door fast, though it used to open so easily! He made several attempts to open it, but all his efforts proved fruitless, as he at first carefully avoided making any noise, lest he might awaken the stranger. The door continued, as it were, hermetically sealed. At length the ruffian lost all patience; he first tapped gently, and then knocked louder, requesting his guest to open the door, as he had forgotten to take with him a summerpane that he wanted, and that was in the chest in his room.

Maximilian, to whom it now appeared more and more probable, nay even certain, that the warning of the kind-hearted girl was well founded, positively refused to comply with the desire of his host, and declared, in a resolute tone, that while it was dark he would not admit any person whatever into his chamber. This peremptory refusal incensed the shepherd, who was athirst for blood and plunder: his anger and mortification vented themselves in abuse, execrations, and menaces; and he at last cried out, that he would call his people, who would find means to punish a fellow, who, under his own roof, denied him the exercise of his domestic rights.

While the exasperated shepherd was thus shouting, knocking, and threatening at the barricaded door, Maximilian, without replying one word, continued sitting on the chief rampart of his fortress, the chest, and began to conceive hopes that his vigilance and resolute resistance would divert the murderers from their purpose, when the noise at his door increased. The shepherd's son and his man-servant had heard the threats and abuse of the old man; they hastened to the place, and the crazy door could not withstand the efforts of all three. It gave way to the pressure, and was shivered in pieces: the murderers were penetrating into the chamber, with the shepherd at their head. The archduke, who, even in the hottest engagements had never shewn himself deficient in presence of mind and manly intrepidity, was prepared with his gun: he fired, and the old shepherd, at the first step, fell on the floor, weltering in his blood. Maximilian quickly

threw aside his piece, and seizing his sword, rushed with the boldness of a lion on the other two. With a single stroke he cleft the head of the shepherd's son—a decisive proof of his muscular strength—and quickly put to flight the man-servant, who was now a little daunted by the fate of his masters.

Maximilian now imagined that he had surmounted all danger by his resolution, because two of the assailants lay bathed in their blood before him, and the third, overcome with fear, had betaken himself to flight; but he was not yet safe: a fresh and scarcely less dangerous storm impended over him. The wife and daughter of the shepherd set up a dismal howling before the hut; the shot and the noise so unusual at that time of night in this otherwise so still and sequestered country, had awakened and alarmed the neighbouring shepherds; for there were in the vicinity several other huts, which, owing to the darkness, the archduke had not observed.

The shepherds, in their haste, caught up whatever weapons they could lay their hands on, and hurried to the hut, which was instantaneously encompassed. The woman, who had so suddenly lost her husband and son, cried, in an agony of despair, for help and revenge against the robber and murderer, as she styled the stranger, who was still unknown to her. The besiegers made a tremendous uproar, and required the archduke, who could scarcely discern them in the dark by a furtive glance, to surrender.

During this conflict and confusion, the morning began to dawn, and Maximilian now saw, not without alarm, the extreme danger to which the life he had but just saved was again exposed. The number of the rustics was very considerable, and he perceived but too clearly that a longer resistance would be folly, and must infallibly terminate in his destruction. The truly courageous man never loses his presence of mind. The archduke returned his sword, dripping with blood, to the scabbard; and with royal dignity stepped up to the assailants, informing them that he was the viceroy of Spain, who, having lost his way while hunting, had got into this den of murderers, where an attempt had been made on his life, which he had not been able to repel but by force of arms. He further represented to them, to what danger they would expose their own lives and all they possessed, in case of his receiving any injury or insult from them; and at the same time desired them, if they disbelieved his statement, to take him before the nearest magistrate, where they might soon ascertain its veracity.

At this account the rustics shook their heads, but the dignity of his demeanour, the frankness with which he had addressed them, and perhaps still more his dress, served to convince them that he could scarcely have come thither to rob a miserable shepherd's hut, and murder its peaceable inhabitants: they therefore spared his life, but bound his hands behind him, for the purpose of conducting him in this state, to the most appropriate for the viceroy of the kingdom, before the magistrates of the nearest town.

Here part of the retinue of the

archduke, which had divided and gone different ways in quest of him, had already arrived. The gentlemen and attendants of the viceroy were not a little astonished to see their master with his hands tied behind him, surrounded by a troop of armed peasants, and conducted along like a common malefactor. They were on the point of rushing upon the escort, and rescuing the archduke by force from the hands of the rustics, when he expressly commanded them to desist, and to await with patience the issue of the affair. They obeyed: the viceroy was carried before the judge of the place, by whom, as may easily be conceived, the question was speedily decided. The poor shepherds indeed stared, and began to entertain serious apprehensions; but in this instance also Maximilian displayed his mild and indulgent character, and abstained from taking any revenge for the night of horror which he had passed, and the imminent danger to which he had been involved. The shepherds who had dragged him bound before the tribunal, he instantly dismissed without punishment; but the servant of his host, who had fled, was apprehended and publicly executed, because he had taken an active part in the murderous plan. The hut in which the crime was to have been perpetrated, was razed to the ground, and the materials were consumed to ashes. The girl, whose sympathy had warned the archduke against the impending danger, and who had thereby saved his life, was rewarded with princely generosity; for not only did Maximilian bestow on her valuable presents, but as long as she lived, the viceroy and his whole court treated her with the highest distinction.

SINGULAR INSTANCE OF CANINE GRATITUDE.

Several years ago, as an Irish gentleman, of the name of O'Connor, was sauntering along the high-road near his own house, he saw a large dog lying on the ground and howling with pain. On approaching the poor animal, he found that one of his paws was terribly bruised, and he was besides covered with dirt, and appeared totally exhausted. Pitying the condition of the animal, O'Connor called a servant to assist in removing him to the house, and after he had been well washed, he himself dressed the wounded paw, and gave the dog some food. In a few days the animal began to limp about, and shewed the utmost fondness for his benefactor; seldom quitting him but when obliged to do so. O'Connor on his part grew very fond of him, and as no inquiries were made after him, he determined to keep him.

In about a fortnight this animal was quite recovered, and one morning, after he had been more than usually caressing towards O'Connor, he disappeared. O'Connor regretted him, but in vain; and he often jokingly mentioned the dog's ingratitude in running away as soon as he was cured.

Two years afterwards, this gentleman happened to be riding out with a friend at some distance from his own house, and the evening being fine, they returned home on foot, and at an

early hour; when he had got about half way, two men darted from behind a hedge and fell upon him with fury: they were armed with bludgeons. O'Connor parried their blows as well as he could with his stick, but he was speedily on the point of being overpowered, when hearing a rustling in the neighbouring thicket, he called aloud for help, and in an instant a dog darted through it, and fell upon one of the men with the greatest fury: the other fled, and the one whom the animal had attacked, struck with panic, begged his life, and submitted to be bound. When the gentleman had secured him, he turned to express his gratitude to his four-footed preserver, in whom, to his utmost astonishment, he recognised the very dog that he had cured two years before.

While he was wondering to what chance he owed the animal's assistance at so critical a time, the approach of his owner solved the mystery. She was a poor cottager, who, half dead with fright, crawled from a thicket, where she had hid herself on seeing the ruffians attack O'Connor. She told him that she was a widow, that the dog had belonged to her husband, who died about three years before; the animal had been very found of him, and since his death had attached itself with the same affection to her. She had lost him two years before in his way from a fair, and after she had despaired of recovering him, he returned one morning unexpectedly. She was then on her way home from the house of a relation, and when she saw the fellows fall upon O'Connor, she crept into the thicket, where the dog followed her, but upon hearing the voice of his benefactor, he had rushed to his rescue.

"He has saved my life," cried O'Connor, "and if you will sell him, you may name your price."—"It would be of no use," replied the honest cottager; "for he would never stay with any body while I remain in this part of the country."—"I must have him, however," said the gentleman; "suppose you come with him to my house, you will find a bed and something to eat." The poor woman gladly agreed; she found a comfortable home, and as she was active and useful, O'Connor enjoyed the double pleasure of securing a faithful and attached domestic, and of gaining possession of the grateful and noble animal to whom he owed his life.

DESCRIPTION OF AN ERUPTION OF MOUNT VESUVIUS IN 1791.

By a Swiss Traveller.

In the month of March 1791, I was preparing to leave Naples for Rome, to attend the ceremonies of the Passion week and Easter. It was between 9 o'clock at night, and I had just returned to the Hotel de Vesuve, where I lodged, when the people of the house came to my room, to inform me that Vesuvius was beginning to throw up clouds of ashes, and that the flames announced a speedy eruption. The

air was hot as in the month of July, and serene as on a fine summer day.

I went up immediately to the terrace of the house. A shower of ashes thickened the atmosphere: you might feel them fall, though they were not to be seen. They descended in a slow and imperceptible manner, till they were of such depth on the ground as to deaden the sound of carriages, and to cover the whole country with a dusky mantle, as though it were put in mourning.

We perceived flames, however, amid the darkness: they issued from the crater, and looked like long flashes of lightning. All at once, a luminous spot appeared on the side of the mountain, about a hundred fathoms below the summit; this was a new crater, which the lava had just opened. I presently heard the people crying out all over the town, "Look at the lava! Look at the new crater! See how it has opened on this side! God and St. Januarius defend us!" Let us run and implore their protection!" The churches actually opened as if in concert; all the bells rung, and the whole population of Naples thronged the streets and squares. I went also towards the Mole, to mingle with the crowd, and to share its alarm and curiosity.

This exercise, grand as it was, were not however, joyous: all eyes were fixed, with an expression of astonishment, on the luminous spot, which was observed to grow larger every moment. The priests had already assembled before the altars, and the pious beneficiaries thronged about them. The crowd poured into the churches from devotion, and hurried out of them from fear: it awaited with impatience the departure of the processions, from which it hoped for deliverance. They unfurled their banners amidst the singing of hymns, and soon afterwards they began to leave the churches. The distant murmur which proclaimed their approach caused the people to make way, and as they advanced, the pedestrians followed in their train, while ladies themselves alighted from their carriages, and walked in the ashes with the faithful. The processions bent their course from all quarters towards the great place of the palace. The king and royal family were on the balcony; and the people cheered them as they passed. The processions met in this immense area, crossed each other, coming, going, and increasing every moment, till weary of their own terror, they resolved to return by long circuits to the churches from which they had set out.

The clouds of ashes dispersed toward daybreak, and the first rays of dawn eclipsed the brilliance of the fires, which had been so conspicuous during the night. The people suddenly resumed their spirits, and believed that Heaven was appeased, because they beheld the reappearance of the sun. They forgot the grand nocturnal scene which they had just witnessed, nor did they even consider that they would be required to repeat the next night.

A great flame flashed across the heavens, and the mountain resumed its greatest magnificence, as if for darkness, and resolved to obtain a better view of it the following evening.

Accordingly about seven o'clock I set out for Vesuvius, in company with a young Livonian, whose name has escaped my memory. As the day declined, the flames of the volcano appeared brighter and brighter, and on reaching Portici, we could judge how far the lava had travelled in the course of the day. It was not, as the preceding night, a luminous spot, but a broad river, running slowly, and clearing a way for itself in the direction which it had chosen.

We left our chaise at Portici, and there engaged guides. They brought with them mules for us to ride upon, and carried torches to light us; but we could have dispensed with the latter, as the flames threw a sufficient light on the whole surrounding country.

We ascended towards the hermitage of San Salvador, among vineyards, by a rough road strewed with stones and ashes. Our mules, accustomed to this road, walked along it with ease, and we were enabled to enjoy without obstacle the grand picture before us.

In this manner we reached San Salvador. At that time two hermits resided there—one a Genoese, the other a Parisian. They dwelt in two distinct cells, for they had quarrelled, and not spoken to each other for several years. We entered the abode of the Parisian, who set before us dates and oranges. To him an eruption was a festival: not that he cared about the phenomenon itself, but because it brought a number of strangers to his cell, and afforded him frequent opportunities for conversation.

Our mules were sent back from the hermitage to Portici, as they could not be of farther service to us. Two guides only remained to conduct us toward the part of the mountain down which the lava had taken its course. Before we resumed our route, we sat some time in front of the hermitage, contemplating the volumes of fire which the volcano poured forth around it. We then pursued our way, with the intention of approaching the torrent of lava, which threatened the already unfortunate town of Torre del Greco. It was spared, however, this time, and not swept away till three years later.

We proceeded over ashes and scoria by paths but little trodden. They first led us across a wide valley, which separates the hermitage from the upper part of Vesuvius. This valley, destitute of shrubs and herbage, stretched away to the east of the mountain, the contrary side to that of the eruption: it was therefore gloomy and quiet, and lighted only by the faint reflection thrown upon it by the clouds. It was the valley of the shadow of death, the abode of everlasting silence. During this night only it was traversed by whole caravans of travellers, attracted by curiosity, going to and fro between the hermitage and the crater. Torches indicated their route, and whenever they met, they saluted each other in passing; and French was the language chosen for this first salutation, as neither party knew to what nation the other belonged.

After an hour's march, we began to climb with difficulty over heaps of scoriæ. We were obliged to seek a way through passages

unknown to our guides, because in every eruption the lava deviates from its former tracks. We soon entered a world destroyed by fire, and where every thing was the work of that element. The atmosphere began to be very hot; the stones themselves were warm, and we beheld crimson clouds passing over our heads, and as it were streaking the sky with blood.

We were not more than half a mile from the term of our pilgrimage, when we fell in with a female left alone on the mountain with two guides. She was wrapped in a shawl, and seated on a rock. She was speaking to her guides with vehemence. Her accent apprised me that she was an Englishwoman, and I accosted her, offering my assistance, and inquiring the cause of her emotion. She answered me in French, with the eloquence inspired by darkness and extraordinary phenomena of nature. She informed me, that she had come as far as this rock, in company with her husband and a large party of English; but on their arrival at this spot, the guides had persuaded her husband that the rest of the ascent would be too dangerous for her. In vain had she begged to be permitted to proceed: the party had gone on in spite of her tears and entreaties, leaving two guides to take care of her. She had used all possible persuasions to induce her guides to go forward with her, but in vain; and she was determined beyond measure to think that she should be deprived of the sight of the eruption, which she had been so desirous of witnessing. I volunteered my services, my assistance and the support of my arm, for the short distance we had yet to go. She accepted it with a confidence which somewhat surprised me, though she had no other motive than to contemplate the magnificent scene which Vesuvius was preparing for us; and away we went in spite of the remonstrances of her guides.

She leant on my arm, but we advanced slowly, because we sunk into the ashes, and the scoria hurt her feet. We nevertheless approached the torrent of lava, and I looked at my companion by the light of the volcano. She was young and handsome; she had that paleness which arises from emotion, and seemed by her enthusiasm to share the agitation of nature.

The ground and the air became hotter as we approached the focus of the fire, and this symptom had an effect peculiarly alarming. We were met by clouds of smoke; we sought to avoid them by going to windward; but the gusts were so violent, that we were twice enveloped in these burning clouds, and had well nigh perished. The ground rolled from under our feet, and the fire concealed beneath the scoria was exposed to view whenever our tread caused them to roll down the precipices.

We reached, not without difficulty, the end of our journey. The friends of my fair companion had already arrived there, but they were so deeply engaged with the spectacle before them, as not to perceive our approach. It was nevertheless absolutely necessary to accost them, and I was not without some apprehension on account of the reproaches which I was conscious of having deserved; but

our enterprize was successful, and success justifies every thing; our imprudence was forgiven, and we had nothing more to do than to enjoy in silence the grandeur of the scene presented to our view.

Her husband called her Florinda: I never knew her surname. Twenty-two years have since elapsed*. Perhaps Florinda may read these pages. She will not fail to recollect that mountain, that night, and the stranger who guided her steps towards the ocean of fire.

We looked together at the burning river whose waves rolled before us. I say *rolled*, for they did not flow like those of an ordinary river, but actually rolled over like fragments of rock. Its current incessantly grew wider, because it gradually kindled the old scoria, and thus the whole mountain appeared to be on fire.

The river was already some hundred feet wide, and in its formidable progress it had nearly reached the brink of a precipice. It could not fail to tumble into this gulf before daybreak, and we resolved to await this moment. We measured with the eye the distance which it had yet to travel. It approached slowly, but tumultuously; the scoria caught fire before it, and anticipated its course. The torrents of fire at length reached the margin of the rocks, down which they rolled with a tremendous noise. Clouds of smoke rose from the abyss: the winds blew from all quarters, and dispersed them in the air, while the accumulating lava gradually choked up the gulf.

This natural reservoir checked the violence of the torrent, and saved the habitations, which already began to be threatened. It would have taken several days for the fire to fill it, and meanwhile the eruption ceased. Three years later the lava, not having the same obstacles to encounter, ran towards the sea, and utterly destroyed the town of Torre del Greco.

Day dawned on the horizon, and as if by magic the flames appeared paler, the vapours whiter, and by sunrise we had nothing before us but the singular sight of a mountain moving without efforts, and rolling over itself.

It was time for us to retire; for the presence of this fire, concealed from view by the sun, is extremely dangerous. A person may be consumed by it before he perceives its approach. We returned by the same route to Salvador, and thence to Portici, where our vehicles were waiting for us. There I parted from Florinda, and I never saw her more.

* This was written in the year 1819.

WHAT AN ENGLISHMAN MAY EXPECT IF HE SETTLES IN FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

As it does sometimes happen, though it must be confessed not very often, that people do benefit by the experience of others, I shall, in the hope that my mischances may operate as a warning to some of my countrymen, beg leave, without further preface, to lay them before you. I am one of

those, Mr. Editor, who felt some years ago in England the pressure of the times, as my property was small, and not being bred to business, I had no means of increasing it. It is true it was sufficient to enable me to support a genteel appearance, but as I had three children to provide for, it was necessary to save something, or to add to my income; and neither of these plans appearing very practicable in England, I was prevailed upon to try what could be done by a few years' residence in France. Every body assured me, that the expense of living in Paris was at least two thirds less than that of maintaining the same appearance in London; to say nothing of the numerous *agrémens*, which you could not procure upon any terms in the latter.

To Paris then we went about four years ago, and we staid just long enough to be convinced, that, taking things on an average, we had not changed our quarters for the better on the score of economy. It is true some articles of provision were cheaper; but this difference was terribly overbalanced by the exorbitant prices of lodging, firing, washing, and servants' wages. *A-propos*, as to servants: my poor wife, who is one of the neatest women in the world, and a notable housewife into the bargain, was nearly worried into a consumption by the impossibility of establishing order and cleanliness in our family, two things to which French servants have a thorough aversion. In fact, this numerous body of people seem to have come to a unanimous resolution of spoiling their masters some useful lessons, such as a patient submission to inconveniencies, and the art of waiting upon themselves, and to do them justice, it is not their fault if you are not in a short time a proficient in both.

In short, Sir, we soon discovered that our enjoyments in Paris must be principally out of doors, and as no *agrémens* could compensate to us for the want of comfort, we determined to quit it: but, unfortunately, we had by this time formed an acquaintance, who assured us that we could live with the greatest comfort and economy in any of the provinces. "If," said they, "you purchase a house and a few acres of ground, your expense will be next to nothing; and you may, if you please, enjoy at once the pleasures of society and of the country."

In an evil hour I suffered myself to be persuaded, and seeing a house advertised at some distance from Paris, I went to inspect it, found it in good condition (that is, in good French condition), and finding that there was an excellent garden, and ground enough to keep a couple of cows, I bought it. I sent to England, at my wife's desire, for two female servants, and took possession of our new habitation, with a resolution to make ourselves as comfortable as possible. Fortunately, Mr. Editor,

"Man never is but always to be blest."

As we went down in one of the hottest months in the year, we felt at first no inconvenience from the stone floors; but a sudden change in the weather convinced us, that if we would avoid being laid up with the rheumatism, we must have our rooms boarded; and our doors

and windows made to shut properly. We comforted ourselves, however, that this would be our only expense, and that then we should be quite to rights. The tradesmen whom we sent for asked a reasonable price, but when they brought in their bills, I found it was more than double the sum they told me, and unfortunately this was but a beginning. We next found it necessary to alter all our fire-places, and to make some new ones in rooms that had been built without. this was followed by sundry alterations and improvements in the kitchen, which our servants declared, and with truth, was not habitable in winter. The dairy, cow-house, and barn were next discovered to be in want of repairs: in short, sir, before I had done, I expended as much as would have run me up a very pretty snug house in England, and what is still more mortifying, my residence is neither convenient nor comfortable after all.

But this is only one chapter in the history of my misfortunes. My gardener had assured me, that he was fully competent to keep my garden in excellent order with a little occasional assistance. It has turned out that this little occasional assistance is an almost constant job for two labourers, who, in imitation of my gardener, have a prudent regard to their health, and consequently do not work very hard. In fact, between the three, my grounds are in a worse condition than they would be if they were under the care of one honest active Scotchman or Englishman.

When we first settled ourselves, my wife, who, as I hinted before, is extremely notable, formed a plan to defray a great part of our housekeeping by the sale of our superfluous fruit, vegetables, and milk; but we were soon obliged to abandon this project, because it cost us more to pay the people whom we employed to sell them than they produced.

But pecuniary distresses were not the only ones we were destined to meet with: as we are ourselves of a social turn, and were pleased with the frankness and vivacity of the French character, we determined, as soon as we were settled, to cultivate a friendly intercourse with our neighbours: but here again we were grievously disappointed; the demon of party-spirit has established his empire so firmly, that a general acquaintance with your neighbours is out of the question. Every town and every village is divided in political opinions, and these differences foster a spirit of rancour and ill-will, of which, thank God, we have no example in England. It is the custom in France for the stranger to pay the first visit, and if, unconscious of the baleful influence of this spirit, you visit each party, you are sure to make enemies of both. If you have tact enough to call only upon those who are of the same side, you are immediately taken under the *surveillance* of the other party: all that you do or say, nay, all that you are supposed to think, is made matter of rancorous animadversion, and you have the certainty of being detested by one half of your neighbours, without deriving either pleasure or benefit from your intercourse with

the other: for let you attach yourself to which side you will, it is a hundred to one that they find nothing better to entertain you with, than abuse of the other party. In vain do you try to lead the conversation to subjects of literature or taste; in vain pull out your snuff-box, that never failing resource in French conversation; your visitor takes a pinch, pronounces it excellent, and immediately returns to—"But, sir, as I was saying"—and you are compelled to hear the perhaps ten-times told history of the *parvenus*, whose father made his fortune in the Revolution, or of the old Chevalier de St. Louis and his family, who carry their heads so high, though they are only beggarly emigrants, and have hardly a morsel to eat.

In consequence of all these disappointments, I would long since have returned home, and endeavoured to practise, in one of the cheap counties of England or Wales, that economical plan which I could not carry into execution here, but I have been prevented by the difficulty of getting rid of my house, which I am afraid I shall be obliged to sell at last for what it originally cost me, after I have expended nearly as much more in a vain attempt to render it comfortable.

Such, sir, have been the fruits of my economical trip to France. Perhaps if you will do me the favour to insert my letter in your elegant and widely circulating Magazine, it may be a means of warning others of my countrymen how they expose themselves to similar mortifications. I am, sir, your very humble servant,

GEORGE TRUMAN.

THE JUSTICE OF OMAR.

THE following historical trait of Omar, Ben Alkhattab, the second caliph, is extracted and translated from the manuscripts in the royal library at Paris.

Abd Allah Ben Abbas said, that his father related to him what follows:

One evening, it was very dark when I went out to visit Omar Ben Alkhattab, the sovereign of the faithful. I had not gone far before I met a Bedouin Arab, who accosted me by the way. This said, "Arabian, come along with me." I looked at the son of the desert, and what was my astonishment to recognise in him the ruler of the faithful, but disguised in the habit I saluted him respectfully, and said, "Whither goest thou? and what is thine intention, lord of the faithful?"—"I am come out this dark cold night to visit several tribes of Arabs." I followed him to the tents which were scattered over the desert, and he minutely inspected them all.

We had soon made our round, and were about to return home, when we came to a tent, in which we saw an old woman, surrounded by several children, who were crying piteously. Before the old woman lay three stones, on which stood a pot, and beneath it there was a scanty fire. "Be quiet, children!" said she, "your supper is just ready." We stopped to

observe this scene, and Omar's eyes were stedfastly fixed on the old woman and the children. At length, tired of standing still, I said, "Ruler of the faithful, why stay we here?"—"I swear," replied he, "not to stir till I have seen how this woman divides the mess among the children." We remained standing: meanwhile the old woman continued to comfort the children, and the children to cry and weep. "Abbas," said Omar, "let us enter this tent and question the woman." We entered the tent and greeted her. "My good mother," said Omar mildly, and with a smile, "what is the matter with these children? Why do they weep and cry?"—"Because they are hungry," replied she.—"And why dost thou not give them something to eat out of the pot?"—"There is nothing in it—'tis only a trick to deceive them, till, weary of crying, they fall asleep. I have not a morsel in the world to appease their hunger." At these words Omar went up to the pot, and looking into it, saw a number of flints boiling in the water.—"What means this?" cried Omar.—"I told the children that I was cooking them a supper, and when they saw the water bubbling up between the stones, they believed me. I was in hopes that they would cry themselves to sleep, for I have nothing to give them to eat."—"What has reduced thee to such misery?" asked Omar.—"Alas!" replied she, "I am a poor forlorn woman. I have neither relatives nor friends."—"Why hast thou not applied to Omar Ben Alkhattab, the commander of the faithful? He would have caused relief to be afforded thee out of his treasury——"—"May the curse of God light upon him!" exclaimed the woman—"may his banners be trampled in the dust! for he hath treated me cruelly."

At these words Omar trembled, and seemed to be overcome with fear. "What is the cruelty," said he, "of which thou accusest Omar?"—"I call the almighty God to witness," rejoined she, "that his cruelty is horrible. Hath not God commanded the shepherds of his people to study the welfare of all their subjects? When they find miserable wretches like myself sinking beneath the weight of poverty and of children, ought they not to fulfil the commandment of God, and to relieve them?"—"Thou shouldst go to him and make known thy necessities."—"No, such is not the command of God. He is to seek out the necessities of his people. Poverty is not so bold as power; the indigent is ashamed of his misery: but the righteous and compassionate prince shews more kindness to the poor than to the rich, and in so doing he obeys the command of God; whereas he who acts contrary to it does wrong."

Scarcely had the woman finished speaking, when Omar fell on his face to adore the Most High, and then said, "In truth, my good mother, thou art right. But deceive thy poor children only a little longer, and I will hasten to bring something to appease their hunger." And we departed from the tent in the shade of night. The dogs ran at us barking aloud, so that I had great difficulty to keep them off: at length we arrived at

a storehouse. Omar opened the door himself: we entered, looked round, and went up to a sack containing one hundred and fifty pounds of flour. "Abbas," said he, "lift this sack on my back, and do thou take this jar of butter." I lifted the sack on his shoulders, and took up the jar. We quitted the storehouse; Omar locked the door, and we returned towards the camp in the desert. We had scarcely proceeded half way, when Omar became tired of his burden. His eyes, his beard, and his whole face were bepowdered with flour. "In the name of my father, and in the name of my mother, commander of the faithful," cried I, "permit me to carry this load instead of thee."—"That thou shalt not," said he: "I would rather have to bear mountains of brass than a single injustice. How could I endure the sight of this woman, who deludes the hunger of her children with flints? Come, let us make haste, that we may arrive before the poor things have cried themselves to sleep." Thus we pursued our way, while Omar was ready to sink under the burden. At length we reached the tent of the old woman. Here he set down the sack of flour, and I placed the jar of butter beside it, and instead of resting after his fatigue, Omar emptied the stones out of the pot, threw into it a lump of butter, and perceiving that the fire was going out, he said, "Woman, have you no cattles?"—"There are [illegible]" Omar gathered [illegible] on the embers, set the pot upon the stones, and blew the fire with the breath of his mouth. Yes, these eyes beheld the commander of the faithful lying prostrate for the purpose of reviving the expiring flames. His bushy beard brushed the ground, and was sometimes enveloped in smoke; but in this humble attitude he continued till the fire had lit up again. After the butter was melted, he stirred it with a stick, while, with the other hand, he sprinkled flour into it. But the children, who stood around him, continued crying and weeping as before. Omar then asked the old woman for a spoon, took one of the children on his lap, pulled the others close to him, and fed them with the pottage he had cooked. The children ate and were joyful, and after they had played a short time, they dropped asleep. But Omar turned to the woman and said, "Woman, wilt thou sell me thy complaint against Omar's injustice? I will give thee a hundred pieces of gold for it."—"Most willingly," replied she.—"Well then, give me thy promise in writing."—"I cannot write."—"Then I will write for thee." The woman assented, on which I called a couple of witnesses, and fetched a hundred *dinars*. Omar wrote as follows:

"In the name of the merciful and long-suffering God! May the Almighty shower blessings on Mahomet and his holy race!

"The daughter of ——hath, in the presence of two witnesses, forgiven Omar Alkhatab the injustice committed, in overlooking [illegible] and not seeking out [illegible] it is the duty of [illegible] towards the flock [illegible] to his charge. Omar [illegible] on the other hand, given to her one hundred pieces of gold in



payment of her demand. She hath therefore of her own free will concluded this contract."

After this document was attested, Omar folded it up, put it into his bosom, rose, saluted the woman, and returned home. "Now," said he to me by the way, "when I saw the woman pacifying her children with stones, I felt as though a mountain was tumbling upon me, and crushing me in its fall. Fear impelled me to do what thou sawest, and now the mountain is removed, and I breathe more freely."

On his return home, Omar called his children about him. "Take this writing, children," said he, "and preserve it with care, and when the Almighty shall close my eyes to the light of heaven, deposit it in my grave."

And Omar provided for the woman and her children, and hunger was thenceforward a stranger in her tent.

Plate 20.—The City Basin, Regent's Canal.

The annexed view of the City Basin and Wharfs of this canal is taken from a point not far removed from the east end of the great tunnel; the west entrance of which was exhibited in the last number of the *Repository*. The line of water immediately in front of the view is the canal itself, the course of which is from the right to the opposite side of the engraving, thence proceeding to the Thames. At a right angle with this line, the basin commences, projecting on the south, and passing beneath the City-road at the bridge and which intersects the basin nearly in the middle of its length. The view exhibits the wharfs and warehouses on each side, the bridge and traffic on the City-road, and terminates with the obelisk-formed steeple of the parish church of St. Old-Street-road.

Messrs. Pickford, whose establishment stood in the foremost rank in the days of waggon-conveyance, were not last to perceive that the transit of commerce was shifting from our roads to our canals; and adopting means for traffic by water, they have become as eminent upon this line of canal, as they were before on the western roads. On this spot they have erected extensive storehouses, and still take the lead among the inland carriers of the country, who have now brought the system of its water-conveyances to a perfection, that, in point of regularity of setting out, and arriving at their destinations, rivals that of our stage-coaches.

Every evening, at an appointed hour, four pair of fly-boats start from these wharfs for Manchester, Birmingham, Sheffield, and other places.

The direction to canal in comparison with road-conveyances, has chiefly arisen from delays caused [illegible] of water in dry [illegible] to obviate this great [illegible] long been the study of [illegible] men. The Paddington Basin, whence the canal receives its supply, being 80 feet above the

level of the river Thames, it is needful to have several locks or stoppages of water at intermediate distances, so constructed that barges may be raised or lowered there at pleasure; and for these purposes, a lock, projected by an architect several years ago, is here adopted with great advantage, because it loses but half the water usual with the common locks.

The common lock is an artificial trough of brick-work or masonry, sufficiently long to take in one or more boats, having at each extremity a large pair of gates, furnished with a sluice near the bottom of them, and the upper level of the water is about seven or eight feet higher than the water at the other extremity. When the upper gates are shut and the lower open, a boat may be floated into the trough from the lower water, and the gates closed upon it; the sluice of the upper gate is then drawn up, the water rushes into the lock, and presently fills the trough, raising the boat to the upper level: and if a boat is proceeding the other way, it enters the trough, and the upper gate is closed upon it; the sluice of the lower gate is then opened, and the water gradually dismissed, until the boat has fallen to the lower level, when the gates are opened, and the vessel passes onward. Thus it is clear that in passing the two boats, the whole quantity of lockage water is lost from the upper level.

The locks of this canal are each formed by two common locks placed side by side of each other, having a sluice in the separation between them: one lock is full, and the other level with the lower water, into both of which a boat is floated, and the gates closed upon them. The middle sluice is then opened, and half the water of the full lock passing into the other, both boats speedily arrive at a midway level, and the sluice is closed; the water is then admitted to the rising lock, which raises that boat to the proper height. Up to this moment no water has escaped the lock; but to lower the descending vessel, the lower gate sluice is opened, and the boat falling as the half-lock of water escapes, it arrives at the lower level, and is passed. Thus the locks become ascending and descending alternately, and, with a given quantity of water, do twice the duty of the common lock; besides the advantage they present of being to be used singly, in case either should be out of order or in need of repair.

So desirable is the economy of water in canal practice, that at a very great expense the company some time ago tried an experiment near Kentish-town, by erecting a lock upon a very scientific construction, invented by Sir. Wm. Congreve, and admirably executed by Mr. Maudsley, the engineer: it was intended to save the whole expenditure of water by substituting air as the elevating and depressing medium, and above which the water was suspended, and the vessels floated into the locks, which lay longitudinally one before the other: by this means a barge was passed in about seven minutes; but its accuracy of construction rendering it liable to more than ordinary casualties, to which the

frosts of winter superadded considerable obstructions, this meritorious contrivance was necessarily abandoned, after having for some time been the admiration of men of science, and after uniting with the steam-engine in demonstrating the powers of man in subjecting the elements to his service.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE MANNERS AND CHARACTER OF THE INHABITANTS OF LA PERCHE,

A DISTRICT IN THE INTERIOR OF FRANCE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

PERMIT me to express my sincere thanks to your correspondent, ELIZA, who, in your last Number, has very kindly endeavoured to correct what she considers my mistaken notions respecting the state of the female sex in France. The lady acknowledges that she has not been long resident in that country, and I should judge from the concluding paragraph of her letter, that neither herself nor the male acquaintance she speaks of have access to the literary circles of the capital. Her opinion of the chivalrous spirit of the French will perhaps be somewhat lowered, when I inform her, that the charges have not originated with a lady—that they are not brought by an obscure individual, but by a gentleman—himself a Frenchman, and an eminent literary character in Paris; and though they have been before the public upwards of a year, yet no swords have leaped from their scabbards, to wipe out the stain on the national honour. As this fact must be well known to thousands in that capital, I have the satisfaction to believe that I shall not compromise either the quiet or the life of a worthy man, by stating, for the information of ELIZA, and all her French acquaintance, that the authority for my communication is a work which appeared at Paris in 1821, with the title of, *Description du Bocage Percheron, des Mœurs et Coutumes des Habitans*, by M. Dureau de la Malle, who adds to his name, *Membre de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, and who has himself estates in la Perche.

This description of a portion of the interior of France, which seems to be almost as little known to the French in general as to foreigners, is so replete with curious particulars, that I have no doubt your English readers, and Eliza among the rest, will be amused by a farther extract, which I herewith transmit to you. I am, &c.

CONSTANTIA.

London,
Sept. 5, 1829.

The tract to which these observations refer, forms one of the most elevated points of the interior of France. It is chiefly mountainous, very much broken by elevations and depressions. The mountains rise from one to two hundred toises above the level of the sea. The ridges which separate the department of the Orne from the departments of Sarthe and la Manche, form at the same

time the boundary between the rivers, some of which run northward, and discharge themselves into the Channel or the Seine; others southward, and fall into the Loire. The principal places in this district are Mans, Alençon, and Evreux, the first containing 18,000, the second 13,000, and the third 9000 souls.

The inhabitants of this country live chiefly in detached houses in the midst of their corn-fields, meadows, and woodlands, and always in the immediate vicinity of their respective farms. The cities are wide apart, and of no great importance; the towns more numerous, but likewise of moderate size only. The manners, customs, and way of life of these rustics, have remained unalterably the same for about eight centuries past; and their manners and language have been very little polished by their intercourse with the cities. They are accustomed indeed to carry their articles of consumption twice a week to the nearest town, where, on account of their loud harsh voices, their coarse *patois*, their motionless attitude among the busy crowd, their gray clothes and lank hair, they are denominated *sangliers*—"wild boars." Like the men who lived in the origin of societies, and like the present inhabitants of the wilds of America, they know something of every thing; and it is not rare to find a smith, wheelwright, carpenter, cooper, weaver, and farmer, in one and the same person.

Benevolence and hospitality prevail universally in the Perche. When a stranger, even a beggar in rags, enters a house in the evening, the place of honour in the chimney-corner is assigned to him. He sits beside the master of the house, eats of the same dishes, is waited upon by the mistress standing, and next morning, after breakfast, pursues his way, to experience elsewhere the like hospitality.

Scarcely twenty years ago, the rustic here required next to nothing of the productions of industry and manufactures for his clothing. His birch, alder, and walnut-trees, but above all the beech, furnished and still furnish him with strong, light wooden shoes, the most suitable covering for the feet in a cold, clayey soil, where the dirt, produced by the frequent rains, cannot dry up, on account of the great quantity of trees. For journeys, for hunting, or when he drives his team to a distance, he uses strong shoes, that last five or six years, the soles of which, shod with iron, are composed of two pieces of the thickest ox-hide, while the upper-leather, of cow-hide, is alike impenetrable to water and thawed snow. His socks and stockings are made of a greasy white and gray wool, just as it comes from the sheep's back. The same wool furnishes the material for his coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Women and children spin it during the long winter evenings, and the wool is scoured by the same mill which grinds the corn, in portions sufficient for a week's consumption for the family.

Till lately the men wore no neckcloth, a red or gray cap on the head, and on holidays a hat *à la Basile*, which was transmitted from generation to generation. The females also were entirely dressed

in woollen; and the hemp which they grew, spun, and wove themselves, supplied them with cloth for shirts and *chemises*. Hence the men were indebted to commerce and manufactures for their pocket-handkerchiefs alone; and the women for their pocket and neck-handkerchiefs, and also their stays, which they lately wore of the very same pattern as in the time of Francis I.

Much of these ancient fashions has been superseded of late by luxury, which has insinuated itself even into the rustic cottage. In consequence of the introduction of cotton-spinning into the country, the females have taken a fancy to printed cottons. The ancient bodice has been succeeded by a simple corset, without whalebone. Gold crosses, wrought muslin handkerchiefs and caps, white or blue cotton stockings, coloured gowns, and neat shoes, supply the place of the old-fashioned dress and decorations at weddings, and on market-days and holidays. The men too dress on particular occasions in cotton waistcoats and coats of manufactured cloth, and wear powder. They begin to dance in cadence, and to play with precision country-dances on the violin. In regard to language also they have deviated in various particulars from the ancient dialect.

So much the more obstinately, however, have manners withstood the innovations of the times. In the whole district they are still very pure, especially in the aristocratic canton called the *Bocage*, where the different classes keep themselves distinct, and a sort of nobility exists among the peasants: this nobility consists of the whole of the farmers and resident landowners. This class is distinguished upon the whole by greater severity of manners, more enlightened views, superior confidence, bluntness, honesty, readiness to serve, and hospitality: but its members consider the tradesmen, mechanics, manufacturers, and labourers of the cities and towns, if they are not at the same time landed proprietors, as beneath them. Among this class there occur very few lawsuits, and we may say no crimes or misdemeanours. It is a very rare circumstance indeed for a farmer's daughter to have had a professed lover before the man she marries, or to have done something still worse. In the latter case, the whole family deems itself disgraced, and wears mourning for two years. Such an example is not without a powerful effect on the class of maid-servants. When one of the latter has a sweetheart, is discovered in a suspicious situation, or betrays the consequences of such a connexion, she is immediately turned out of doors without mercy. Such a person does not easily find another service; she cannot expect to get a husband; and if the seducer, who is not liable to similar punishment, will not marry her, she is compelled to maintain her child herself, and has no other resource than begging. The morals of the inhabitants of the towns and cities are less pure: hence the peasants shew a kind of contempt for them, which is not diminished by the indolent habits in which they too often indulge.

Notwithstanding their unimpeachable morals and regularity of conduct, the natives of la Perche are extremely free in their speech, and coarse in their expressions. The management of the cattle and poultry is left entirely to the women and girls. This of course imposes on them employments, and causes them to witness scenes, offensive to modesty. On such occasions, the men and lads do not fail to crack their coarse jokes; the girls laugh, perhaps return as coarse a reply, and remain chaste and virtuous as before. By way of amusement in an evening, low, loose, nay, even obscene songs are sung, and received by girls of the most correct morals with roars of laughter. Slippery stories of cornuted husbands, related in *patois*, are listened to with delight. The narrator is commonly of the male sex; the hero of the story a citizen, a tradesman, and very often a police-officer, whom they style *sergeant*, or *grenier à coups de baton*. The harvest songs either describe the supper which the mistress of the house provides for the reapers; or relate the adventures of a girl who has gone off with a soldier, forsaken her native country, and lost her virtue (*rasé son sabot*); or the story of a poor damsel who has fallen into a river. Some men pass by; she offers them a hundred crowns to save her from drowning, but they demand the surrender of her honour as the price of their assistance, and she resolves rather to perish. Such virtue excites as general applause as the smutty expressions with which the song is interlarded produce hearty laughter. These songs are sung once a year, in harvest-time, and at no other, in chorus—a practice common in the Bocage Percheron from time immemorial.

The inhabitants of the Bocage are very fond of puns and metaphors. The following pun would not be unworthy of a Brunet: *In what plate in the world are there most cats without hair?* At church, because every pious dame takes her *chapelet (chat pelé)* along with her. The Emperor Napoleon they were accustomed to call *l'empirreur*, instead of *l'empereur*. It is a saying with them, that whoever would have good shoes impermeable to wet, should have the upper leather made of the throat of a musician, which never admits water; the soles of women's tongues, which never wear out; and they should be sewed with thread spun out of priests' rancour, which lasts for ever.

There is no want of popular superstitions in the Bocage Percheron; but during the last thirty years the inhabitants have greatly improved in this respect, because they have more traffic, are more abroad at night, and therefore more familiar with the objects of their terror than formerly. "I knew a young man," says the author, "who died in 1785, owing to his fear of spectres. I was with my father at his country-house at Landres. A good deal was said about a former owner of the place, a Madame de Hauteville, who was reported, among other things, to appear in the summer-house in the shape of an ermine. The young man talked very big, and was not sparing of his ridicule of the belief in the existence of ghosts in general. Some one offered to lay

him a wager that he had not courage enough to sleep by himself in the summer-house. He took his supper, and repaired, laughing and joking, to the summer-house, where a good bed had been provided for him. Next morning he was found dead, and quite black: an apoplexy, occasioned by fright, had put a sudden period to his life. The general report in consequence was, 'that the ermine had run over him.' The women are still terribly afraid of this elegant creature, which is not in the least dangerous, excepting to their poultry. The ermine is of a brilliant white, very brisk in its motions, seldom goes abroad but at night, and appears and vanishes in a moment. The ladies of mansions were accustomed in winter to wear the fur of this animal; and hence the notion that Madame de Hauteville's spirit appeared in that shape. Very recently," continues M. Dureau de la Malle, "four or five women assured me, that they saw the above-mentioned lady walking about in the farm-yard in the shape of an ermine, on the 22d of December, 1819." The inflammable vapours hovering over the morasses, the phosphoric wood, the singular shapes of stumps of trees illumined by such meteors, have served to produce and maintain a belief in pitch-pans, monsters, goblins, and the like, especially among the females, who still venture abroad, but seldom after dark, and never alone. The millers and cattle-dealers, on the contrary, travel about at night without any sort of concern.

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

In the recesses of a thick forest paused Robert, King of Naples, and when the deer which he had pursued thus far had vanished from his sight, he perceived that, having separated from his retinue, he had lost himself in its mazes. It was not long, however, before he found a road, but one with which he was unacquainted. Scarcely had he reached it, when he met a traveller well dressed and of comely appearance. Ignorant of the rank of the king, he asked him the way to Naples. Robert replied, that he was unable to direct him, as he had himself lost his way. "We may as well seek it together," added he, "for I too am going to Naples." The stranger remarked that this would be rather inconvenient for one of the two, as he was on foot and the other on horseback. Robert acknowledged that he was right, dismounted with a smile, and walked along by his companion, leading his horse by the bridle.

A conversation naturally ensued. "Have you travelled far?" asked Robert.—"I make travelling my profession," was the reply.—"Then you must have seen and observed much."—"I have."—"Have you any acquaintance in Naples?"—"None."—"Then you know not whether you shall be well received there?"—"O yes; I shall find money lying for me there, and of course am sure of a good reception."—"Do you know with whom you are in company?"—"With a

man."—"Do you think yourself safe with me?"—"With honest people one is always safe; and I am not afraid of rogues, for I carry very little of value about me."—"I am the King of Naples."—"Indeed!" said the traveller, without the least change in his look or demeanour: "well, I am not afraid of kings. They seldom harass us themselves. It is silly ministers and favourites that make kings cruel and obnoxious to their people."

"I like your frankness," rejoined the king. "Can I do any thing for you?"—"Nothing, sire: I possess all I wish."—"Then you must be happy."—"As happy as a man can be; and I have made a vow to hang myself as soon as I find one happier than I am."—"Hang yourself then, my friend; for I am happier."—"That is yet to be proved. Produce proof of the assertion, and I will seek a halter immediately."—"Well. All the pleasures and enjoyments of life are at my command; my subjects love me, conscious that I am solicitous for their welfare—[here the traveller hemmed]—I reside in a magnificent and commodious palace; travel and hunting are my amusements; business is my recreation, and——"—"Have you no cares, no enemy? Are you perfectly content with what you possess, with your dominions?"—It was now the king's turn to hem. "You require too much," said he, somewhat confused.—"By no means," begging your majesty's pardon; "since hanging is no joke, that can be retracted as kings retract everlasting treaties of peace, I am obliged to press the matter home."—"Well then, on considering your question, I must leave it unanswered and let you live. In return, you must be my guest at Naples."—"God forbid! A palace is the most dangerous of inns, so long as ministers and courtiers are the waiters. They would receive me with a show of the greatest kindness as the king's guest, but at the same time puzzle their brains for a solution of the question, why their credulous sovereign had picked up and brought with him a vagrant or adventurer."—"How comes it you are so intimately acquainted with courts?"—"My father was chamberlain to your predecessor, and I was his page. The prince distinguished me by his favour, which excited envy: my father died, and I, being of age, solicited my dismission, and have since passed my time in travel."—"In your opinion are all courts alike?"—"All—just as all foxes are red."—"Mine, I presume, forms an exception."—"Every sovereign believes so, because even the best courtiers do not appear as they really are. If we remain longer together, I will give you a proof of this."—"Stay with me and give it."—"The method is simple, and requires nothing but an air of mystery." Robert entreated; the stranger complied, and communicated to him the test which he had devised on the spur of the occasion.

The cry of dogs and the sound of horns were now heard. "Your attendants!" said the stranger, taking his leave, that he might not be seen by Robert's retinue. The king galloped off through the bushes; the traveller followed his traces,

reached at dusk a village on the high-road, and next day arrived at Naples.

Robert was giving public audience, when the traveller appeared before him with a petition. The king took it, affecting not to know him; manifested astonishment when he had cast his eyes over it; ordered the bearer to be conducted into his palace; conversed with him for a whole hour in his private closet; and after he had dismissed him, returned with a grave countenance and wrinkled brow to his courtiers, whose curiosity was raised to the highest pitch.

"That man," said Robert to his prime minister, "possesses supernatural powers. This mirror, to all appearance an ordinary one, shews the person who places himself before it in the form he wishes to have; it exhibits plainly to view the inmost recesses of the human heart, the most secret passions, wishes, and imaginations. I was myself overwhelmed with astonishment when I beheld my figure in its polished surface. The crowns of France and Spain formed with that of Naples a triple diadem to adorn my brow; my rivals surrounded my resplendent throne as courtiers, and my enemies were crawling in the dust. There, sir," continued the king, suddenly holding the mirror before the minister, "make trial of it yourself, and you will admire the extraordinary properties of this glass."

The minister started back in as much agitation as becomes a courtier; his colour came and went; and he begged to be spared the trial. Robert inquired the reason of his refusal, and was told, that it was not lawful for a good Christian to amuse himself with magical instruments; and that he, the minister, wondered how the king could endure the guilty inventor of the mirror so near him. Robert next went to the favourite, who had already been apprized by the minister of the wonderful quality of the glass. Having had more time to prepare himself, he was not taken so much by surprise: he too, abhorring all sorcery, refused to look in the unhallowed mirror; but he had recourse to a piece of adulation, and said, "Possessing the favour of my sovereign, I have nothing more to wish for." Thus it went on: let the king offer the glass to whomsoever he would, he was sure to meet with an evasion, here on the ground of religion, there on that of principle. Most made a joke of the matter; and even the king's jester drew back, observing with a grin, "I am the lowest fool at court, and modesty will not permit me to look in the glass, till all my betters have taken their turn."

The king's confessor gave his spiritual son a long reprimand, replete with unction; at the conclusion of which, he exhorted him to burn with due solemnity the itinerant necromancer, or at least his infernal mirror; and Robert, aware of the serious turn which the affair was taking, summoned the stranger to a public audience.

"You are well acquainted," said he to him, "with the world, with courts, and with courtiers. Take back your mirror, which you purchased at the nearest shop: before the whole world I attest, that you are not a sorcerer, but an honest fellow, and one who thoroughly

knows the human heart. You jocosely wagered with me, that I should not find at my court one individual willing to exhibit himself to me in his true shape and without disguise. you have won the wager. Take this ring, as a memento of Robert, *the man*, who wishes well to all." Here he extended his hand to the stranger, who shook it heartily and said, "Which is the happier of the two?"—"You, unquestionably," exclaimed the king. —"So I thought!" replied the expage, and begged the circle of courtiers not to be offended at a harmless joke of an old colleague.

FREAM SEOID, OR THE ROOT OF HEROES; AND CURAID GRADCHARACH, THE AGILE CHAMPION:

A GAELIC LEGEND.

The early history of nations and private families rests in a great measure upon oral tradition; and no remote event is better authenticated by collateral evidence, than the royal origin of the clans Grant and Macgregor. Their primogenitors were sons of Gregory, in the ninth century King of Alba, or Scotland. Fream Seoid, a name signifying the root of heroes, was ancestor of the clan Grant; and Curaid Gradcharach, or the agile champion, gave a patronimic to the clan Macgregor, now so celebrated in prose and poetic story. Conscious of his descent from royalty, and of feudal influence unlimited, the laird Lewis Grant, of Grant, declined a peerage from King George I.; and his laconic explanation of the motive emphatically spoke a feeling of power beyond the gift of his sovereign to augment. It is remarkable, that though feudal institutions have been long abolished, a devoted adherence to the chieftain is voluntarily yielded by the clan Grant, a high spirited and intelligent people. The chief is now by inherent right an earl, with an accession of immense property; but the clansmen feel that, in kind condescensions, and in all public and domestic virtues, every branch of the family retains the characteristic goodness of the laird of Grant. They are sensible that their singular advantages of education have been obtained by the attention their chiefs bestowed on the establishment of schools; and gratitude for this and other benefits has impressed their minds with more than feudal attachment. On every occasion the people of Strathspey have pressed forward to serve their chief. The late Sir James Grant, of Grant, raised two battalions during the revolutionary war, the 97th regiment of the line, and the Strathspey fencibles; and at the same time nearly a thousand men were embodied and trained as volunteers for local duty. Yet the most striking effect of clannish impulses was displayed on the 13th March, 1820. A rumour having reached Strathspey, that Grant Lodge, near Elgin, was threatened by a mob, every man or boy who could attempt a journey of fifty miles, ran full speed to rescue the ladies of Grant, who happened to be at Grant Lodge. The gentle-

men of Strathspey pursued the tenantry on horseback, and happily prevented any hostile collision of the Highlanders and the Lowlanders. This slight sketch cannot fail to enhance the interest of the following legend. ——

Beautiful is the love of brothers! As two stars reflect on each other more sparkling light, and the double bosses of a shield stretch a firmer defence, so Fream Seoid Mac Grigar ri Alba, and Curaid Gradcharach, ye grew as spreading hazels, mixing their leafy boughs to support the clustering nuts: so the consenting hearts of his sons were a bulwark to Scotland's king, and the stay of his people. Roused from a calm slumber of peace by sudden squalls from the fierce-rushing breath of Lochlin, the heroes, lovely in the young beams of their valour, led a small but mighty band to meet the storm; and the gathered blasts, the seas of rolling clouds loaded with snow, are gone as the ice of spring before a warm gale of the south. Fream Seoid, mild in peace as the breezeless dawn of a summer morn; in war, terrible as the clanging din of ten thousand spirits of the hills, echoing through woody glens and desert heath; while in their fiery train, famine and death waste the nations. The sword of Fream Seoid, a far seen light of hosts—his lance the dread of warriors—great in soul, yet gentle in words, as the birch-skirted river of deep waters refreshing a parched vale, he calmed the rage of Curaid Gradcharach—for dear was the voice of Fream Seoid to the glowing heart of the champion of the border, the conquering arm, which in single combat overthrow the furious rovers of the Tweed. His war-cry was the roar of mountain streams over a rocky channel; and Tweed ran in blood from his steel. Together the brothers vanquished the southern foes of Alba, as demons of the storm tearing, crash on crash, the mountain pines; together the sons of Grigar ri Alba again and again have broken a forest of spears. But when Lochlin plunged into the bays of the north, with all their mossy rocks, green slopes, and rugged steeps skirted with holly and yew, the king, rejoicing in the early fame of his sons, gave Fream Seoid to meet the invader. The invader is wrapped in the devouring flame of his battles—in the wrath of his valour he urges before him the retreating foes; they fall as a herd of deer in the uncertain gleam of night, caught by crowding torrents dashing over their vale of rest. Fream Seoid, first in the ranks of danger, treads close on their steps of haste, and wading in blood, makes the fleet of Lochlin a fleet of Alba.

In the dark division of a stately bark, he finds a daughter of beauty in her tears; bound to a post are her tender feet, marked with many scars; her white hands are galled by fetters. As a pale flower lifts its trembling head, she raised her face, entreating release. Fream Seoid sets her free; but as the restless foam of a waterfall, her quaking arms drop powerless by her side. Bending as the many-coloured arch of the sky, her wasted loveliness sinks before the tempest of men. Sorrow had come on her beauty as a fog; but a troubled joy quivered on her lips when she

saw at distance a knight leaning against a mast.

Fream Seoid leads the stranger pair to his castle of many turrets, and spreads the feast of his halls before the friends of Alba. The daughter of beauty has no eye, no ear, but for her spouse. As a faint light from a cloud is the sadness of her smile, when she looks to the gloomy form of her silent knight. With proud repulse she returns the hospitable cares of Fream Seoid; and with glances of disdain the speechless knight regards the son of Grigar ri Alba. But three days were not sped to ask their name, nor in hasty words would the hero call upon a guest, far from his own land and strength of people. "In dens of blasted underwood hides the little soul of Curaid Gradcharach, while the roar of battle passed over these shores!" said the fair. The knight accords with a grin of scorn.—"Never," said Fream Seoid, "never within these walls hath a son of Grigar ri Alba asked the name of a stranger till three days were sped; and know ye not, that one mother gave to Grigar ri Alba, Curaid Gradcharach, the first of warriors, and Fream Seoid, that loves his brother as his soul?"—"They beseem their race," said the fair; and so responded the scowling brow of the knight.—"If manhood dwells in the breast of the silent knight, he will measure spears with the lord of these towers," said Fream Seoid. "When three days are gone, let the rising sun behold, washed out in blood, the offence of woman's tongue, and of the curling lip and haughty scowl of her knight." For her knight, the spouse replies, "Nor spear, nor sword, have the sons of Lochlin left with my captive knight; and though they glittered by his side, his arm hangs powerless."—"Where is the wound that unmans thy strength?" spoke Fream Seoid.—"The valour of Fream Seoid springs high against the weak," said the fair; "Fream Seoid is dauntless in the help of his frowning men of war." Dark and ridgy grew the smooth brow of Fream Seoid; but calm, he summoned his men of trust. "Bear the stranger knight beyond our boundary, to answer the son of your king in the conflict of honour; or failing to draw the steel against Fream Seoid, he must defend his life, opposed to the meanest boy serf in our train."

As a cloud of the dusky west, the knight stands dismal on the appointed day. The sword of Fream Seoid gleams in the rising sun. A herald presents a brand to the knight; it is unsheathed by the spouse. Each lifts the deathful point: the fair rushes between. Fream Seoid pauses on his steel; for the white arm of loveliness is bathed in the warm current of her life, and a red stream oozes fast from the shoulder of her knight. "Praise to the saints, the spell is broken!" said the spouse. "Our blood is mingled on steel in the hand of the mildest chief. By the holiest!—a name long forbidden to our lips—I adjure the valiant to spare a knight unmanned; passing through hill, valley, and desert, and cleaving the billows of all the seas, to find the bravest and mildest chief. His keen edge, tinged deep with our blood, hath rent the chains of darkness. Stiff in

his gore lies my knight; his fixed features wear the hue of death; the demon power gnaws his big heart." Shrieking, falls the spouse beside her knight. She lies as a bud of the early year, nipped by a frosty gale. Fream Seoid calls for a leech, with balsams and words of power. The strangers are restored. Sadness departs from the daughter of beauty; her eye brightens, as a blue sky when all the stars come forth. No uncertain haze of fairy light unhallowed curls over her heavy locks. The spell is broken for ever.

At the feast of friendship, evening lengthened out to meet the dawn, when Fream Seoid, Macgrigar ri Alba, asked the fair to relate her tale of grief.

"In opening youth," she said, "my spouse, the son of other lands, the lands of friendship to Alba, joined the brave to quell dark disturbers of Iberia. The father of my Roalo, the light of many fields of victory, lay stretched among the dead renowned; and by his side my hero, gashed with strokes of lance and spear. Death was pale on his downy cheek; but a daughter of kings, with eyes sparkling as stars on the face of night, sent spirits of demon might to search the plain of blood for a young warrior, to dwell in her soul, a beam of joy. Roalo is found. His wounds are closed; but the vestments and the arms of his own people are gone. The flowing robes and the feast of strangers are forged upon the weaponless hero. In a palace of ten thousand lights, Arts of sorcery seek to divide him from the holy cross; yet firm as a towering rock of ocean unmoved by howling surges, his heart unwavering clings to the faith. He tries to burst the bonds that confine his person; but threefold walls and watchful spirits of evil are around him. With an early beam of the east, the ensigns of Iberia, floating in the light of steel, advance to flash as the fire of heaven upon the enemies of the cross. In the wild struggle of men Roalo joined the ranks of Iberia. His arm saved my brother from an infidel stroke. The castle of ten thousand lights is won. The Christian banner waves on the battlements. The swords of Roalo and Govedo are lifted together in the thickest battle; and their hearts, as two evergreen oaks, twine together their unfading shelter for the feeble or unhappy. My brother led Roalo to the halls of our father. The hero turned on me the lovely flame of his eyes, and in stolen glances Adela, with trembling joy, betrayed her secret sigh. The blessing of the holy church and the blessing of her father gave, swimming in love, a beating bosom to Roalo.

"But a red meteor of night, a terrible demon, rose gigantic to separate Adela from her hero. This spirit of evil had served the daughter of kings in her palace of ten thousand lights; and the slave of her will, he must attend her fallen fortunes. The soul of Roalo became the haunt of ghosts. The warrior of high renown sinks to a feeble man. Changing as the inconstant moon, his aspect never is the same. He roams to shun his spouse. He flies from her, as a

genius of dismay; but she will not leave him to himself in lands unknown. Faint as the last whisper of winds on woody steeps, his voice murmurs affright; for many streams of darkness have washed away his valour; his cloud-covered soul is wrapped in the folds of terror. He shrinks from the steel, which, in former days, reeked with the blood of infidels. Oft the low broken sounds of his grief came on my ear as a mourning gale.—'Soft smile of youth,' he said, 'those slender arms must rest from the heavy axe of battle. They were formed to clasp the neck of beauty. This smooth cheek should rest on a couch of flowers; and, unfit for the helmet, those curling locks shall be twined by the daughter of kings.'

"At each word a dagger of anguish entered my breast. As the wounded seamew, I mourned the inmate of my soul, though present to my eyes, his thoughts were lost to himself and to me. Gloomy spells overset all that comes to his view. He fears to tread the greensward by day, lest blazing fires of the sun at his feet might scorch him; or the prostrate daughter of night freeze his limbs with her cold, pale, streamy light. In all his wanderings I pursued his steps. My prayers wearied every saint; my gift was on every altar; my feet were torn by pilgrimages. A son of the church spoke words of cheer. My hero should come forth as the shining orb of noon, when the bravest and kindest chief had shed his blood, with the blood of his spouse.

"In every land I sought the leaders of most brave and kind. The fleet of Lochlin came on our little bark. The mildest star of renown loosed our bonds. I beheld him in his flaming valour, the awful pride of battles, to crush the foes of Alba; and in peace the joy of feasts, the shield of his people, the shelter of the defenceless, the bright beam of mirth, the song of a thousand bards. I must not crave the stroke of his steel; and how could I gain from the mildest chief a gushing wound to release my spouse from the chains of darkness? My words of pride passed unheeded, as the idle gusts of wind that fluttered the banners over his castle. I raved in despair; when the love of brothers, the love of Fream Seoid and Curaid Gradcharach, arose to my thoughts. The bravest and mildest chief gave combat as the high-souled offspring of kings. My hero is restored to himself and to me; and deeds of mercy shall raise the fame of Fream Seoid Gradhach, mac ri Alba."

All the warriors in the hall of feasting saluted Fream Seoid with the style of Gradhach. "His first name," said the knight, "his first name in early youth became the war-cry of heroes: his last style, Gradhach, the mild and kind, shall be to him and to his race for ever a light shining among nations; the gladdening beam where daughters of beauty smile on the warrior and young hunter, moving to sounds of music; the arm to turn the tide of battles, or to stretch a shield for the children of misfortune; great among the clouds of the fight, and holding with mighty grasp the hands of peace."

The viewless sun of the rock ascending from his craggy steeps

when the shouts of battle spread from hill to hill, or the clamour of mirth rises at the feast of shells; the viewless son of the rock repeated, from the mouth of multitudes of the brave, the endless fame, the blazing yet gracious renown of Fream Seoid Gradhach, mac ri Alba, terrible in the clash of deathful steel, and lovely in the joy of peace.

F. T.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM HELOISE TO ABELARD.

A work which has just been published at Paris, relative to these unfortunate lovers, by M. Turlot, contains some curious particulars; though we do not find any thing which can, strictly speaking, be called original, except two letters from Heloise to Abelard, now first translated from the Latin, and never before published. Abelard had a male friend, who appears to have fallen into some disgrace: in order to console him for it, Abelard wrote to him an account of the errors and misfortunes of his life; he related to him all the particulars of his amour with Heloise, and the catastrophe which led him to quit the world. This letter fell into the hands of Heloise, and appears to have occasioned one of the two letters to Abelard of which we have just spoken. As they are both written with that impassioned tenderness for which Heloise has been so much celebrated, our readers will probably not be displeased with the following extracts from them.

"Write to me, Abelard: a pleasure so innocent is not forbidden us. Ah! do not let us lose by our own negligence the sole consolation that remains to us! It is to console unfortunates, who, like me, have renounced the world, that letters were invented: I shall always kiss yours, but yet I would not that they should cost you any trouble. Write to me without effort, with negligence even; let your heart and not your wit speak to me. I repeat to you, Abelard, I cannot live if you do not tell me that you love me! This language must be so natural to you, that I do not think you could speak to me in any other; besides, you are bound to close, by a new mark of tenderness, the wounds you have opened in my heart, by the details you give to your friend of our misfortunes. It appears to me, that it was not necessary, in order to console him for a slight disgrace, to enter so fully into the particulars of our situation. Do not, however, think that I mean to reproach you for the innocent artifice you make use of to comfort a friend in distress, by comparing his affliction with a greater calamity: charity is ingenious, and I praise you for it; but remember, Abelard, how much more you owe to me than to that friend: fly me then no longer, but listen to my sighs, those sighs of which you alone have been the cause. If I am here through reason, persuade me to remain through virtue.

"Alas! if you would but remember—but you must, for how can one ever forget how one is loved?—if, I say, you would but recollect how I have spent whole days in waiting for you; with what plea-

sure I stole myself from every body in order to write to you; how much uneasiness a letter cost me, till I knew you had received it; what management, what stratagems we used in order to bring about our meetings! These details astonish you, you fear to hear them concluded; but they relieve me, and I do not blush at them. My love for you has had no bounds: why then should I set any to the pleasure which it gives me to speak of it? I have hated myself to show you more love; I came here to entomb myself alive in order that you might live without anxiety. Vice does not inspire such sentiments.

"My uncle thought that, like others of my sex, I was a slave to the senses, and that by his cruel stratagem he should part us for ever: he was mistaken, and I revenge myself upon him by overwhelming you with proofs of my tenderness. Ah! you well know, that even in those days when our loves were less pure, it was the heart and not the senses that gave you Heloise! What repugnance did I not testify for marriage! I see by your letter to your friend, that you have not forgotten how insisted I found an engagement which death alone could break, and which would render love an act of necessity, not free will.

"Tell me why you have neglected me since I have taken my vows—those vows, alas! to which I brought no other dispositions than the desire of pleasing you, to which I consented only because you wished it! Whence does your coldness to me proceed? Has the excess of my tenderness in leaving you nothing to wish for, extinguished your passion? Alas! I know from bitter experience, that we shun those to whom we owe great obligations, and that the highest favours a woman can bestow too frequently excite contempt instead of gratitude in the minds of men! I defended my heart too weakly. You took it without difficulty: ingrate! you return it with equal ease: but I do not consent to receive it; and although I ought not to have any will, yet, in spite of myself, I have in one respect preserved one—that is, of being loved by you, and of loving you till my last moment.

——"I listen sometimes for a moment to those sentiments of piety which God is pleased to send me; but the instant after, the recollection of those happy hours we have passed together takes possession of my mind, and I abandon myself to it. Torn by opposite feelings, I tell you to-day what I would not have told you yesterday. There are moments in which I form the wish that you were no longer dear to me; but love revenges himself for that thought by the pangs which he makes me suffer on your account. Ah! Abeland, if then you love me no longer, for pity's sake, aid me to conquer that passion which still in spite of myself, reigns in my heart for you! I conjure you by the chains with which I have loaded myself for you, to come and relieve their weight: I shall find them light, if you help me to support them."——.

The following is an extract from the second letter:

"You speak to me of your death in order to forward mine, for you well know how bitter the idea of surviving you is to me, and how





fondly I cherish the hope of dying in your arms. Do not afflict me any longer with this horrible thought. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof: tell me then, my dearest Abelard, that you will live, but that you will live only for me. No other pleasure remains to me than that of wishing it always, and of believing it sometimes, and you, cruel as you are, would deprive me of those moments of joy! Fortune has exhausted upon me her utmost malice. I ought no longer to fear her; and you, who alone [illegible] the power to console me for all [illegible] evils with which she has loaded [illegible] do not spare me the bitterest [illegible] any—that is, the thought of los[illegible] you.

"When I reflect on the various [illegible] scenes of my life, I find that Fortune has kept my miseries in the good and harm which she has done to me; you loved me without bounds, I had then nothing to wish for; you abandon me, it remains then only for me to die with grief. My love for you was never more ardent; you know it, and yet you think not of me. Is it you, is it indeed you, who are thus cruel? Through how many changes have you [illegible] made me pass! love, fear, pleasure, grief—all have had their [illegible] Now, alas! grief alone re[illegible] and how is its bitterness increased by the thought, that my exhausting youth will not allow me to [illegible] for a speedy end to my life [illegible] misfortunes!"

FAS[illegible]

LONDO[illegible]

PLATE 92.—MORNING DRESS. [illegible] rosettes of full or flute[illegible]

This elegant morning dress is [illegible] lace or open work in mull muslin, the bod[illegible] cut b[illegible] The colour of the and beautifully work[illegible] in am[illegible], shoes, and slip, is spring, a falling collar [illegible] The hair in ringcorners, a little open [illegible] so as to display the and fastened with a p[illegible] and trimmed all rou[illegible]

EVENING DRESS. British lace. The tri[illegible]s of the ancient wrap partakes of th[illegible] were distinguished and the jacket, it being [illegible] resplendent plaids. That represented in the front with a [illegible] in the fashions for this star in the centre, but narrow as it [illegible] is the Mackenzie tartan, one approaches the sides. The sleeves [illegible] most rich and varied in colare long, and trimmed at the top [illegible] it is of very rich silk. The and from the shoulder to the wrist, [illegible] is made to fit the shape, with small rosette-work, united by [illegible] The tucker is of *crêpe lisse*, lozenges. The bosom and cuffs [illegible] *à la Farinet*, confined in the front, are finished with a single row of [illegible] on each side, and on the shoulders, worked trimming. The bottom of [illegible] by pearl loops. The sleeves short the skirt has a flounce and [illegible] and full, set in a band of twisted

satin, and edged with a delicate Buckinghamshire lace, ornamented with three circles of rich satin of the same colour as the dress, and united by rose-coloured knots; the band or girdle, ingeniously plaited of various coloured satins, harmonizing with the sleeve and trimming at the bottom of the skirt, which is of two flounces, composed of green net and narrow rouleaus of coloured satin, formed like Psyche's wings, and surmounted with a twisted rouleau of satin. Head-dress, plaited satin band, with an elegant pearl ornament in the centre; feathers, birds of Paradise. Necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets, of emerald and dead gold. Lilac satin shoes, with green and rose-coloured trimmings. Long white kid gloves. Chinese crape fan.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

The rich silk pelisse and the costly shawl begin now completely to supersede the muslin pelisse and the light scarf. Shawls for walking are generally of our own manufacture, which now approaches very near indeed, both in quality and appearance, to the high-priced cachemire. A new autumnal pelisse has been submitted to our inspection, which we think particularly appropriate to the walking costume: it is lutestring; the colour is a novel and very pretty shade of the dead leaf: the skirt is much gored, and is finished round the bottom by three narrow rouleaus of satin twisted together: the fronts fasten on the inside, and are decorated with a trimming composed of satin, which resembles branches of leaves; it is broad at bottom, but becomes progressively narrower till it reaches the waist, where it again extends across the bust: the back is plain, the waist rather long; the sleeve more easy than they are generally worn, and finished at the bottom with a small twisted rouleau, to correspond with the bottom of the skirt: full epaulette, fancifully interspersed with branches, resembling the trimming of the fronts.

Muslin is still in favour for promenade gowns, but high silk dresses are quite as much worn. We see also a good many dresses of Norwich cachemire. *Gros de Naples* spencers are partially worn: we do not, however, observe any novelty in their form, braiding and tassels being still the favourite ornaments.

Bonnets continue the same size as last month: the cottage form is very much in favour. Feathers are now much more general than flowers: those ladies who use the latter wear those of the season.

Robes and round dresses are both worn in morning dress; but we think the latter has the preference. A good many are made with tight bodies to fasten behind, and large falling collars, finished by a double row of trimming, or else embroidered. The skirt is trimmed with three flounces put close together, and surmounted by three others disposed in a wave. We have seen some also which are fastened before, and have pelerines of different forms: one of the prettiest of these last has a small cape cut out on the shoulder; it descends rather low before and behind: the trimming is of work, and has very lit-

tle fulness, except on the shoulder, where it forms an epaulette: the collar is in effect a ruff; it is composed of several rows of richly embroidered muslin, that stand up round the throat, but do not meet in front.

We see a good deal of variety in dinner dress; some gowns being made partially high, and others quite low: the latter, however, are more general than the former. Several have the *corsage* made quite plain, except the trimming of the bust, which, for muslin gowns, is generally of lace: those of silk are trimmed with gauze, blond, or satin, disposed either in *ruches*, folds, or shells. The bodies of other dresses are a good deal ornamented in front of the bust; those of silk have either straps finished by buttons in the stomacher style, or else folds of satin on each side of the front. Sleeves are not worn quite so short as they were, and long sleeves are partially worn with muslin dresses: they are composed either of an intermixture of muslin or lace, or else are formed by bias casings, through which a coloured ribbon is run. In a few instances, where the gown was cut very low, we have seen a lace tucker drawn round the bust: this fashion has the double recommendation of being at once becoming and delicate; but we regret to say, that it is far from general.

The various trimmings adopted in full dress afford great scope to the different tastes of our fair fashionables. Gauze, net, *crèpe lisse*, and satin, are all in favour for gowns. The trimmings are composed of the three first materials, intermixed in various ways with flowers. In some instances, where the trimming is disposed in drapery, rosettes, composed of either white or coloured satin, are substituted instead of flowers.—Where the dress is of a splendid description, the trimming is intermixed with pearls, or else silver flowers, or silver ears of corn. Embroidery is also fashionable, both in silk and silver. *Toques* are much in favour in full dress: the most fashionable are high in front, and rounded at the corners, with a full plume of feathers falling across the crown, and descending low on the left side. Turbans of a simple form are equally in favour: they are of a round shape and low. Gauze, *crèpe lisse*, tulle, and blond intermixed with satin, are all in favour for these head-dresses. Fashionable colours are the same as last month, with different shades of Pomona green.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, Sept. 18.

My dear Sophia,

The uncommon warmth of the weather renders our promenade dress still of a very light description. White *perkale* still predominates, but we see also *robe rédingotes* and *rédingotes blouses*, in unbleached cambric and in blue glazed linen. These last are always trimmed with two bands of cherry-coloured silk, which go all round. The pelerine, which is square, and comes no lower than the shoulder, has also two bands. The sleeve is edged with cherry

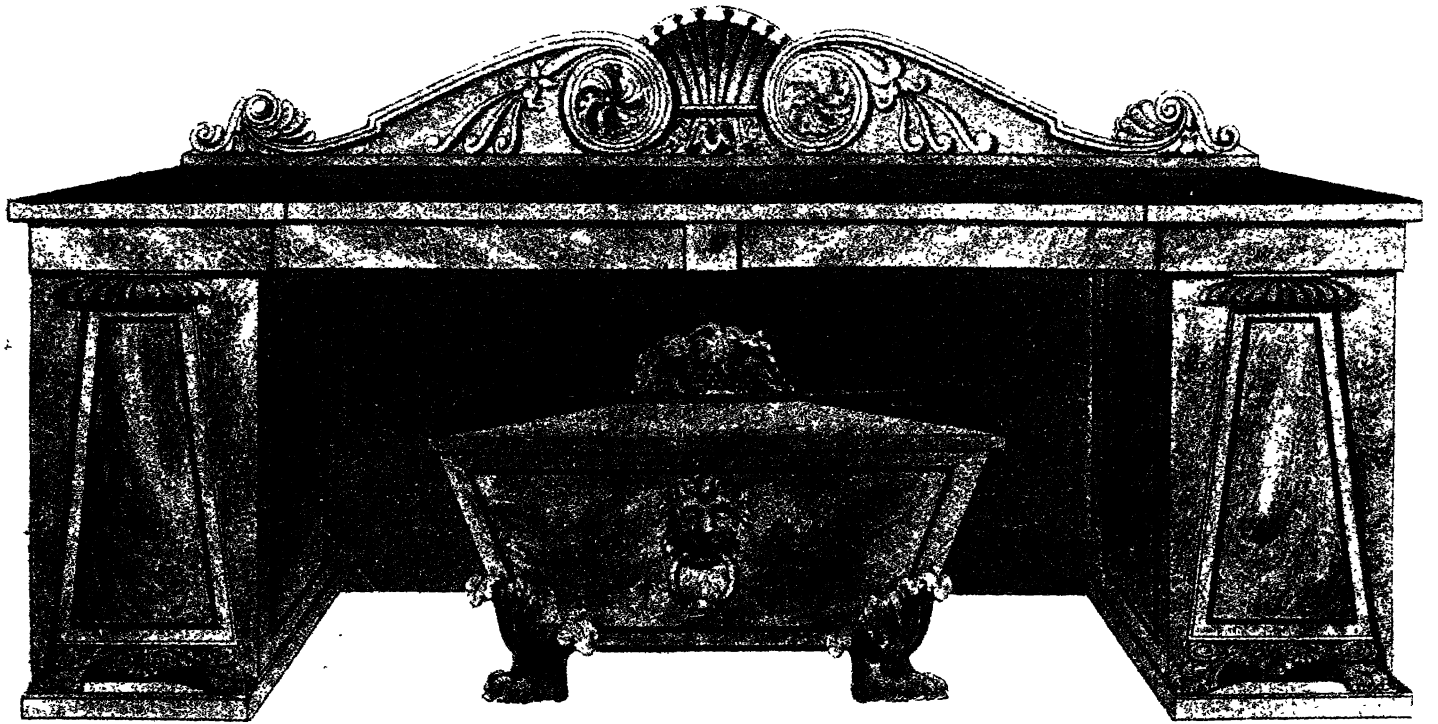
colour, and is confined at the waist by a double band, and the *ceinture* of red morocco is clasped in front by a steel buckle.

The *blouse* and *demi-blouse* still keep their place; but though highly fashionable, they are not exclusively worn for the promenade nor for in-door dress. We see in the former a number of white gowns profusely trimmed with embroidery and *bouillonnés*: the flounces of the first are never less than four in number, and are so disposed as to form shells. If the trimming is of *bouillonné*, there are generally five rows, with *entre-deux* of embroidery between. The *corsage* continues still the same length: if the trimming is of *bouillonné*, the body is composed of rows of embroidery, with *bouillonné* between, placed perpendicularly. A good many bodies of this sort are made up to the throat, but without a collar: they are finished by a rüe of work round the bust. The sleeves are long, with an épaulette to correspond with the body. The collar of a gown trimmed with embroidery is usually finished with, or edged with work; they are placed horizontally, rounded at the corners, and being narrower at the bottom than at the top of the *corsage*, form a stomacher. These dresses are worn in general with *barège* scarfs, which we frequently see fastened on the shoulders, and drawn through a gold ring under the arm. Clear muslin, with a white ground checkered in [illegible] tern, either in green, [illegible] cherry colour, [illegible] worn in half-dress [illegible] trimmed only with a profusion of tucks, and always have a *ceinture* to correspond with the colour of the robe they form a favourite dishabille for the morning promenade, and are generally worn with a white *barège* scarf, or else one of the same colour as the robe.

Bonnets are smaller, and the shapes of a great number are made [illegible] the brims of some are [illegible] with two bias bands of the same material as the hat: others have a full rouleau at the edge of the brim; this rouleau is crossed in different places by narrow bands of satin: under the brim is a wreath of flowers, in general daisies. A great number of *chapeaux* have no trimming at all at the edge of the brim. The strings are in general of gauze; they are very wide, corded at the edge with satin, and rounded at the ends.

A new sort of watered silk is just come into fashion both for gowns and hats; it is made in all colours, and is called *Nereide*. the most fashionable shades are sea-green and reed-green, colours which certainly harmonize very well with the name of the silk.

Feathers are not much seen in the promenade, knots of gauze are still as much in favour as ever; but they are now generally worn with [illegible] mixed with ears of corn; [illegible] ornament being more employed with flowers, of which there are now a great many different sorts in favour; [illegible] jessamine, [illegible] pomegranate blossom, [illegible] *lys de Calcedoine*, [illegible] is made [illegible] natural size, and [illegible] instead of [illegible] it is called at present *lys pompon*. One of the most fashion-



able hats, the *chapeau à la glaneuse*, is ornamented with a bunch of ripe corn, which droops upon the brim, and a few straggling ears appear as if they were about to escape from it. Another favourite style of decoration, especially for the hats of *bois blanc*, is a garland of flowers, which droops on the left side of the brim, and mingles with the hair.

The *blouse* and *demi-blouse* are still the *ton* for dinner and evening dress: an attempt has been made to laugh them out of fashion at the *Theatre des Variétés*, but it has not succeeded, owing most probably to this little theatre not being a stylish place of amusement. Among the new dress *blouses*, the most elegant are those made in white *barrege*, with a trimming of real cachemire. Embroidery is also very much worn both for muslin *blouses* and those of silk. In some instances the shoulders, back, and bust are adorned with an embroidery in fancy flowers and leaves. The bottom of the dress is finished by tucks, between which are spaces, embroidered in a running pattern to correspond with the body.

A new kind of ribbon very fashionable for the *ceinture of blouse*, and which also begins to be used for *chapeaux*, is of a different colour on each side; as for example, dark brown and gillflower, *bleu Eludie* and *brun solitaire*.

Those dresses that are not made *en blouse* have not much novelty. The sleeves of a good many are now made long, and adorned with twisted rouleaux of satin, or else casings of ribbon disposed in bias, from the epaulette to the wrist. These gowns always fasten behind.

The hair continues to be very much dressed in full dress; and notwithstanding the violent heat, many *élégantes* wear the front hair [illegible] in thick clusters of curls, [illegible] cover the forehead, [illegible] look at the ends. Garlands of flowers mingled with marabouts are worn in front; as are also [illegible] marabouts, mixed with ears of ripe corn.

The dressing *élégantes* now always appear with five bracelets, two on the right arm, and three on the left: they still continue to be worn of different sorts; as for instance, of gold and steel, or [illegible] and dead gold. The clasp [illegible] of precious stones. Citron, puce, aqua, lilac, and different shades of brown, green, and rose colour, are all fashionable. [illegible] predominates in undress [illegible], particularly that shade called *Jardin de Londres*. Adieu, dearest [illegible]! Always your

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 21. [illegible] CELLARET.

THE engraving which [illegible] nies this article represents a [illegible] board and cellaret, suitable for the mansions of the great and opulent. [illegible] sideboard is of richly marked [illegible], inlaid with bronze, [illegible], according to taste, or [illegible] the dining-room furniture,

be more or less so. The head is of an elegant Grecian form, and should be carved from a piece of wood that has but few markings, that the workmanship may shew to advantage. Chairs to accompany this piece of furniture should have backs with a scroll of a similar form. The cellaret is a handsome piece of furniture, and suitable to the sideboard, with apposite ornaments: that of the grapes may be of bronze or carved in mahogany.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. XIV.

DIDEROT.

All the virtues, all the estimable qualities that do not require a great degree of steadiness of mind, or constancy of the affections, were natural to Diderot. He had as much the habit of forgetting his own interest, as other men have of thinking only of it. He took as much pleasure in rendering himself useful to others, as most people take in an agreeable and salutary exercise. Ingenious in promoting the welfare of those for whom he interested himself, he employed for them all the finesse, all the activity of mind which men exert in general to make their own fortunes. Nor was this disposition exerted only for his friends; all who required his services were welcome to them. He often did more than was necessary, by having recourse to artifice in order to gain his object; and the intricacy of the measures which he pursued, gave, in his opinion, a new zest to the pleasure which he had in serving others: timid and awkward when his exertions were for himself, but fearless and at his ease when they were for his friends.

NECKAR.

Without approaching, even at a great distance, the eminent superiority of Mons. Neckar, one might easily have more extent of mind, and more quickness of wit, than he had either received from nature or acquired. He was naturally so indolent, that he himself declared he had all his lifetime dreaded work. In fact, it required all the natural elevation of his soul, his extreme desire of celebrity, and his enthusiastic love of fame, to impel him to those efforts of study, without which he could not have reached that high degree of fortune, consideration, and literary and political reputation, which he obtained, and which he so long enjoyed with as much good fortune as *éclât*.

BARON DE GRIMM.

One may easily trace in the literary correspondence of De Grimm, that it was the source of his most splendid connections. He possessed the secret of drawing the attention of the most brilliant courts of Europe; and he had the merit of serving many men of letters and artists, who were partly indebted to him for fame and fortune. It was through him that Catherine II. purchased the library of Diderot, on conditions that recall to our minds all the grace, delicacy, and amiability of that august sove-

reign, while they attest the magnanimity of her character. It was owing to him also that she bought the cabinet of natural history of Mademoiselle Chiron, the celebrated actress. Grimm had the honour to correspond by letter with Frederick the Great of Prussia, Catherine II. the Kings of Sweden and Poland, the Dukes of Saxe-Gotha and Saxe-Weimar, Prince Henry of Prussia, the Duke of Brunswick, &c. &c.

"Few men," said the King of Prussia, "know mankind better than Grimm, and still fewer possess in an equal degree with him the talent of living with the great, and of making himself beloved by them, without ever compromising the frankness and independence of his character." He felt very properly that the most useful art for those who mix with the world is that of living well with others, and nature had endowed him with a disposition the most favourable for that purpose; a happy mixture of finesse and simplicity; finesse in the manner of viewing things, and simplicity in the choice of the measures to be pursued. He knew how to wait with patience the moment of action, and how to seize the precise time for calling to his assistance the zeal and activity of those whose aid he wanted to carry his point.

LAVATER.

This great man had a passion for singular opinions, when they led to a useful or agreeable result. His imagination might be compared to that of a young man whose fondness for his mistress, while it lasts, renders him blind to all her faults: so did his attachment to his favourite systems hoodwink his judgment; and as in the boiling temperature of youth some new passion seems always wanting to our happiness, so some new paradox seemed to him always necessary to enable him to bring his reveries into action, and to flatter his taste for the sublime, the marvellous, and the beautiful.

Lavater's most remarkable work was his "Physiognomical Essays;" he occupied himself with it from the age of twenty-five till his death, which took place in his sixtieth year. Misfortunes of more than one kind caused him to lose not only the profits, but even a great part of the expenses of the fine French edition of this work. This was the chief cause of the derangement of his circumstances; but there is no doubt that his embarrassments were increased by all the sacrifices which his love of talent and the native benevolence of his character impelled him to make for the support or encouragement of young artists: more than one man of genius owes to him the developement of his talents, or the commencement of his fortune.

Notwithstanding the vivacity of his imagination, Lavater was one of those methodical men who lay down a regular plan for the distribution of their time: every hour, nay every moment, had its particular destination. This regularity not only enabled him to employ his time to the utmost advantage, but he found in it also a means of correcting his extreme sensibility, and of containing within proper bounds the natural fire of his imagination.

far from finding the strangers who visited him intrusive, I always received them with affability: his system and his prejudices sometimes deceived him; his benevolence and his unsuspecting disposition still oftener; but notwithstanding he judged mankind in general with extreme sagacity, and he was particularly quick in discovering what could impress the mind or hurt it. a celestial goodness, a lively and sympathising interest in the happiness of others, were the particular graces of his mind. The most energetic of his expressions had a mixture of sweetness, and if one may so express it, the divine and tender sentiment of love animated his thoughts, his words, and even the accents of his voice.

THE MANDRAKE.

Artemi the Armenian, in his Memoirs, just published, relates that in the vicinity of Ischakan are found two remarkable roots. With one, called *tarsa*, is made a red colour, which is used in Russia, and the Russian name of which is *morena*. The other, *leschtak* or *mandrakor* (mandrake), bears an exact resemblance to the human figure, and is used medicinally. It grows pretty large. A dog is usually employed to draw it out of the ground; for which purpose the earth is first dug from about it, and a dog being fastened to it by a string, is made to pull till the whole of the root is extracted. The reason of this is, according to the current report, that if a man were to pull up this root, he would infallibly die, either on the spot, or in a very short time; and, it is also said, that when it is drawn out, the moan of a human voice is always heard.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE publisher of the *Repository* is preparing for publication, *The Forget-Me-Not*, designed for an elegant Christmas or New-year's Present; to be continued annually. It will be embellished with a highly finished engraving by Agar, of a Madonna after Gemignano, and emblematical representations of the twelve months, also engraved by Agar, from designs by Burney. These will be accompanied by poetical illustrations from the pen of the author of Dr. Syntax. Interesting tales and pieces of poetry will occupy the chief part of the work, which will also comprehend a variety of tables of useful reference. It will be elegantly done up in a case for the pocket, and rival, as well in external appearance as internal execution, the many elegant annual publications which appear on the Continent.

Mr. Ackermann has also in the press, a miniature edition of the *Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*, with all the plates in the large edition reduced and coloured. This volume will correspond in size and type with those of *The World in Miniature*.

On the 1st of October will appear the third and concluding volume of *Persia*, forming the fifth division of the popular series, entitled

The World in Miniature. The next portion will comprehend *Russia*, in four volumes, with upwards of seventy coloured engravings.

The following courses of lectures will be delivered, in the ensuing season, at the Surry Institution:—On the History and Utility of Literary Institutions, by James Jennings, Esq. on Friday, Nov. 1. at seven o'clock in the evening precisely.—On Chemistry, by Goldsworthy Gurney, Esq. in the course of November.—On Music, by W. Crotch, Mus. Doc. professor of music in the University of Oxford;—and on Pneumatics and Electricity, by Charles Woodward, Esq. early in 1823.

Preparing for publication, fifty lithographic prints, illustrative of *A Tour in France, Switzerland, and Italy*, during the years 1819, 20, and 21, from original drawings taken in Italy, the Alps, and the Pyrennees, by Marianne Colston, in 8vo.

A collection of engravings from antiquarian, architectural, and topographical subjects, curious works of art, &c. &c. with descriptions, is about to be commenced in monthly numbers, with the title of *The Portfolio*. This undertaking is intended to form a cabinet of engravings of the miscellaneous works of art and antiquity scattered throughout Great Britain, interspersed with views of seats distinguished by architectural beauty, or rendered objects of public curiosity by antiquity of character or historical circumstance; together with other objects of marked topographical interest, neglected in preceding publications.

The Lady, a volume of prose selections from the most approved living authors, is in the press, and will be published in the course of the ensuing month.

Mr. Charles Mills is preparing for publication, *The History of Rome, from the earliest Period to the Termination of the Empire*, in 10 vols. 8vo.

W. R. Wilson, Esq. of Kelvin Bank, North Britain, has in the press, *Travels through the Holy Land and Egypt*, in one vol. 8vo. illustrated with engravings.

William Roscoe, Esq. is preparing a new edition of the *Poetical and Miscellaneous Works of Alexander Pope*, including the Notes of various Commentators, with a new Life of the Author and Annotations.

Messrs. Tyrell and Badams, of Birmingham, have discovered a mode of manufacturing a new species of verdigris, which is found to be superior to the French specimens of the same compound, hitherto deemed unrivalled. This discovery is the more important, as verdigris is an article of great value in commerce, from its use as an ingredient in dying cloth. The French have hitherto supplied all the foreign markets with it; nor did there seem before the present time any chance of competition, as even men of science were not precisely acquainted with the elements of the compound. This discovery will therefore have the effect of destroying the French monopoly by the honourable means of superior excellence.

The lime-water from gas-works, so offensive to the smell, is stated to have been employed with success in curing the ringworm on

the head, a disorder which has of late years become exceedingly prevalent, and is often most difficult of cure.

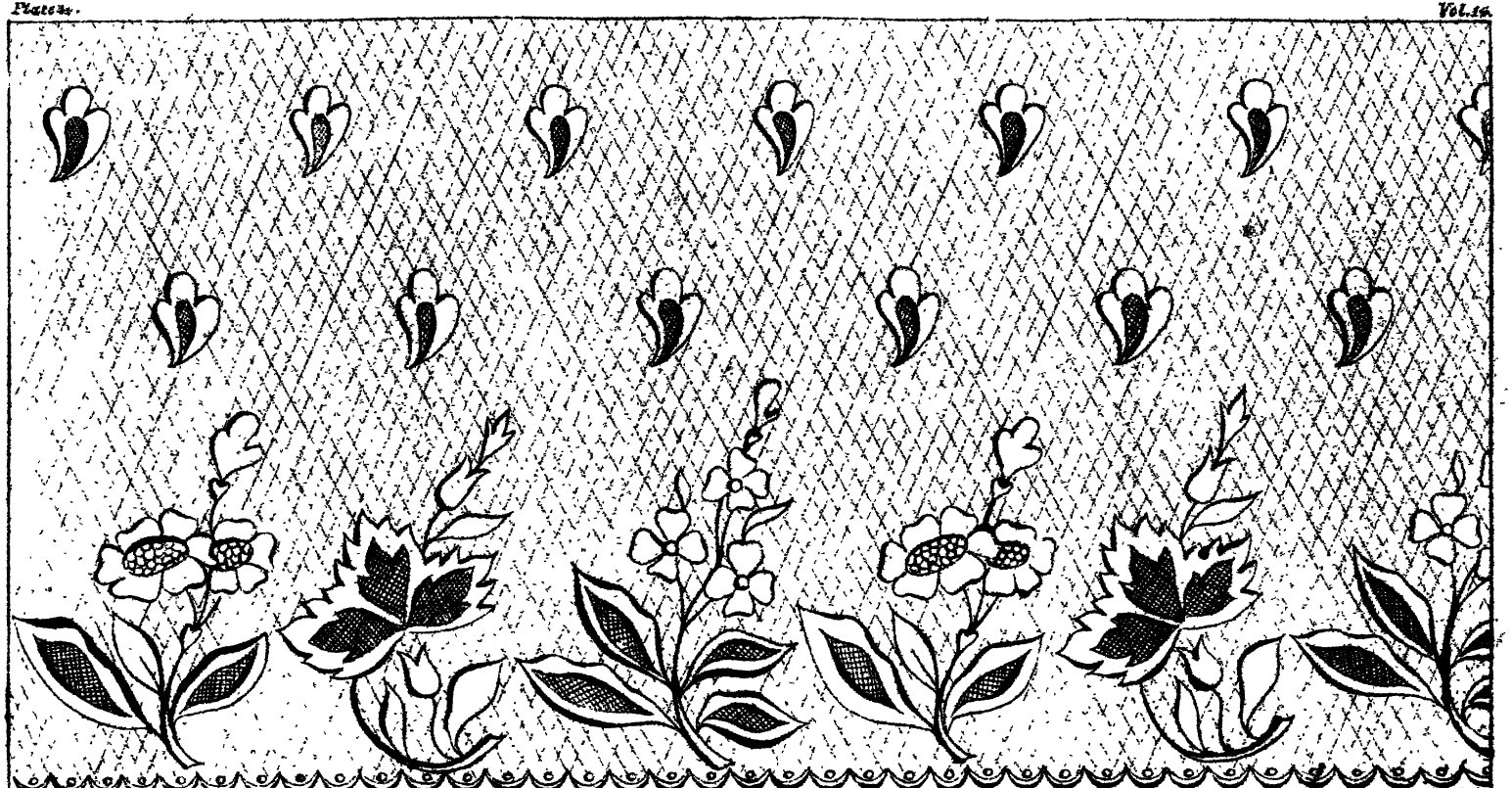
Dr. Taddei has discovered that flour and gluten convert corrosive sublimate into calomel, and that animals can take a considerable quantity of a mixture of sublimate and flour, or sublimate and gluten, without experiencing any inconvenience. Thus Dr. Taddei made rabbits swallow upwards of fourteen grains of sublimate in less than twelve hours, without any apparent injury: whereas one grain, without mixing, would be sufficient to kill one of those animals. The pernicious effect of one grain of sublimate is neutralized by twenty-five grains of fresh, or thirteen of dry gluten, or between five and six hundred grains of flour.

Greasy and oily, or resinous substances have hitherto formed the basis of the different preparations employed to preserve iron and steel from rust: but in the former, when rancidity comes on, an acid is produced, which corrodes the iron; and the latter when dry are apt to crack, and thus afford an inlet to moisture. Mr. Aikin has found that melted gum-boots, or India rubber, possesses peculiar advantages for preserving the surface of iron from being acted upon by the atmosphere, arising from its little susceptibility of chemical change when exposed to the air; from its great cohesiveness under all ordinary temperatures; from its strong adhesion to the surface of iron or steel; and at the same time from the facility with which it is removed by a soft brush charged with warm oil of turpentine. The finger, or a soft brush, is the most convenient implement for applying the caoutchouc, and as soon as the article has been covered, it ought to be set on end, that the excess may drain off, which will take place in a day or two. The temperature for melting India rubber is nearly equal to that required for the fusion of lead.

The French Economical Journal describes the following as an infallible method of protecting cabbages from the depredations of caterpillars: Sow a belt of hempseed round the borders of the ground where the cabbages are planted; and although the neighbourhood be infested with caterpillars, the space inclosed by the hemp will be perfectly free, and not one of these vermin will approach.

A scientific gentleman has communicated to the Royal Society a process for sweetening musty wheat, by simply immersing it in boiling water, and letting it remain till cold. The hot water should be double the quantity of the corn to be purified. He has found that the musty fungus rarely penetrates through the husk of the wheat, and that to the very few cases it does, not affected by the immersion, the amylaceous matter immediately under the skin. The wheat must afterwards be dried, and occasionally stirred on the floor, when it will be found uninjured for keeping, or grinding, and will produce excellent flour.

Printed by J. Harrison, 373, Strand.



MUSLIN PATTERN.

THE

Repository

OF

ARTS, LITERATURE, FASHIONS, *Manufactures, &c.*

THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIV. NOVEMBER 1, 1822. No. LXXXIII.

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Printed by L. Harrison, 373, Strand.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

Publishers, Authors, Artists, and Musical Composers, are requested to transmit on or before the 15th of the month, Announcements of Works which they may have on hand, and we shall cheerfully insert them, as we have hitherto done, free of expense. New Musical Publications also, of a copy be addressed to the Publisher, shall be duly noticed in our Review; and Extracts from new Books of a moderate length and of an interesting nature, suitable for our Selections, will be acceptable.

The Publisher begs leave to inform the Subscribers to the Repository, *that, for the facility of reference, a General Index to the Second Series is in preparation, and will be ready for delivery soon after the closing of that Series.*

We cannot give a positive answer to An Old Subscriber, unless we had an opportunity of examining the document referred to.

Private communications shall be addressed to our correspondents at Grantown *and* Wymondham.

P. H. *who protests against the exclusion of his poetry, on the ground of its having "gained the applause of all his friends," should recollect that the* Repository *is read by many to whom he is a stranger.*

French Rebuses—Retribution—Extraordinary Death of the Marquise de Sergy, *shall appear in our next Number.*

Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at 24s. 10d. per Annum, by Mr. Thoroughgood, of the General Post-Office, at No. 23, Gracechurch-Street; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at 24s. 10d. per Annum, by Mr. Bensley, of the General Post-Office, at No. 23, Gracechurch-Street; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. Gray, at the East India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIV. NOVEMBER 1, 1822. No. LXXXIII.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 25.—PALL-MALL.

As considerable improvements have taken place at the entrance of Pall-Mall, and are yet proceeding, the annexed plate is intended to exhibit the effect proposed to be obtained when the street is carried forward to St. Martin's-lane, and when viewed eastward from a point immediately between the screen of Carlton Palace and the commencement of Waterloo-place: portions of each form the fore-ground objects of the picture. The colonnade of the Opera-House, on the side of the latter, forms a conspicuous feature; and beyond it the royal stable of the King's Mews, built by George II. in 1732, as seen in the distance, with its turrets and rusticated archway, is entered into the service of the improvements; and most judiciously also, that the building, the church of St. Martin in the Fields, is brought from a disgraceful obscurity, to add its charms to the general view. It is perhaps the noblest specimen of Grecian church architecture in the metropolis, if we except the cathedral of St. Paul, and is honourable to the talents of Gibbs, the architect, by whom it was designed in 1721, and finished in 1726. At a future time, when the present avenue has manifested the advantage which must attend such improvements, the church will probably be found situated in the centre of a spacious area, surrounded by handsome buildings in a corresponding style of art. The site is now chiefly occupied by old and shattered houses, some of which are liable to the operations of the acts of Parliament enacted for the security of the metropolis from accident and fire. The removal of these would permit a continuation of Pall-Mall beyond the church, forming an avenue into the Strand,

and affording great public convenience and architectural beauty. The present very low and offensive neighbourhood surrounding the church, would yield to one more suited to the valuable ground on which it stands, and thus opportunity would be gained for creating and increasing carriage-ways, the necessity of which is hourly demonstrated at this spot, and particularly when the conflux of the traffic of the Strand and of Charing-Cross is opposed by that of St. Martin's-lane, intersecting it at a narrow part, and attended by the danger of a quickly descending road.

Immediately beneath the spire of the church is represented part of a handsome building, erected by Messrs. Hancock, Shepherd, and Co. glass-manufacturers, for the purposes of their business: it is from a very chaste design of Mr. Rhodes, the architect, who has not failed to add an interesting feature to the architectural improvement of the metropolis, highly creditable to his abilities and advantageous to its intention.

The old houses on the left of the picture will eventually be taken down, and the improvements of the Mall completed: but although they seem uninteresting to the spectator, one of them is always viewed with peculiar regard by every artist, because it was there that the arts of England established themselves, or first emerged from their obscurity, about half a century ago. The Chartered Society of Artists, so called from a charter granted to them in 1765, were struggling to obtain public notice, when his late Majesty took the arts under his immediate protection, and selecting from among the principal artists of the society, he separately embodied them as the Royal Academy in 1768; and at this house, the second from Carlton-Palace screen, they opened their first exhibition, and which had heretofore been held at the Society's Rooms in St. Martin's-lane. At this house also the late venerable President, Mr. West, for several years exhibited his admirable paintings, and by the liberal patronage of the present King, to whom the place belongs, he was permitted to continue to do so until the moment of his decease.

The remnant of the society built the Lyceum, now a theatre, in the Strand, for their exhibitions; but the honours attendant on the Royal Academy, more immediately under the influence of royal favour, detaching its members, and offering greater attractions to the public, its decline was thence effected; and at this time it is scarcely remembered to have existed, except by a few artists, whose days have been prolonged beyond the term commonly allotted to man, to honour and to grace their country.

There is reason to believe the charter of the society is still in existence, and probably at this moment on the banks of the river St. Lawrence, in North America, to which place it is said to have been taken by the very ingenious architect, Mr. John Plaw, its last president, with whom the documents in question are said to have remained after the dissolution of

that zealous but ill-fated society. Discouraged and disappointed in his art, of which he was an ornament, and which he loved and laboured to promote, he some years ago retired to this spot, where he died in May 1820.

MISCELLANIES.

THE DEATH OF OSSIAN.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

SEVERAL extracts from the legend now submitted to your readers have been in print; but the re-excited taste for traditions concerning the Gael induces a translator, intimately acquainted with their characteristics, to present your readers with the poem more at large. It records the last scene of the chief of bards, in tints beseeming his high feelings and heroic deeds; and excepting the effusions of his own genius, is perhaps the earliest and finest of the bardic productions that have escaped the ravages of "rolling years." It may be seasonable to add, that the omen of "flowers beneath the briny flood," is supposed to mean the animal flower often visible on the shores of Galloway and the rocky coast of Dunbar. *Mac Vic Ossian* signifies son of the son of Ossian; *Brana-ealadh*, swan-bosomed; *Uaigenis*, secrecy; *Anueneast*, unjust; *Airdeheim*, dignity; *Turpaiseach*, restless; *Tomhans*, fairy mounts.

Mac Vic Ossian was the son of Oscar, by Brana-ealadh, a daughter of the mighty root of Daberteagh. Their son was primogenitor of the clan Mackintosh.

B. G.

The green tribes of night decay, as the herb that lifts its feeble head in a shower and sinks beneath ascending sunbeams. No daughter of man bewails her bondage to the Tomhans: neither the fairy chieftainess, nor her skipping train, dare approach the cheek that rests upon the light of truth, the holy roll of the Culdees, that preserves the joyful mother to rear her own babe; and the benighted hunter starts with affright, for his dogs howl a warning as they turn their heads to the aspen-tree, which droops her quivering leaves, for the failing of them that should sport under her shade and chase the moon in her starry course.

"Moon-cheered tribes of my love!" said the fairy chieftainess, "sit we inactive amid the low moan of the Tomhans, or disperse ye on the wings of gray mists, while all is still but the hoarse croaking of the raven, seeking her young from peak to peak of the cliffs; and opening buds of beauty, and springing oaks of fame, have forgot in slumbers the steel of their fathers: so the gambollers of night shall increase as the moss of birch-clad streamy hills.

"But unfolding loveliness grasps the breaker of spells with slender

fingers; and beams of renown are cased in steel, for war is the sport of men; and gleaming blades rest on each heathy couch; and the voice of mourning resounds more and more throughout the Tombans.

"Tribes of grief!" said the chieftainess, "disperse ye, swift as clouds before the bellowing storm The wrath of Carbair rolls over his foes; and in troublous times surprisals defeat the guards of wisdom."

Long flitted the elves over flowery glens and hills of dun-sided mothers; but no smiling daughter of the bow, nor unwary youth, frolicking in hall or bower, has dropped the pointed counter-spell, until Oscar, in the awful blaze of his valour, wrapped with the rage of his battles the gloomy name of Carbair—Carbair, the destroyer of the holy Culdees, the furious tempest that broke the wide-spreading branches, flourishing from the mighty root of Daherteagh. The last tender scion from that root of ages fled in sudden terror from the grasp of a foe; she climbs an aspen-tree, the nearest foliage to shelter her helpless youth; the sword of her fathers glides from her hands; and, terror upon terror, she finds her arms have circled the fairy-ruled tremblers of the woods. Motionless, subdued by lurking spells, she is spirited away by the laughing tribes of evil; while blue hosts of heroes, her fathers, long ascended to their shadowy caves, in rainbow-skirted clouds pursue Brana-ealadh, brandishing with thin vaporous hands the airy steel. The unlucky hour of the maid prevailed, and on a couch of aspen-leaves, pale, cold, and lost, she is laid. The chieftainess of the green revellers of night breathes upon the aspen spoils; fairy flowers spring around; and the hundreds of reeling, wandering crescents of fairy light over all the mossy sides of the cave sing wild strains of melody to charm the reviving Brana-ealadh. She moves; her white arm is stretched in wrath; her eyes, beaming lofty disdain, have darkened the countless elf-shots glittering upon the Tomban ground; and as green corn shaken by squalls from a high shaggy hill, the fairy host recedes from her angry glances. Quaking horror heaves her bosom, and as sunbeams playing on a wreath of snow, are her restless, curling, heavy locks.

"Tribes of dismay!" spoke the daughter of heroes, "the race of Daherteagh fears ye not. The sun breaks out in glory after a flaky shower of spring has whitened our green-headed hills; and so shall Brana-ealadh shine far above this chilly, dank, dreary cavern of your power."

"Daughter of man!" said the chieftainess, "be it thine to close the wounds of a fellow-mortal, and with sovereign herbs to stanch the oozy blood."

The proud blood of Daherteagh mounts to the blanched cheek of Brana-ealadh; she scorns the part of a vassal; but her eyes hold communion of soul with the bleeding warrior, and with the speed of a [illegible] startled from the shade of a mountain birch, she bounds over the winding streams dividing the fairy abodes, and crowding fays attend with herbs of healing power.

"Smiling people of earth, air, and lake!" said the chieftainess,

"spirits of rolling waters, tumbling ocean, fierce winds, and blazing fires! dread of fearful men and helpless daughters of beauty! mirthful gladdeners of the Tombans! well have ye served, well have ye comforted our sorrowing tribes. The shadow of Oscar skims the waves for Selma; but in blood and bone he is serf to the Tombans; and in his love Brana-caladh is twofold our bond-woman. The sports of the Lochan are prepared; and seven nights are yet to come, and your joy shall fill the echoes from cliff to cliff, while the full moon smiles on your feast of feasts."

The frolic tribes surround the chieftainess with brightening eyes. Thrice three times she waves her glittering wand over clustered spoils from the dun-coated hazel. The husks give up their nuts, the parting shells float on the Lochan; the elves man this rapid fleet, and chase each other with noisy glee. In shrill unearthly tones the master-sprites chant aloud the praises of a Leannan shi*, to gain the ear of Brana-caladh; but her mighty soul recoils to hear the imps of night claim the favour of far-descended maids that never dropped the shining brand of their fathers. The fays revel on the milk of a thousand folds, and wine from lands remote as the scorching suns of the kings of the woods; while the leech of beauty, with red cheek, searches the yearning wound of the son of Oscian, the son of Fingal. Changed as for her gentle nurse deep in his shoulder the pointed spell-breaker lies for slumbering power, clotted with blood. With her sunny locks she wipes, and among the aspen-leaves conceals the pride of the brave, the dread of the tribes of darkness. Spent in watering fields of renown with his torrent of life, Oscar is stretched feeble; yet terror strikes the fays, if they approach his couch; and the chieftainess shrinks and wonders, for she knows not that the spell-breaker is with the hero.

The full moon looks abroad with all her starry host; and the green spirits of wilderness, of desert, of mountain, and of Tombar, are gathered, with the rulers of fire, air, and water, to frolic in the wild mirth of night. Brana-caladh reveals to Oscar the pointed remnant of his battle, the unfailing spell-breaker, when bared to the sky, either by restless day of the fights, or when the dun hours of gloom spread their robe of silence over the earth. With tiny handfuls of moonbeams, a ring is swept for the elvish dance. The chieftainess of the Tombans, and her skipping tribes, mingle in movements ever-changing and wildly gay. As green moss struck by the swift-footed roe from the margin of oozy waters, in sparkling eddies circling and winding along rocks, or plunging from ledge to ledge: so whirl, so leap the sprites of every forest, dell, cavern, or thin element, robed in green mist and rainbow-skirted light. Again the feast reneweth with the milk of ten thousand folds of Erin, Albyn, and the Isles of the ocean far beyond the sun, with wine and fruits from the kings of the wood. Before dawning morn sleep sinks heavy on the eyes of the revellers. Brana-caladh gives to the right hand

* Leannan shi, a spirit-related by a fairy.

of Oscar the remnant of Erin's steel; in his left he raises from the enchanted ground his reed of beauty. The Tuathan circle is almost passed, when a rushing tide of fairies, as green-headed billows, crowd before the path. Oscar wields the pointed spell-breaker, and Brana-ealadh utters words of power, imparted to her soul by the sainted Culdees. As waves broken and scattered by a cleaving headland, the fays roll backward in fearful disarray.

"Bear me to the wild but lovely woods of Macgilligan," said Brana-ealadh. "Beneath towering trees, deep in the earth, there is a recess, known only to the holy Culdees and the last scion from the mighty root of Dalletteagh."

Oscar and Brana-ealadh are joined by the blessing of the Culdees; and while Carbair wastes distant lands, they trust the sea to waft them to Selma; but a far-extending forest, the ships of Carbair, come in sight. Oscar and the holy Culdees shelter their little barks in Arran—Arran of the rocks of sea-eagles and hills of roes, where in his days of early springing fame the king of Morven and his warriors gave to the chase their sinewy limbs, awaiting the higher sport of sounding shields and clashing lances. The slow-rolling days of Oscar reared huge monumental piles of solid stone to the king of Morven, and gathered *cairns* in memory of his followers in the annals of strife; but the towering sails of Carbair and his fierce confederates pass and repass the watery bounds of Arran, and long should the son of Ossian and the holy sons of peace measure strength with thousands in arms?

Tears of love and joy are on the cheek of Brana-ealadh when Oscar presses to his heart their child. "Thy lance and thy spear shall be famed in Morven, my son," said the hero, "and in other lands mighty chiefs shall bend their heads before thee. The song of bards shall swell to the name of Mac Vic Ossian. His name shall fill all the echoes of renown."

The son of Oscar, of Ossian, of Trathal and Trenmor, springs aloft as a young oak of Selma; and nourished with no more than eleven summers, his yew is bent and his spear lifted against the Firbolg, the invaders of Arran. Lofty in her love, Brana-ealadh hews down the foe with her flaming brand, by the side of Oscar, with his gore-dropping steel. Host on host the Firbolg press upon the son of Ossian. As a rock overturned by the thunderbolt of heaven, his mighty head is laid low, and his son sinks with the toils of war. With desperate strength Brana-ealadh bears her spouse and son to a cave, while the gloom of evening covered her from the Firbolg, in rapine collecting the spoils of the Culdees, and carousing in the triumph of little souls over a handful of the brave. A stream ran through the rocky, and its refreshing coolness restored the fainting youth; but the mangled Oscar, in with the ghosts of Trathal and Trenmor. The heroine stanches the wounds of her last hope, and with two holy men, the last remnant of her friends, launches a little skiff for Selma. The corse of Oscar lies

beside his scarcely breathing son, since Brana-ealadh must ply the oar in aid of aged arms. The dark red unsettled fogs of evening are scattered by gust on gust from the tempestuous north. The feeble prow of Arran dashes on a stony shore. Brana-ealadh clasps the remains of Oscar, and stretches a hand to Mac Vic Ossian, but a receding wave hurls her to caverns of the deep with the gray-haired sons of peace. The oak of eleven summers, torn from the parent earth, lies low on a southern beach. Stiffened, pale, and cold, he lies.

The storm is hushed in dreamy caves of the mountains; the sun is bright upon the rank herbage of the vales; and the heaving breast of Mac Vic Ossian, answering to his beamy heat, rolls in thoughts of sorrow the times past, and the days yet undawned of his fate in a land of strangers.

"Stranger, say of what land are thy fathers?" spoke a white haired lord of the soil.

"Born of Arran of the hills of hinds, my name is Uaigenis," said the youth, enfolding in the skirts of wisdom the fame of his fathers, that the flat ignoble south might not know the hope of Fingal's race was in their hands. But the spirit of Trathal, of Trenmor, of Fingal, of Ossian and Oscar in his breast, flames high for the hour when in the ranks of war his steel shall claim the renown of heroes; and day after day, he hails, beneath the rippling oars, the shining towers of his ascending name, the loveliest flowers of summer blooming under the briny flood; and so shall Mac Vic Ossian raise his head among the chiefs of nations, though seas of trouble have mounted and washed in fury over his youth. The Sluaghs flee before the kings of the north, and pour their thousands over the low valleys of the Selgovæ. The might of his fathers kindles the soul of Mac Vic Ossian, and before his death-dealing sword the invaders disperse to seek other lands. The men at arms gather round Mac Vic Ossian, and cry with one accord, "Mac Vic Ossian, our leader to victory, is chief of the Selgovæ!"

"The vows of Mac Vic Ossian are wafted to Morven," said the hero. "In the flame of my soul, I turn to the land of my fathers, with as many followers as shall follow the hope of Fingal's race."

"The name of Fingal is a sun to gleam bright over our steel," said the sons of war.

A fleet is soon on the blue sounding main, and their powers draw near the shore, whither Ossian, in the night of dreary age, has retired from the tempest of false kinsmen. In the cleft of a rock, with no follower but the seer of truth, sits the chief of bards, the offspring of a long line of the brave.

"The blood of Ossian comes in the night of [illegible]," said the seer; "let us [illegible] the beam of renown in his earliest course."

The seer speaks, but Ossian hears not. His shadowy thoughts are with Oscar.

"Stream of the life of Ossian!" said the last son of Fingal, "moon of the gleaming night of age! strength of his arm! dark, withered, and feeble, he mourns his son, who dwells in bright-hued clouds. The boisterous foe has scared the hinds from their summer-path; and the

broad river, rolling in light, no longer gives back a sunbeam; the waters are red with the blood of kinsmen. No hunter bends his bow at the stately sons of the forest; his shafts are spent on his own people; and his gray dogs, wearied in seeking their masters, are driving the wolf from his prowling circuit. Oscar has failed, and the hand of evil men is stretched on every side without restraint. As a gale moaning in chinky rocks, Ossian no longer comes abroad, while the rage of the tempest tears the groves, hurling clouds of sand along the sounding beach. Return, ye days, when a gathered cloud before the hoarse-roaring storm, the uncovered steel of Ossian, could burst as the fire of heaven upon his foes; and the changing form, obeying every blast of his valour, still spread death over the nations, and the moss of years grew in their halls."

"The arm of Ossian is still mighty in the son of his son," said the seer. "The son of Oscar, the blood of Ossian, warm in the flame of his youth, a leader of hosts, cuts our waves, and little men shall be shaken from the seat of power, as the equally north scatters the thistle-beard on a lonely heath. I see the hero tall in his ship. I hear the murmur of martial sounds over our tides. With rushing might, as the eagle of heaven, the son of Oscar, of Ossian, of Fingal, of Trathal and Trenmor, descends terrible on the spoilers of Selma. As a torrent of the wilderness big with streams from many hills, the freshened image of Fingal pours embattled followers to our rescue."

"Speak not of rescue," returned the chief of bards. "Though no lone blast over the harp of Ossian hath foreboded the sure wail of death, soon shall his spirit float in many-coloured clouds with his fathers. Does he fear the gushing wound if it come not from the steel of clansmen, the sons of hunters, with whom his wind-borne hounds awaked the dappled east, and crowned the night with shells of friendship? Seer of times to come, why labours thy thick-heaving breath? Speak to Ossian of days undawned; this hour is loaded with grief."

"The plash of his oars on the coast of his fathers is pleasant to my ear, as falling showers of summer when drought has parched the glens and embrowned the hills," said the seer. "High rides the sun to light him to his fame, and another sun shall rise on him by the side of Ossian."

"Seer of dark impossibilities," said the last son of Fingal, "speak to Ossian in words undisguised. He fears not the omens of disaster. The last blow of agony was struck when Oscar failed."

"Oscar still lives in his son," replied the seer. "I know this, and no more: but near is the unravelling of mingled fate. My soul is heavy. Two nights have we watched the stars above and the waves before us. Sleep, son of Fingal, in peace; thy awakening shall be filled with joy."

"Sleep! sleep thou, son of my earliest friend — sleep thou in peace!" said the month of song. "The rest of Ossian is with them that people the narrow house beside Selma of shields!"

The seer bends his head in slum-

bers, and the days of other years arise to the soul of Ossian. A lone blast over his harp comes from the half-viewless heroes of long by-gone wars. The sounds of death pierce the ears of the sleeper.—He springs on his feet and cries, "The ghosts of the mighty are about us!"

"And in gladness Ossian answers to their call," said the last hope of Morven. "Hark, the purling waters apprise us of a hostile fleet. The soul of Ossian kindles to consume the foe. Dark and feeble in the winter of age, he shall die, grasping the steel of his fathers, warm in the gore of invaders."

"No hostile fleet steers to our haven," responded the seer. "The blood of Trenmor, of Trathal, of Fingal, of Ossian, and of Oscar, swells the high heart of their leader. His steps are on our shores. His limbs in the vigour of youth ascend our rocks. Greet we in honour the true son of Oscar."

A ruddy warrior clasps the father of Oscar. "Sire of my sire," he said, "when the dun mantle of night hath floated away on the breath of rising morn, the features of Mac Vic Ossian shall shew him of the race of the valiant."

"The clouds of night are never chased from the eyes of Ossian," spoke the chief of Morven. "Sightless have passed his years since he wept for Oscar; and to the son of his son he brings no follower but the seer of truth, nor a hall but this cleft in a rock."

"This brand, that hewed asunder the might of the Slusbrec, and scattered the kings of the world, shall hurl the sons of little men from the halls of Morven," said the true son of Oscar.

"Their gray plumes float on yonder hills, as the rime of frost," said the seer.

"And we are the higher mountain blast, to toss in pieces their close array," answered Mac Vic Ossian. "A ship of the faithful and brave from Morven joined us in the dusk of evening. The wrongs of Ossian are on our spears; but we trust not to untried friends his safety. Seer of truth, be it thine to ward danger from the chief of our race. A proven band of the valiant obey thy word. Mac Vic Ossian hastens to surprise the false Anaeneast, that lost in foreign wars the heart of a clansman for his chief. His foggy light shall set in the darkness of tempest."

"Shall Ossian remain as a broken shield?" said the first of heroes and chief of bards, moving forward in the flame of his soul. "His fathers were first in the shock of dangers; and he yields not their place—no, not to the son of Oscar. A lone blast over his harp hath called him to his fathers. No gloomy circle of ghosts are they. Their pale faces are blithe in the light of their renown. Ossian dies with their steel in his hand, and great shall be the echoing sound of his name in the mouth of song."

"Then call the guards of the king," said Mac Vic Ossian. "The last son of Fingal is king of Morven. Signs of awful power attend the kings of the world; and shall the son of Fingal move without the strength of men?"

The youthful leader and a cho-

sen band of warriors scale the rock, to save from the first onset of a raging fight the sightless king of Morven: but his ready ear detects their tread, and in the wrath of valour he spoke:

"Who seeks the place of Ossian? His fathers were first in the furious struggles of men. But they met no kinsman in the clash of arms: yet, wounded in heart by his own people, and covered with deep night, Ossian, trusting in the light of his soul, shall rush, undaunted, the first among his crowding foes."

The false kinsmen dare not meet front to front their sightless injured chief, terrible in his far-gleaming steel. They cannot stand the fiery glances of the seer and his warriors, true to the race of Fingal; but fierce strangers meet the king of Morven and his followers, pouring their darts as the driving hail of stormy clouds. Ossian, though wounded, returns on them the death-dealing might of his unfailing arm, the ear of harmony guiding his strokes, rapid as the lightning of rending skies. Reckless of their own safety, the guards inclose him with their shields; he breaks away, and puts to flight his multitude of foes.

Mac Vic Ossian, in the unebbing tide of his wrath, has engaged the false kinsmen. They are trampled in dust; and Ossian, spent with wounds, is carried from the thick struggle of men. The son of his son, a conqueror over the ravagers of Selma, receives his last words:

"Let my narrow house be with my fathers," spoke the dying hero.

They bear the last son of Fingal to Selma. Selma, despoiled, is deserted. No musing hunter watches his shaggy dogs, listening for the fleet-footed deer, or heavy tread of wolves. No jocund youth win smiles from daughters of beauty in hall or bower. No bard cheers the blazing hearth with tales of old, nor songs of fame. No smoking feast; no shell of joy circles from chief to vassal. Silent and dark are the walls where clamouring mirth arose, when the fields were still, or tempests shook the pride of the forests. Men are hid in the retreats of the fox and the eagle, and the beasts of the wilds prowl through the haunts of men. No sound is heard in Selma but the snarl of wolves, the scream of seafowl, and the hoarse croaking of the raven, seeking her nest amid craggy steeps.

Now ten thousand echoes are awakened by voices of mourning. Over the last son of Fingal, the hero among hosts of the valiant, all the bards of Selma pour the music of renown. But other notes come with the evening breeze, and clouds of dust from all the hills warn the mourners to arms. Tall on their neighing steeds, a frowning band advances. The spirit of Fingal flashes in the eyes of Mac Vic Ossian; yet calm as the waveless Lochan, he arrays his powers. His name, as a blazing signal on all the cliffs, shall light them to the terrible joy of clanging shields. Man to man, and hand to hand, are all that can bend a bow, or strike with the spear; all the winds meet with rustling wings; the dreadful vaults of thunder send forth their pealing fires; and the battle mixes with the rage of the

storm. Mac Vie Ossian dashes multitudes of yelling ghosts to the gloom of their fathers. Weep, daughters of the chase, for them that return only on fogs of night, to wail untimely fate in a land of strangers. As dusky clouds are rolled together, or scattered by spirits of the desert, so meets, so strives, so falls the pride of warriors; so sink the false kinsmen and their allies under the mighty hand of Mac Vie Ossian. Their haughty heads are low as the rushes trampled by their wounded steeds. The heroes of Selma wind forward in the course of death; and broken shields and shivered lances are strewed after their blows. The roaring tumult proclaims renown for Mac Vie Ossian and his men of might. They rest in the bright setting of a bloody day.

The stars of night are disturbed only by owlets, in discourse with inmates of the cloud and the blast, when hosts cased in armour, with swords outshining meteors of the sky, and far stretching beyond the ken of eagle eyes, wind round to inclose Mac Vie Ossian. But the ghost of Ossian had roused the hero from a slumber of grief over his *cairn*. His airy sword points to the foe before their dim shadows rise over the hills; and watchful as the untired son of the forest, guarding his branchy-headed tribe, the last hope of Morven prepares his warriors to break their force. Fresh squadrons ride over the plain; their arms, as mountain streams, glittering with the noon-day sun, and fading at distance to faint lights of the starry host, piercing the mists of spring. All the rocks reply to warning shields; but the high heart of Mac Vie Ossian defies the gathering foe; and they yield to his sword, as dry reeds are broken by gusts from the shrill spirit of the hills. The keen edge of foes is wet in his blood; he falls: the survivors of the true sons of Morven rush to his aid; growing crowds of strangers urge the fight; and his small band of heroes, as lofty oaks surrounded by devouring flames, unbending are consumed. Four in the might of wisdom had borne the last of the race of Fingal from the field. Their friends have all died the death of the valiant. Herbs of healing power have stanched the wounds of Mac Vie Ossian: a boat receives the hero gashed with lance and spear, but unsubdued in soul. Waves toss the hope of Morven, and his faithful few must obey the blustering squalls of the south, and search for food the unknown rocks of the north. The boat-thongs are rent from the shore. They must traverse mountain and desert through a stranger land. Their days are passed in weary travel; their nights in sheltering thickets. The clash of arms enkindles the mouldering spark of valour in sons of war. A chief loaded with years and a slender youth have lifted their steel against ill-hued rovers of the wilds. Mac Vie Ossian wards a death-blow from the stripling, and with his companions in danger sends the dark spoilers of the weak to the ghosts of their fathers.

"Victory is still on the arm of Mac Vie Ossian," said the aged chief, "unless overborne by fresh-growing thousands. His unfailing arm hath rescued an auxiliary of the

false kinsmen, when, as the orb of light sinking to rest after a storm, Ossian shone terrible in beauty on his last field. Strike, son of Oscar! strike the stranger heart that opposed the rights of Morven."

"Stranger," replied the generous chief, "the race of Fingal wars not with remnants of battles. Your plumes are of those against our array; but the strife is past, and with it passed the wrath of Mac Vie Ossian."

"High-souled offspring of the great in arms," said the aged chief, "Ossian has fallen amidst the renown of Morven; but Selma is a hall of strangers. They avenged the wrongs of the race of Ossian. The false kinsmen are trodden in death by the warriors summoned from shores remote to oppose Mac Vie Ossian. I bear my death below this scarf; but may this beam of youth live in a blaze of fame, in the shelter of Mac Vie Ossian!"

"Is he thy son?" said the son of Oscar.

"His father was my son," returned the white-haired chief. "In early age he won a name, and died with the steel in his hand. All my sons fell around him, and my love is gathered in this slender form."

"His form ascends in light to the soul of Mac Vie Ossian," said the hero; "and by the bright fame of my fathers and their peace in airy halls, the friends and foes of this youth shall be friends or foes to the last of the race of Fingal. Remove thy helmet, youth of my joy, as I uncover the head of Morven, that face to face we may mix the heart of friendship. Why heaves thy bosom of valour? why quake thy tender limbs? The race of Fingal are not terrible to their friends."

With trembling hand the aged chief removes the helmet. Raven locks and glowing cheeks reveal a maid lovely as the first rose of the year.

"The land of lakes, with all the wood-girdled glens and heathy mountains of roes, owned me their chief," said the white-haired warrior. "My Airdeheim alone remained of a race of the brave. A chief, dark to her soul, pursued her with furious love; and to shun his grasp, she fled to the shores of Morven, clad in the garb of war."

The leech-craft of Mac Vie Ossian closed the wounds of the aged chief; and in the land of his own people, he gives Airdeheim to the hope of Morven. True to the land of his fathers, Mac Vie Ossian prepares a host to drive off the strangers from the seat of a long line of heroes, and to make Airdeheim the lovely joy of Selma. The ships await favouring gales: the son of Oscar gives to the chase those lingering hours. The shy wanderers of the forest fly to rocky precipices, and the hunters trace their rushing steps. An arrow from the lurking Turpaiseach finds the manly breast of Mac Vie Ossian. Drawing his steel, the wounded hero follows the course of the shaft, and cleaves the head of his coward foe. Airdeheim is delivered from the fierce love that urged her to seek the wars of Morven, but she mourns from youth to failing age the spouse of her soul, the father of her son, the son of Mac Vie Ossian. Their posterity for ever shall be to the people as soft-gliding mossy streams, refreshing all

the lands. The tall rank whistling grass beside fern-skirted caves shall be broused by their crowding deer; and white-armed daughters of the bow are bright among the renowned in fights of steel. When the foe in hours of misty gloom, or amid feathery clouds of winter, seek a spoil, the race of Mac Vie Ossian and Ardeheim, as strong-winged eagles, look careless from their cliffs, and soar through the boding storm. The day, wide gleaming on armour and spears, and the deep strife of night, is their sport. The foe melts before them as snow-wreaths before the growing beams of noon; when buds lift their green downy heads on the birch, and the hind caresses her fawn in hollows of the forest, the name of Mac Vie Ossian is the boast of their song.

The bard rests in his shadowy thoughts. Dim in the mists of other years, his fathers listen to the fame of times rolled away, as the smoke from their feasts of old. The song of bards is their joy in halls of bright sailing clouds. The lance of the hero and the bow of the hunter quiver in their airy hands; and their faces, as a moon wading among dusky clouds, are covered with smiles when the mouth of song recalls their deeds of fame.

B. G.

THE THETFORD CAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

The cat is generally understood to be a dull, stupid, *unattachable* animal, with very little of that memory so peculiar to the dog: but I met with an instance to the contrary, a few years back, deserving I think of being recorded.

I was in the habit of frequenting, in my fishing excursions, the Anchor Inn, kept by Cronskey, at Thetford—a good, quiet, and *cheap* house by the bye, where the sportsman may depend on meeting with a well-dressed steak, well-aired sheets, and a civil landlord. It seldom happened that I went there oftener than once a year, and staid probably three or four days at a time. There was a tortoiseshell cat (a *she* of course, for I do not know how much is said to be the value of a *tortoiseshell Tom-cat*;) kept in the house, which was, as cats are always said to be, very fond of fish; and when I came in of an evening *loaded* with fish, puss always contrived to be in a back out-house, where I generally deposited them for the sake of coolness, and I constantly rewarded her with a small one or two for her attentions to me. In doing this the first year, I had not the most distant idea of her remembering me on my next visit, which happened the following October; but the moment I got out of my chaise, and entered the house, the cat was rubbing about my legs, purring with delight, and upon my going to the back part of the house, actually ran before me, with her tail cocked up, and led the way to the out-house, where I had been used to give her fish. I confess this surprised me: it would have

been very likely to have happened with a dog, but the general habits of the feline tribe are quite opposite to this; and I was not only surprised, but pleased.

In the succeeding year, I had a friend with me, to whom I related the circumstance as we approached the town. He almost doubted the cat's power of memory, but the moment I entered the house, old *Truepenny* led the way to the accustomed spot, though I had no fish to reward her with, neither had I a *fishy smell* about me (having come direct from London), which might have been supposed to assist her reminiscences. The last time I went there, poor grimalkin had departed this life, and to my great shame, I neither inquired for her resting-place, nor have I, up to this moment, written her epitaph.

I am, &c. J. M. L.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF FASHION UPON THE PARISIANS.

A MORALIST, when he first arrives in Paris, is sure to judge its inhabitants with too much severity. "How frivolous, coquettish, and affected," he will say, "are the women! How idle, dissolute, and coxcomical, the men! Public and private virtue seem to be alike strangers in a metropolis where levity takes the place of every thing serious, and crime only furnishes matter for laughter." While the good censor is thus employed in declaiming, he never thinks of tracing the cause of the evils he complains of: if he did, he would find that they do not spring from inherent depravity: the Parisians are no worse than their neighbours; but, in fact, they are, and from time immemorial have been, spell-bound. How, my reader will say, spell-bound! Yes, I repeat it. All the talismans that we read of in the "Tales of the Genii," "The Arabian Nights," and all the other tales of enchantment which formed the delight of our childish days, had never half so powerful an effect upon those to whom they were applied, as these three simple words, *C'est la mode*, have upon the Parisians. The dread of appearing ridiculous is the most powerful feeling of their minds; and as, in their gay metropolis, every one is ridiculous that is not in the fashion, it becomes their first care to sacrifice to this deity, who, always whimsical and incongruous, is in France ten times more so than any where else.

It is to this deference for *la mode* that we may trace all the follies and many of the vices of the Parisians. No matter what their natural tastes or habits are, ridicule is a weapon which they cannot stand against: wield it properly, and they are puppets in your hands; by its assistance you may even laugh them out of their vices; but, unfortunately, it is still more easy to laugh them out of their virtues.

Let us look at the present state of France, and we shall see in the deference which is every where paid to *la mode*, abundant proof of the truth of our assertion. To begin, as we are in politeness bound to do, with the ladies. We all know the extreme delicacy of the pretty Parisians; yet notwithstand-

ing this, the life of a modern *belle* is a course of drudgery, to which the nerves of a porter would hardly be equal. This latter has his day of rest, if he chooses to enjoy it; but she is never for a moment disengaged from her labours. Her morning, or rather her afternoon, for a Parisian lady has no morning, must be divided between the toilet, visits, exhibitions, and promenades. When she returns home, heated and fatigued, she cannot allow herself to repose; no, she must again dress, in order to devote the rest of the day to the theatres, music, cards, or dancing. Not a single moment can she spare to bestow upon her husband and children, still less upon her family affairs. She is then, you will say, a bad wife and an unnatural mother. By no means: she loves her children; nay, incredible as it may appear to very well-bred people, it does sometimes happen that she loves her husband also: but nothing can be so unfashionable as attention to a husband and children; even the wife of a *bourgeois* would blush to be suspected of it. Can a woman of rank then submit to be thought guilty of it? No; she must continue the routine we have just described, however contrary it may be to her wishes or her principles, because it is the mode.

But my reader may perhaps ask, Is virtue never the mode? Strictly speaking, I must answer in the negative, at least as far as regards the quiet every-day virtues: as to those more splendid actions which few are capable of performing, that is another affair. They are always sure to be admired: thus, for instance, every lady you meet tells you that she got up at four o'clock on such a morning, in order that she might be dressed in time to hear the Duc de Rohan's first mass, which he celebrated at seven in the church of St. Sulpice. You stare when you hear your fair friends, who generally contrive with some difficulty to get to church at one in the afternoon, talk of rising at four in the morning, and still more when you are told by pretty infidels of the great delight they experienced in attending the duke's mass; nor can you account for the early rising of the one, or the enthusiasm of the other, till you recollect that just now the Duc de Rohan is the fashion. Go where you will, nothing else is talked of but this nobleman, who, in the very prime of his days, descended from one of the first families in France, and possessed of an immense property, voluntarily renounces all that the world can give, to devote himself entirely to his God. To hear the enthusiasm with which the ladies speak of him, how deeply they seem to feel the great sacrifice he has made in entering the church, would you not suppose, in spite of the gay dress and coquettish airs of the fair panegyrists, that you were in company with saints? No such thing: there is not one in twenty, perhaps I might with more propriety say one in fifty, who is in any degree capable of estimating his conduct: they praise him for no other reason than because it is the fashion.

Let us take a peep into the *salon*, and at the first glance we shall fancy that a general enthusiasm for the arts prevails in France. Here and there you see groups of ele-

gant men and women, discussing with taste and judgment the merits of a picture, or the execution of a statue; it is easy to perceive that they understand and have a taste for what they are talking about: but observe the listless air and studied language of a still greater number of both sexes, and you will see that it is a real penance for them to lounge away their morning, repeating phrases which they have got by heart like parrots; while their minds are occupied by the desire of making new conquests, by the last night's losses at play, or the hope of regaining them this evening: destitute alike of taste and judgment, the most magnificent works of art are less interesting to them than the discovery of a new tooth-powder, or a bonnet that has just been invented. Nevertheless, they are the most constant frequenters of the *salon*, and the loudest in applauding or censuring; and why?—because it is the fashion.

It is the same motive that brings hither the wife of the *negotiant*, who, unconscious of the ridicule which she excites, puts on the air of a connoisseur while she points out to her good man the Minerva which she is viewing as a fine likeness of Joan of Arc, or the Antinous as a statue of Louis XV.; and though she would be much better pleased with the contents of a caricature-shop, she assumes an air of affected rapture, and actually fancies that she enjoys her visit to the *salon*, though in reality the only pleasure she experiences, springs from a consciousness that she is in the fashion.

"But putting the male triflers at the *salon* out of the question, shall we not," says the reader, "find the men in general a little more reasonable than the women?" Not a whit; they do not yield an inch to the ladies in their deference for *la mode*. It is the fashion for every man in France to be a politician, a virtuoso, a man of letters, a beau, a gamester, and, above all, an humble servant of the ladies. Each of these characters, if properly filled, might furnish a reasonable man with enough to do; but fashion, arbitrary fashion, requires that they should be all supported at the same time and with the same spirit. Is it wonderful then, that in the midst of these various occupations French gentlemen can neither find time to say their prayers, pay their debts, nor assist their distressed fellow-creatures? It is not, as has been falsely asserted, that they are less pious, just, or benevolent, than other people; on the contrary, their hearts are as good as those of any other nation; and if any body would but bring these obsolete virtues into fashion, they would soon be universally practised: but the misfortune is, that as yet no one has ever thought of doing it; and consequently those who have a taste for such out-of-the-way practices, carefully conceal it, while they give all imaginable publicity to those particulars in which they fall in with the mode. Thus, for instance, all Paris knew very well that the late Duke de Berry kept two mistresses; but all Paris did not know that, notwithstanding, he passed the greatest part of his time with his wife, whom he treated with equal fondness and respect; that he paid his tradesmen once a month;

that he minutely inspected the conduct of his domestics; took care to ascertain that they laid up something as a provision for their old age; increased their wages in proportion to their deserts; and devoted more than a third of his income to charitable purposes. This last particular he managed with such scrupulous secrecy, that it was never so much as guessed at till after his death. Only a few weeks before that event took place, his *maitre d'hôtel* one day told him that there would soon be a sale of a nobleman's effects, among which were some valuable pictures, which it was expected would not fetch an extravagant price, and would be a great addition to the duke's collection. Accordingly he desired the *maitre d'hôtel*, provided they did not exceed a certain sum, to purchase them. But a few days before the sale took place, he sent for his domestic, and said, "You must not buy those pictures: I will not purchase them on credit; and as I have had an unexpected call for money, I this morning paid away the sum that I had destined for them." After his death it was discovered that the money which he had, as he expressed it, paid away, was given to a family, who, reduced by sudden and unexpected calamity to the brink of despair, privately applied to him, and were thus munificently relieved.

But to return to my subject, from which this anecdote has drawn me. Instead of tormenting ourselves about the vices of the age, had we not better seek comfort in the hope that the baleful spell under which the poor Parisians have so long laboured, like all other spells, will be dissolved in time; that some benevolent genius, viewing with pity the perverted taste of the age, will compel wit and raillery to enter the service of virtue, and afford her their powerful assistance in laughing vice out of countenance? Surrounded by the Graces, she will then mount the throne of Fashion; and, under her gentle sway, we shall see the Parisians the most moral, as they are confessedly the most polished people in Europe.

A WIFE OF TEN THOUSAND.

Mr. Marsden, while a very young man, unexpectedly succeeded to a large fortune; and as he was naturally profuse, he set out in a manner more expensive than his income would allow. A short time before his coming into possession of this estate, he had married a lovely woman, whom he idolized; but, to his great mortification, she did not enter into his plans with the warmth which he expected: on the contrary, she more than once reminded him that his fortune, though large, was not inexhaustible, and expressed her fears that their mode of life would soon seriously injure it.

As Marsden was not given to calculation, these remonstrances seriously displeased him; and he complained in his turn of what he called her parsimony in every thing that related to her own personal

expenditure. "You know," cried he, "that it would be my delight to see you outshine others as much in dress and equipage as you do in beauty; but through a frugality equally unnecessary and absurd, you deny me the highest pleasure I could receive, and render yourself talked of for a meanness of spirit unbecoming your fortune."

Too gentle to contend, and too prudent to irritate, Mrs. Marsden usually made a soothing reply to these reproaches and others of the same nature; but still her conduct did not change, and Marsden, piqued at her want of complaisance, seemed as if he was determined to shew her that her frugality should be no restraint upon him, for he plunged daily deeper into dissipation; and Mrs. Marsden had the mortification to see that his manner to her grew more cold, and his remonstrances more bitter. One day, after he had quitted her in the morning in an angry manner, he was surprised at seeing, that though they dined alone, she entered the drawing-room in a very elegant and expensive dress. "You see," cried she with a smile, "that your lectures have at last taken effect: from this moment you shall have no cause to reproach me with an excess of economy. Since it is your wish that I should be a woman of fashion, I shall endeavour to support the character with spirit; though I must own to you, that the sample I have had in making purchases this morning, has convinced me that the expenses of a modern *belle* require a princely revenue."—"Think not of that, my love," said Marsden, fondly embracing her. "Remember that you have in me a banker ready to answer your drafts, whatever their amount may be. Do not let this teasing prudence, which is the only fault you have, be a check upon your expenditure: I repeat to you, our fortune is sufficiently ample to set us above such paltry considerations."

Mrs. Marsden sighed, and for a moment a deep gloom overspread her countenance, but she speedily banished it, and began to converse with sprightliness and ease. Marsden soon found that she was determined to keep her word; her dress, equipage, and entertainments were not only of the most elegant but the most expensive description: though she had several times refused to receive diamonds from her husband, she now purchased a great number at an extravagant price. In short, her profusion seemed more than to keep pace with her husband's; and Marsden, though he cheerfully answered her demands for cash, sometimes wondered for a moment what she could do with it: the idea of restraining her, however, never occurred to him, and though he was somewhat startled when his steward informed him that he had no cash to go on with, he soon found an expedient in borrowing at twenty per cent. It is true, he said to himself, that it began to be time to look into his affairs, and retrench a little; and he made many prudent resolutions that he would do so; but unfortunately it happened that he had always some reason or other to defer it a little longer, &c.

Seven years passed in this manner, when one morning his steward came to him with his account books under his arm. Marsden,

who had a perfect horror of calculation, began to protest that he had not a moment's time to look at them. "You will do it then at your leisure, sir," replied Brown, "I am come to give them up to you, and to quit your service."—"To quit my service! and wherefore?"—"Because you have no longer occasion for me: your fortune is gone, and what is still worse, you are in debt."

"My fortune gone!" repeated Marsden with an air of incredulity, "impossible!"

"I wish it was, but you will find it true!"

"But how? which way?"

"If you will look at the books—"

"Confound the books! Tell me at once, what has become of my property?"

"I repeat, that it is entirely swallowed up between your extravagances and those of my lady: the money I have paid to her tradesmen is in itself a fortune."

"How! is it possible?"

"Nothing can be more true! see here are five thousand to the jeweller; and as to the mercer, milliner, perfumer——"

"Stop, for heaven's sake! you will drive me mad! But even with all this, we cannot have expended our whole fortune in little more than seven years."

"You forget the exorbitant interest you have paid for the money you borrowed. I repeat it, there is nothing left."

"But why did you not tell me all this sooner?"

"How could I, you would never listen to me."

"You might at least have spoken to my wife."

"It was of no use; she always assured me that she acted in conformity to your wishes."

These last words were a dagger to poor Marsden; he told the steward to leave him, and throwing himself into a chair, tried to collect his thoughts, and to form some plan for the future, but in vain. He recollected that a few days before he had given his wife five hundred pounds, and in the hope that this sum might perhaps be rescued from the wreck, he hastened to her apartment, and abruptly demanded it. It was gone. His indignant exclamation of surprise and disappointment drew on an explanation of the state of their affairs. Mrs. Marsden began to reproach herself for having contributed to their ruin, but Marsden stopped her. "It is I, who took such pains to draw you into the vortex of folly and extravagance, that am alone to blame," cried he; "mine alone is the fault, and would to heaven that mine alone might be the punishment; but, alas! in that we must both partake. Some plan, however, must be arranged, and the first step is to ascertain our actual situation. Brown, perhaps, has exaggerated our misfortunes; some wreck of our property may yet remain."

He shut himself up in his study, gave orders not to be disturbed, and began the task of inspecting his steward's accounts: every page filled him with confusion and remorse, but what above all struck daggers to his heart, was the consciousness that his wife's extravagance, which he had himself caused, was a principal engine in their ruin. No language can paint the

bitterness of his self-accusations: clasping his hands in a momentary frenzy, "What, what," cried he, "will become of thee, lost, unfortunate Hortensia! Can I bear to live and witness the ruin that I have brought upon thee, to see thee pine in poverty, or, still more dreadful, eat the bread of dishonour! No, rather let me perish than endure that sight of agony!"

"Blessed be heaven, my beloved, you have no cause to fear it," murmured the soft voice of Mrs. Marsden, as stepping from a recess where she was concealed, she precipitated herself into the arms of her husband. "Forgive, dearest George, the stratagem which necessity forced me to practise. Your fortune is indeed greatly reduced, but not through my means: the principal part of the sums placed to my account are safe in my possession, and I waited only for a proper opportunity to put them into yours."

The bewildered Marsden looked at her with incredulity. "How is this possible?" cried he, "your jewels, your dress, and the sumptuous entertainments——"

"All that is very easily explained. The jewels were only paste; they were indeed so exquisite an imitation, that they might have deceived even an experienced eye. My dress was much less expensive than you imagine, since, with the assistance of my woman, I made the greatest part of it myself. As to the entertainments, every thing was bought for ready money, and as they were conducted under my own immediate inspection, they cost much less than you would suppose. But you must not imagine that I have acted alone; your worthy old steward has been my coadjutor: I took him into my confidence from the beginning, and he suggested to me the scheme of lending you money under feigned names, and at exorbitant interest; and it is partly owing to this measure that we still retain a handsome competence. Forgive the pangs which I have made you suffer: nothing but the necessity of shewing you what must happen if our expenditure had continued unchecked by prudence, could have induced me to give you even a moment's uneasiness."

"Best and most prudent of women!" exclaimed Marsden, melting into tears, "it is to you then that I owe my escape from ruin. It is that very quality which I treated with so much ridicule, and took such pains to deprive you of, that has in effect saved me from beggary. O Hortensia! from this moment I resign myself to your guidance; it is only by a life of love that I can thank you."

Mrs. Marsden answered him by a tender embrace. She immediately placed in his hands the sums which were preserved by her innocent stratagem; and he found that, after paying his debts, enough still remained to satisfy every reasonable wish.

Marsden faithfully kept the promise which he had made to his Hortensia, that she should be his guide; but as prudent as she is affectionate, she carefully avoids every appearance of the love of sway. Happy in each other, and more respected than when in possession of the favours of Fortune, their only contention is, who shall most quickly discover and most readily yield to the wishes of the other.

CORRESPONDENCE OF THE ADVISER.

TO THE ADVISER.

Among the number of those who solicit your advice, Mr. Sagephiz, I question if there is one who wants it more than I do. My case, sir, is of a very peculiar nature. I am the husband of a lady who was formerly a toast, and is still, though in her forty-fifth year, a very fine woman, and would, but for one weakness, be a most excellent wife. This failing is a strange fancy that I am always jealous of her; and though I protest to you that a thought of the kind never entered my head, yet I do not dare to say much on the subject, because if I do, she takes fire directly at the idea that I fancy her too old to be an object of love: so either from one cause or the other, she never suffers me to enjoy a tranquil moment. A single instance of this strange peculiarity of hers will give you an idea of my matrimonial comforts.

The other night, on our return from spending the evening abroad, I happened to have a violent headache, and remained for some time without speaking, when, to my utter consternation, my wife all at once burst into tears, and told me that she saw how it was. She had observed me all the evening watching her behaviour to Mr. ——, and she was sure I was offended at the civility she thought herself obliged to shew him on account of his brother's approaching marriage with her niece. Softened at the sight of her tears, I did all I could to persuade her that she wronged me, but in vain; till at last I was irritated into telling her, that during twenty-five years I had not once been jealous of her, and she might be very certain that now I never should.

No sooner had I made this declaration, than I heartily repented my temerity, for it raised a whirlwind, of which you, Mr. Sagephiz, as a bachelor, can have no idea; and I was fain to tell almost as many lies as I did when in courtship, before I could obtain my wife's pardon, or efface from her mind the slight which she fancied I had offered to her charms. At length, however, we patched up a peace; but unfortunately it has not proved a durable one, for this unlucky speech of mine is continually recurring to her mind; and the consequence is, that she harasses me with hints, sneers, and innendos, which I am at last determined to bear no longer. Will you, therefore, my good sir, tell me how I can contrive, without actually breaking her heart, to let her know, that if she is determined to fancy herself young enough to excite my jealousy, I am at least too old to feel it; and if she will not suffer me to enjoy with her the comforts of a tranquil home, I am determined to seek them in a separate habitation. I am, sir, your obedient, C. L.

As desperate diseases require desperate remedies, I have inserted Mr. L.'s letter, as the only effectual means of opening his wife's eyes to the folly she is guilty of. My natural tenderness for the fair sex prompts me, however, to throw in a word of consolation to the

lady, whose husband is so tasteless as to think a woman old at the age of forty-five. I advise her to console herself with the reflection, that beauty is not always so transient a flower as poets would make us believe; on the contrary, there are many instances of women preserving it to extreme old age; and certainly while a lady is still blooming and beautiful, nobody would be so rude as to think of searching her parish-register. But if she wishes to preserve her charms, she must be at the pains to curb those passions, which will act more destructively than time on her features. All the cosmetics that ever were invented to smooth the skin, or to clear the complexion, are not a twentieth part so efficacious as good-humour: by its aid, Mrs. L. may still, during some years, keep her charms unimpaired, and if she fails to kindle the fire of jealousy, may at least re-illumine the flame of love, in the breast of her husband.

S. SADKNEZ.

TO THE ADVISER.

As I find, sir, that you extend your advice to all classes of people, I hope that you will not be offended at my craving the benefit of it. I am the wife of a shopkeeper, who was till lately one of the best husbands in the world, and as honest a painstaking man as any in the parish he lived in. We began business with a small stock, but our goods were of the best kind; we sold for a moderate profit, and being particularly civil and obliging, soon got custom. Things were going on very prosperously with us, when unfortunately my husband became acquainted with a philosopher. As I have not much learning, I did not know what sort of people philosophers were, but my husband told me that they were the wisest and cleverest men in the world; and I thought that to be sure he was very lucky in getting acquainted with such a person, little foreseeing that this acquaintance would prove our ruin, or nearly so, as you shall hear.

The first thing Mr. Sophism did was to persuade my husband to leave off going to church. He made use of a great many fine words to prove that religion was a very useless thing, and ought, like all other old customs, to be abolished. So the time that used to be spent at church my husband gave to reading books of philosophy, or talking to Mr. Sophism, who very soon persuaded him that it would be a necessary step to take our little boy, of about two years old, from under my care, and bring him up on a philosophical plan. But indeed, Mr. Advisor, this seems to me like breeding him a savage, for he is suffered to do just as he pleases; and if I attempt to contradict him, Mr. Sophism insists that I shall not, for that one human animal has no right to restrict another. The first thing they did with my poor child was to strip him quite naked, and all that I could do by dint of begging and praying, was to get leave for him to wear one short petticoat, and even that, though in the middle of winter, had no body. He has once been nearly burnt to death, because Mr. Sophism insisted that he must learn from experience not to go near the fire; and the other day he narrow-

ly escaped being killed by a fall from a ladder, which the philosopher desired he should be encouraged to mount as a trial of his energies. I am not allowed to make him go to bed early, nor take his meals regularly, because it seems these customs are unphilosophical, for human beings should only eat when they are hungry, and sleep when they are weary; and the consequence of this new mode of treatment is, that from a hearty, healthy child, my poor boy has become a sickly emaciated creature. But this, Mr. Adviser, bad as it is, is not all that I have to complain of; my husband says it is beneath the dignity of a philosopher to stoop to the drudgery of business, and he leaves the care of the shop to me. I should not mind that, only unfortunately he persists in staying in it, for the purpose as he says of enlightening the customers, and reasoning them out of their prejudices; but the only effect of his talking is, to make them go to another shop, for they say he must be either mad or a fool. However, between you and me, Mr. Adviser, I am afraid it is still worse, for he has latterly been a great deal from home; and when I ask where he goes, or what he has been about, he always answers that he is forwarding the cause of General Utility; and as my neighbour, Mr. Knowall, assures me that there is no such general in the English service, and that besides it is a foreign name, we are sadly afraid that my poor husband has been drawn into a plot against the state; and what strengthens our suspicions is, that he is constantly railing against government, and declaring that things will never go well till we have no laws but the laws of nature. It is of no use my attempting to talk to him, he always cuts me short by saying, that he can't listen to a woman who knows nothing of logic. Indeed, good sir, if we go on a little longer in this manner, we must come to the workhouse; and it would be a real charity for you to give him a little advice, or at least to tell me whether there is any thing I can do to prevent the destruction he is bringing upon his family. If, Mr. Adviser, you will be so kind, your instructions would be thankfully received and followed by your humble servant,

NANCY NEWLIGHT.

I am sorry for the case of this poor woman, and I would willingly bestow a little advice upon her husband, only that I am certain it would just now be completely thrown away: all I can do, therefore, is to counsel her to take upon herself, as far as she can, the management of her child and of her business, since it is certain that her husband's head is not at present in a situation to permit him to direct either properly. I fancy, however, that she has no cause to fear for his life, at least in the way she imagines; though I must own, that the principles he has recently imbibed, if fully acted upon, are very likely to bring a man to the gallows. S. SAGERUZ.

TO THE ADVISER.

Mr. SAGERUZ,

I was the other night in company, where the conversation turned upon the wisdom of the sages of antiquity; and after the claims

of several celebrated philosophers had been discussed, a question arose, which of the moderns was most distinguished for wisdom. Various opinions were given, but after much discussion, it was agreed to refer the matter to your decision: by speedily favouring us with it, you will much oblige a circle of your admirers. * * *

The demand of this correspondent is a terrible tax upon my modesty, but as truth must not be concealed, I shall candidly give my opinion, that I, Solomon Sagephiz, am, without exception, the wisest of the moderns. I need not bring forward any arguments to prove the truth of this proposition, because it must be self-evident to all those who have seen my paper since its commencement, and who know the various claims that have been made upon my sapience by the number of delicate cases submitted to me. Had the question been, who was the wisest man that ever existed, I might perhaps have found my parallel among the sages of antiquity; but as to the moderns, it is quite certain that no name among them can possibly bear a competition for wisdom with that of SOLOMON SAGEPHIZ.

TO THE ADVISER.

I say, old boy, I suppose you've heard of me; every body has heard of Bob Scamper. I am as well known to all the folk in our county, as St. Paul's is to you cockneys. I am the best shot within thirty miles, and as to a hare, leave ma'am puss to me, I'll find her I warrant you. But it is a cursed shame that an honest fellow can't establish a character for nothing; for now in these dozen years I've spent as many brace of thousands only just to get a name, and now that I have got it, deuce a thing else have I left. So, in short, I must tuck myself up one way or other: it's a cord or a wife faith, there's no other resource. Now, old Sulky, don't send me a long prosing answer about mending my ways and so forth; I don't want a preachment; only just tell me briefly which measure will be most advisable for a gentleman in my condition—marriage or hanging; and make haste, or your advice will come too late to be of service to yours,

B. SCAMPER.

I advise Mr. Scamper to begin with the matrimonial noose: the other will follow of course.

S. S.

A FOUR-FOOTED GHOST.

One of the most respectable inhabitants of a German town had the misfortune to lose his son. The parents were inconsolable, and their beloved child was ever present to their thoughts. It happened some time afterwards, that whenever the family sat down to dinner, there was always one napkin missing of the number that had been placed on the table. This circumstance caused some surprise: at length the mistress of the house one day undertook to lay the cloth herself, after which she stepped into the kitchen for a moment, and on her return, one napkin was gone as usual, though no person had been

meanwhile in the dining-room. She was now exceedingly frightened, turned pale and trembled; and in spite of all the arguments that could be advanced, she was firmly of opinion, that it was her son's spirit that daily came to the table and carried away the napkin, as he had been accustomed to do. A priest was therefore employed to read masses for the repose of the soul of the deceased. An old woman also, who had the reputation of being able to do something more than merely eat and drink, was put in requisition. The latter, with a view to a closer communication with the nether world, went down into the cellar, accompanied by all the servants, bearing lighted candles, and crying in a doleful tone, "Spirit, what wouldst thou with us?" The ghost answered not a syllable; but one of the party observed a heap of napkins at the bottom of an old tub. At this sight the old woman and all her companions betook themselves to a precipitate flight.

The master of the house now resolved to investigate the matter most minutely himself. Next day, when the cloth was laid, he hid himself in the dining-room. He had not been long there, when he observed the great Tom-cat creep softly in, pull down a napkin, and scamper away with it, for the purpose of improving his bed in the cellar. It need scarcely be added, that the feline robber was soon dispossessed of his hoard, and that measures were taken to prevent his future depredations.

A SCENE FROM THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(Extracted from the Portfolio of a Traveller.)

The Catholic worship has this advantage over the Protestant, that its churches are always open to the devout. Let me not be told that wheresoever we pray, there is a temple of the Deity: the multitude is not to be led but by sensible objects; and in fact it is more soothing and more cheering to pour forth one's heart, and to seek the consolations of religion, in a place exclusively appropriated to its solemnities. All who enter it to be sure do not bring with them a heart penetrated with sentiments of devotion; but were there only one in this predicament, I would join him in spirit, and silently wish him the blessing of the fulfilment of his prayers.

When in the summer of 1808 I was obliged to pass some time at ****, I paid daily visits to the churches, and found them at all hours full of supplicants. Among these I was particularly struck by the appearance of a lady in mourning, whom I always observed about noon kneeling near one of the altars before a votive picture, representing a young maiden borne on the wings of angels towards heaven. Sometimes two females of exquisite beauty knelt beside her, but in general I found her alone. The chastened sorrow and the resignation expressed in her face, from which grief had not erased all traces of its former charms, and the pious look with which she fixed

her eyes on the Blessed Virgin, drew me irresistibly towards her; and I always contemplated her with a mixture of admiration, pity, and reverence; nay—smile if you please—her piety rendered me more devout. One day I found her pale as death, while the tears streamed incessantly down her cheeks. Overcome with sorrow, she abruptly rose, passed me with faltering step, and with some difficulty got into her carriage. I observed a venerable old man leaning against a pillar at a little distance: I had often met him in the most retired alleys of the park, and had several times succeeded, in spite of his laconic humour, to engage him in familiar conversation. When he had finished his prayers, I stepped up to him, and asked him if he knew that lady, whose history, from the profound interest which she had excited in me, I was extremely desirous to learn. "Do I know her?" replied he, raising his tearful eyes to heaven: "I was thirty years valet to her husband, and have witnessed all the woes that can befal a human being." We left the church; he bent his steps towards the park, and I involuntarily accompanied him. "I remarked your sympathy," said he at length, interrupting our silence; "and I honour the goodness of your heart: but what would you feel were you to be made acquainted with the horrid history in its full extent! Come," continued he, "you have awakened my confidence: perhaps it may lighten my heart to pour forth my sorrows into the bosom of another." He conducted me to a distant alley, seated himself beside me, and thus began:

"The Marquis de D——, my dearly beloved master, whom from his birth I carried about in my arms, was adored by all his dependents, till the Revolution broke out, and transformed them into frantic ruffians. His mansions were destroyed, his property pillaged, and nothing but a precipitate flight could save himself and his family. Cherishing in his heart the most ardent love of his country, he bore his fate with fortitude, willingly renounced all his claims, and retired into the profoundest solitude. Thither, however, he was pursued by the bloodhounds of the system of terror, and the most upright man in France perished by the guillotine. A son, who served under the banners of the republic, on the very same day that his father bled under the axe of the executioner, became a cripple by a cannon-shot at the battle of Jemappe, and after lingering some years, expired in the arms of his mother.

"The marquise returned, for the sake of the education of her daughters, to their native city, where she lived retired, partly by the work of her own hands. We had not been there many months before the monster Lebon fixed his residence in the same place. Expect not from me an account of his numberless atrocities: I strive to forget them, but still they haunt me incessantly. One evening, as we were sitting together in our humble apartment, we were alarmed by the public announcement of a bloody spectacle: twenty-eight

of our fellow-citizens, and among them thirteen young females, were to be executed next morning by the guillotine. Lebon at the same time issued peremptory orders to all the inhabitants to attend the horrid tragedy, upon pain of endangering their own lives. Madame de D——, who was not yet sufficiently recovered from a severe illness to leave her bed, consulted with me what was to be done; and we could devise no other expedient than that I was to take with me her eldest daughter, a girl of fourteen.

"The dreadful morning arrived—exactly fifteen years ago this very day. The marquise mustered all her fortitude, that she might appear composed, and charged Eugenie in the strictest manner to repress her tears, and not to give any token of sympathy. We walked along together in silence, while I trembled still more than the girl. The bloody tragedy began. I did not observe Lebon himself, but his wife, a fiend in human shape, sat with a look of infernal delight on the scaffold. I whispered to Eugenie, and desired her to keep up her spirits. 'I have promised my dear mother that I would,' replied she in a low tone. Pale and breathless she stood beside me, but with a composure and resignation that quite astonished me: in her, though so young, I saw a manifest proof how much woman surpasses us in courage and patient endurance.

"Sixteen victims had already fallen; the seventeenth was brought forward. Gracious heaven! it was a juvenile playfellow and intimate friend of Eugenie's: we expected the dear girl to call on us in the evening, for the purpose of celebrating with us in stillness the birthday of the marquise; and now we beheld her conducted to death! Eugenie shuddered; I felt her tremble; her tears burst forth in spite of herself. I prayed to heaven to deliver us, but the measure of our misery was not yet full. The axe, probably by this time blunted, did not quite sever the head from the body, and the executioner was obliged to have recourse to a knife.—This butchery was too much for poor Eugenie, who, with a shriek of horror, fell senseless into my arms. The fury on the scaffold instantly turned her basilisk eyes towards us. 'Look at that aristocrat!' cried she; 'away with her to prison!'—and a hundred hands were ready to tear her from my arms. I implored mercy, I resisted—but what could one feeble man do?—nay, I have never yet been able to conceive how it happened that I was not dragged away too.

"The first impulse of my mind was to follow Eugenie, but I considered that it would be more expedient to hasten home to her mother, and to concert with her some plan to save her daughter. Anxiety gave strength to the marquise, ill as she was: we succeeded by means of considerable bribes in penetrating into the prison. What a scene for the heart of a mother and for my gray head! Madame de D—— sunk at the feet of her daughter, and vowed not to part from her unfortunate child; but I represented to her that her only chance for deliverance depended on our immediate efforts. She flew to the judges; while I carried her child to the gaoler, she knelt before Lebon, but in

vain—the most sacred thing in nature, the agony of a mother, was disregarded. The marquise, in a state of delirium, was confined to her bed, which her friends constantly surrounded, to prevent dangerous explosions of despair. I had the inexpressible anguish of seeing the unfortunate victim once more. O sir, all the misery I ever experienced was nothing compared with that of these two horrid days! The tears of the poor girl when she fell about my neck still burn on my cheek: she clung to me so fast, that it required all the strength of the sturdy gaoler to tear her from me. I still hear the plaintive voice with which she conjured me to save her; I still see her, as wringing her hands she sobbed, 'Ambrose, dear Ambrose, is it true that I must die?' But enough of this, sir: my sorrow I feel surpasses my strength: I should not have supposed that fifteen years had diminished it so little.

"Early in the morning I was again at the prison-door. The victims of the thirst of blood were led out, and Eugenie among them. God must have sent his good angels to comfort her, for a celestial serenity beamed from her countenance. As soon as she saw me, she folded her hands over her breast, and said in a low tone, 'My mother! my poor mother!'—The guard parted us, but I followed as closely as I could, and my eyes accompanied her to the scaffold.—The cathedral clock is striking twelve, just as it did at the moment when my Eugenie ascended the scaffold—I saw her led forward, and at last——yes, sir, these eyes beheld the most innocent blood spilled. I felt that this sight was sufficient to make me miserable for the rest of my life. At that time I could still weep: now my eyes have no more tears, and I pray God every day, that he would be graciously pleased soon to close them for ever."

"And the marquise?" asked I, as we rose from our seat. "Was it possible for her strength and fortitude to triumph over death and despair?"—"She has yet two daughters, who were then infants, and who, but for her, must have perished amid the general misery. for their sakes she found strength and courage to live."

I accompanied the old man to his residence. Neither of us spoke another word, and we parted in silence.

THE MERMAID.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

THE last time I was at Cadiz I was present at a warm dispute between two captains in the Theatre coffee-house respecting the existence of the animal called the mermaid. The one asserted, that this species of animal was a chimera of the imagination; adduced the opinions of several eminent naturalists in confirmation of his position; and supported it with his own experience for half a century, during which he had traversed all the navigable seas of the globe, in all seasons, and in all weathers.

The other answered these objections with the positive declaration, "I have seen one."

Several seafaring men and naval officers of different nations, who were present, at length took part in the dispute, which became warmer and warmer. Most of them coincided in the sentiments of the former, and but very few had been told by credible witnesses that they had seen such monsters; while not an individual, excepting the younger captain, pretended to have beheld one himself, otherwise than in the representations of art.

The latter, however, persisted in his assertion, and on referring to his pocket-book, mentioned the day on which he had seen a mermaid off the island of Margarita, in the West Indies. He described with what grace this beautiful creature had floated on the surface of the water; that it appeared to him to look attentively at his ship; and that he was long doubtful whether it might not be criminal to fire at it, because, erect like man, it seemed to feast its beauteous eyes on the fair face of heaven. "At length," continued he, "the desire of possessing so rare a creature triumphed: I took aim, and fired. Whether I missed it or not, I cannot tell; for it instantly dived, and of course I lost all farther traces of it."

All this was said so positively, that I, though I may flatter myself with having acquired some knowledge of men and things, never once conceived the idea that the captain was hoaxing us. An old naval officer, however, who had hitherto been sitting quietly with a Moorish jeweller at a chessboard on a table at the other end of the room, on hearing this bold assertion, quitted his seat, and with an ironical turn of expression peculiar to the Castilian tongue—"Have the goodness, comrade," said he, "to inform us in what language the Syren chanted her matins." One of the company burst into a laugh, and these two circumstances gave rise to equivoques, which soon led to sarcasms, that to all appearance were likely to terminate in a duel, especially since all the sons of Neptune were not very particular in the choice of their words. In fact, the younger captain dropped some expressions which pretty plainly intimated that he was disposed to regard any doubt of his words as an attack on his honour, which he knew how to defend: but the elder drily declined a meeting, on the ground that he was not accustomed, like the knight of La Mancha, to fight for a deity which he had not the honour to know.

As this did not put an end to the contention, the former, throwing some piastres on the billiard-table, ordered one of the waiters, to whom he gave the name of his ship, to go to the harbour of Santa Maria, and to desire the mate, the steersman, and the ship's surgeon, with some of the sailors, to come to us at the coffee-house. The two eldest of his opponents indeed strove to prevent the execution of this design; and one of them, having quitted the chessboard, went so far as to assure him, that he could not believe the tale, even though it were attested by fifty witnesses; nay, that in an affair of such importance, he would not believe his own eyes till he had a mermaid, either

dead or alive, in his hands. He added, however, that he would rather believe him than all the sailors from Sebastian to Barcelona, as he had long known him to be a man of the strictest integrity, but he could not help thinking that he might possibly be mistaken. "You said," continued he, "that it was early in the morning when you saw this phenomenon: had the haze cleared off by that time?"—"The sun shone as bright as possible, and there was no haze or fog whatever."—"I myself," resumed the other, "have seen sea-monsters, which I have not found described by any of our naturalists; but the Almighty has not been so extravagant as to create a fish bearing the likeness of the blessed Madonna de los Velos at Vera Cruz, or a resemblance to the fair Leucothea."—"Then I am a liar!" began his antagonist in a most violent paroxysm of rage, and the matter was taking a very serious turn, when the waiter entered, and announced the arrival of the witnesses from the ship. One of the seamen was immediately called in.

"What did we see last year off Margherita?" asked the captain.—"A mermaid," was the reply. A second and a third sailor followed, and gave the same answer. The surgeon was then introduced: he asserted, that he could discern her beautiful white teeth, and observed that the tail of the fish was divided into two parts. This statement was confirmed by the mate; and when the steersman was summoned by way of finale, he replied to the same question, *Una Sirena*. He described her, like the others, as resembling a handsome girl of sixteen, with plump arms, a bosom like alabaster, and a scaly tail like that of a fish. "Have you ever met with creatures of this kind in any of your other voyages?" asked one of the company.—"This was the second," answered the old Catalan: "the first I saw when I was a lad, off Goa."

"My honour is now justified," said the captain. "You hear, gentlemen, that my crew saw something which they never met with before. For my part," added he, "I shall stay no longer in a place where people would fain make me out to be a liar," paid his reckoning, and quitted the coffee-house with his men.

"And if Buffon were to come back from Paradise," cried his principal antagonist as soon as he was gone, "and to affirm that he had dissected a mermaid, I should be just as incredulous." With these words he returned to his chess-board. All present coincided in his sentiments; and after a dispute of two hours, I was actually as uncertain about the matter as at first.

Two years afterwards, being at Venice, I there met with a banker of Vienna, whom I had known many years, and one day we went together to see the celebrated cabinet of natural history in that city. How shall I express my astonishment when, on a table in the fourth room, I found, not one, but four beautiful mermaids at once! These, however, were not much more than two feet long, but in other respects agreed exactly with the preceding description, especially in regard to the exquisitely formed and snow-white bosom, the fine languishing eyes, the raven-black hair, the teeth

of polished alabaster; and you might safely swear that all four were own sisters.

What puzzled me more than any thing else was, that though there were but two specimens of the other species of animals in this cabinet, it should contain two pair of these, the rarest of all. I asked the keeper, a young man possessing extensive knowledge in natural history, as he had already evinced by a variety of observations, whether he could inform me in what sea these animals were caught; whether they did not grow to a larger size; and whether it might not be possible to procure one. The answer I received was, that these four specimens had recently arrived, that he had not yet had leisure to study their natural history, but that he supposed they came from the West India seas, and had not attained their full dimensions. As to the third point, he promised to make inquiry of the directors, and to communicate their answer on the following Thursday, if I would take the trouble to call on him again at the Museum. Had there not been four specimens all so much alike, I should scarcely have conceived the notion of possessing myself of one of them; as it was, it seemed likely that my wish might be gratified; and at parting I put a dozen *scudi* into the hand of the keeper, requesting him to promote the success of my application as far as lay in his power; which he promised to do, with many protestations of his readiness to serve me. The banker was surprised at my liberality, and I was impatient to know what result it would produce me on the following Thursday. That so rare an object could not be cheap I was well aware, and I had made up my mind to give a very high price in case one of them were to be disposed of. So much the greater was my astonishment when, on my return on the appointed day, the keeper brought me one of the animals, which he had previously laid aside, and with truly Italian politeness informed me, that though none of them was for sale, yet he had, solely to gratify my wishes, contrived to obtain permission to present me with that specimen. I repaid the compliment with six louis-d'ors, and the mermaid was delivered to my servant to be carried home, after the keeper had placed over it a bell of ground glass. I immediately bespoke a neat mahogany chest, and took as great care of the animal as of my most important papers. In this manner it accompanied me in all my travels, till I returned to N——, where I reside. There I exhibited it to several naturalists, who regarded it as a most extraordinary curiosity. Friends and strangers visited my Syren, and ladies and gentlemen agreed in their praises of her. Considerable sums were offered for the treasure, but, as may easily be supposed, I would not sell my mermaid at any price.

My only sister, though then not more than sixteen, was about to be married. Having no family of my own, nor any near relations besides her, I was highly pleased with this prospect, and determined to make her a valuable present on occasion of her nuptials. Not knowing what would afford her most gratification, I asked her one evening, when we happened to be alone,

what she would wish me to give her. She looked dubiously at me for some time, till I at length assured her, in the sincerity of my fraternal affection, that I would not refuse her any thing that lay in my power, if it would afford her pleasure: she expressed a wish that I would give her—my pretty mermaid.

I was thunderstruck; rather would I have parted with my whole cabinet of coins: still I did not refuse to oblige her, but determined by some other costly present to redouble her joy, and put this wonder of the deep out of her head. With this view I bespoke a new carriage, and commissioned a dealer to procure me four of the most beautiful chesnut horses, as I knew that to be her favourite colour, adding, that price was no object. In this manner, thought I, Patty may be prevailed upon to forego her desire.

One morning, when I happened to be at leisure, a professor, accompanied by two Danish noblemen, solicited permission to see my mermaid. I had, as usual, great pleasure in shewing it, and it was again so fortunate as to gain the unqualified admiration of the three strangers, who possessed no ordinary attainments in natural history. The professor, in particular, made some remarks which struck me; and no sooner had my visitors retired, than I felt an inkling to examine the wonderful animal more minutely than I had hitherto done.

The first discovery I made was, that it had glass eyes. Why, said I to myself, how could they be otherwise? I then began to dab it cautiously with a wet sponge, and soon observed that the skin admitted of being stretched, and then assumed the shape of a sea-fish which I recollected to have frequently seen, but covered with scales. My curiosity was of course strongly excited: I continued my researches, and behold, the hair proved to be false, but it was so cleverly adjusted, that I could scarcely convince myself that the whole was a cheat. To such a length was the deception carried, that the real head of the fish, for in fact it was nothing more, was made to serve for the back part of the skull of the mermaid, and it was to this that the hair was so exquisitely attached. The two regular rows of teeth were of ivory. The upper part of the body, from the abdomen upwards, was formed upon a mould, in the manner of a child's doll; and the two strong fins furnished their share of the arms, the remainder of which, down to the ends of the neat fingers, was composed of the skin of the same species of fish, most skilfully put together. The whole was covered with a fine varnish, and the stitches were so delicate as scarcely to be detected with the naked eye.

Clearly as I was now convinced of the deception, still I could not deny that this mermaid was an extraordinary work of art; which, however, from that moment lost all charms for me. I had no great trouble to restore it to its original state, but never afterwards could I be induced to exhibit the rare monster to any person whatsoever.

The day appointed for my sister's marriage arrived: the chariot and the four superb chesnut horses had been delivered above a month. What was to be done? I clapped

my mermaid into the carriage, and ordered my coachman to drive her to the house of my brother-in-law. We were sitting at breakfast when he entered the court-yard. One of the servants announced the arrival of a splendid equipage; but could not tell whose it was. I offered my sister my arm to go and receive the visitor, conducted her to the carriage, opened the door, and there sat the "most sweet monster" in high preservation under the glass.

The young couple were uncommonly delighted, and my sister in particular, when she observed that I parted so cheerfully from my highly valued mermaid. In the succeeding days my extraordinary generosity in sacrificing what I prized so exceedingly to the wishes of my sister, was not only the topic of conversation of the whole city, but I was held up by all ladies who had brothers as a pattern for their imitation. I am, &c.

MERCATOR.

A DRAMATIC EPISTLE.

"Liberty Hall,"
Near *"the Turnpike-Gate."*

My dear "ISABELLA,"

So your "Brothers," with "the Recruiting Officer" and "the Poor Soldier," have ended "the Tale of Mystery," caught "the Wood Demon," and quieted all "the False Alarms" occasioned by "the Castle Spectre" and "the Haunted Tower," and driven "the Pirates" and the "Robbers" to "the Siege of Damascus."

This was an "Agreeable Surprise;" but it was quite "a Cure for the Heartache" to hear that "the Recluse" was "Heir at Law" to "the Antiquary." "The Stranger" assured "the Mock Doctor," that "the Will" was "As it should be," and that "Othello" would have his "Revenge."

"The Merry Wives of Windsor," "Julia," "the Old Maid," "the Scornful Lady," and her "Intriguing Chambermaid," with "the Hypocrite," "Douglas," and that "Liar," "Timon of Athens," form a pretty "School for Scandal:" they have reported "Artaxerxes" to be a "Foundling," "the Natural Son" of "the Merchant of Venice;" but they are "All in the Wrong." "Abroad and at Home," they have such a "Taste" for "Speculation," that they try all "Ways and Means" to get a "Peep behind the Curtain," invent a "Winter's Tale" and "Cross Purposes," "Make much ado about Nothing," and perform "High Life below Stairs" till the "Midnight Hour." We will leave them "One and All" to their "Spleen," and revert to that "School for Lovers," "the Country Girl," or rather "the Mourning Bride." The "Wonder" is, how she could consent to a "Clandestine Marriage" with "Sir Harry Wildair," whom all the world knew to be a "Choleric Man" and a "Blue Beard." It was "the Road to Ruin." "The Honey-Moon" was as soon over as a "Midsummer's Night's Dream." "Family Jars" began: "Three Weeks after Marriage" her "Careless Husband" became "Inconstant"

"Morning, Noon, and Night;" took a "Trip to Scarborough" with "Two Gentlemen of Verona," and her "False Friend," "Alcibiades." "The Provoked Wife," not knowing "the Way to keep him," like a "Spoiled Child," informed her "Distressed Mother." "The Poor Gentleman," her "Father," received the "Fair Penitent," observing, 'I am sorry "Such Things are," but "Every Man has his Fault" "False Appearances" did not mislead you, "Artifice" could not you could not expect "Love for Love" in "Matrimony" with 'the Gamester,' nor could you think he would relinquish "the Three and the Deuce," sow his "Wild Oats," forsake "Bon Ton" and "the Follies of a Day," find "a New Way to pay Old Debts," and make "Reparation" on becoming "the Married Man" "The Wedding Ring" has no such charms, "Amelia."'

Pray remember me to "Tom and Jerry." Give my love to "the Maid of the Mill" and "the Gentle Shepherd." they are "Conscious Lovers;" she is no "Busy-Body," and he is no "Miser."

But I heard at "the Coronation," that you would be of "Age to-morrow," and that your "Comical Lovers," "Macbeth," "Mahomet," "Tom Thumb," "Bertram," and "Hamlet," have lost their "Chances;" and that "Alexander" and "Comus" are "Rival Fools," that "the Old Bachelor," "the West Indian," is the "Great Favourite" "I'll Tell you What," he knows how to "Rule a Wife," and though you are an "Heiress," a "Modern Husband" will prove this "Padlock" no "Comedy of Errors." therefore do not act "the Romp," or "the Coquette." "She Stoops to Conquer" is not "False Delicacy," but consult your "Grandmother," and ere "Valentine's Day," may every thing be "As you like it!" "ROSINA."

WHAT HAS BEEN: A TALE.

"Now and then instances of true love do occur, which convinces me that there is in reality such a thing as love, though the conduct of one's acquaintance would almost persuade us to rank it among the Centaurs, Satyrs, Griffons, and other Chimeras, which had never any existence but in the brain of the poet."—HERVEY *and* POMFRET *Letters*

THE interesting demeanour, or rather the very gentlewomanly address of Lady Pierpoint, insensibly drew towards her those few persons of quality who sojourned at the delightful village of Great Malvern, at about this time ten years ago, before this retreat had become too gay for the rational, and when a few of the more thinking order of beings, the Carters and Talbots of the day, tired of the rattle of *the* Bath or Cheltenham, would emigrate near St. Agnes Well, there to enjoy seclusion, and gain a renovation of health for Tunbridge or Margate. Lady Pierpoint at the time was fast approaching the venerable age of eighty, without feeling much diminution of those faculties always approaching to the masculine. Her usual costume was that of a widow with little alteration of the dress worn in 1720, and yet so much as not to present any grotesque association among the *belles* who courted her acquaintance. It was at

this time that her *fly* cap and powdered hair contributed more to the real respectability of her appearance, than all the corkscrews of a Lely adopted by many a young spinster of sixty; while the diamond-strapped buckles of her vest, and the long oval rings on her fingers, gave you some idea of the *belle* of the reign of George II. On these rings, richly set with brilliants, was to be seen many a deploring damsel personifying love and religion, bending over, or rather bemoaning the fate of one who was the Belmour of his age, or the toast of days long past: but one enamel, larger than the rest, principally caught the eye when the half silk mitten was laid aside, not from the story alone which Cosway in his brightest colours had attempted to delineate, but because a larger portion of twisted or plaited hair was entwined round it, and because pearls of the largest size were set round its edge. The subject was a young man reclining on a tomb, while a female of matronly appearance was drawing an arrow, with the evident intent of piercing his heart. I shall not pretend to criticize this design, or censure the painter for want of clearness in the allegory; it doubtless satisfied the wearer, whose associations made up what in the design was deficient. Suffice it to say, that upon no occasion was this ring ever taken from her finger; and it was observed, that if at any time her conversation or manners assumed a more lively air than ordinary, on her eye catching at this ring, it sunk at once to its usual level: not that she was ever heard repining at the frivolity of the world, or criticizing its follies; she had no objection to join in general society, after all other duties had been complied with. These consisted of constant public and private devotion, and visiting the sick and needy, for whom she thought no task too humiliating, no attention irksome. Every body courted her acquaintance; but she was engaged to all until these obligations were performed: she then joined the boarding-house circle, not as if it afforded her any gratification, but because it seemed to gratify others. The narrow tomb now incloses her venerable dust; the pediment of marble and the weeping cherub tell the story that she once lived; and I am at liberty now to relate the cause why she ever behaved with severity to her own failings, and while she so palliated the sins of others, she wept oceans of tears to wash away the guilt of her own.

"Can it be that a person of your ladyship's exemplary manner of life should fear death?" I once incautiously said, thrown off my guard by some frank avowal of her ladyship's. "Can one, whose life is spent so innocently as yours, look forward with apprehension and fear to another and a better world, to which you are entitled by your virtues?" —"Hush, young man!" interrupted my venerable friend: "but it is like one of your age to judge from exterior appearance. Be not deceived; heaven is not so easily won, nor am I at all sure that I have deserved its commiseration!" She now became plunged in abstraction, and as she gazed on the storied ring, I began to hope she was about to make me acquainted

with circumstances connected with it, the which, I know not why, my mind was often occupied in the attempt to unravel. "I know more than one cause, my dear youth," she at length said, "why you alone should seem to claim my confidence; nay, I should say two—your great resemblance to one who is now no more, and the polite attention you have ever paid to a poor miserable old woman. Your conversation forcibly impels me to inform you, that I am not that amiable creature you would persuade me I am: in imagining I am so, you impose a burthen I am not able to bear. I will in a few moments convince you how erroneous is your opinion, that you may judge more fairly of the world in future. Here, take this ring, look at it attentively. The design is my own; and while you do this, I will open to you a wounded conscience, which a period of forty years has scarcely cicatrized." She left the room, deaf to my eulogies, and waved her hand as she re-entered. I became dumb while she commenced her recital:

"I was scarcely twenty when I married, against my father's consent, Colonel Sir Walter Pierpoint: the fruit of this marriage was only a son, doted upon by us both, more, I am afraid you will think before I have finished my recital, from the gratification his society afforded us, than for any disinterested pleasure we were willing to confer on him. You are too young probably to understand, that a parent may ruin a child by an indulgence only as it affords pleasure to themselves. The manner in which he was educated by us nourished a peculiarly romantic disposition, rendering him unfit to live in the world, in which he was constantly susceptible of exterior attractions. At length, however, it became *necessary* that we should part, and to make our parting more severe, the army became his destined profession. It would almost imply from the agony I felt on this separation, that I anticipated we should never meet again; for my feelings seemed even more acute than those which generally rack the bosom of a parent on such occasions. He, however, left us for America. The solitude in which he left us was often cheered by the perusal of his letters, until one of them informed us, that, being quartered at the house of a person much inferior in life, he met with a young lady, of whose manners he gave a most vivid description. The fears of a mother constantly wait upon her affections; but I had the forbearance in my answers to my son, never to touch upon this object of his admiration, till I was informed that he *had* promised to marry her, and afterwards affected to ask my consent. His father's rage knew no bounds: he had dared to be happy in his own way without asking our consent, and I wrote to forbid the match."

(To be concluded in our next.)

A LONDONER'S RAMBLE.

One of the finest mornings of the beautiful month of August was beaming, when I determined on taking rather a long ramble. I was making a short stay at the house of a friend in the Back-road, Isling-

ton; and my intention was to peep into several of our most noted *out-of-town taverns and tea-gardens*, when they were quiet and almost without company, and at the same time enjoy the beautiful scenery in their neighbourhood. First then I crossed the main street of Islington, and turned down to a very celebrated spot, both in ancient and modern times, Canonbury, where there is still remaining a lofty and antique red-brick tower, part of the original building. From this may be obtained some fine views of the surrounding country, and of the metropolis; and it is civilly requested on a board in a lower window, that any person wishing to go up the tower, will *please to ring the bell*. I might very easily pause here, and finish my walk with a history of ancient and modern Canonbury; but such is not my intention: I shall merely say, that here are some delightful residences, with extensive gardens down to the lucid waters of the New River, which flow in never-ending calmness past them.

"Life glides away, Lorenzo, like a stream,
For ever changing, unperceived the change:
In the *same* stream none ever bath'd him twice;
To the *same* life none ever twice awoke."
Young.

Bending over the stream at this spot, are some of the loftiest and finest willows in the kingdom, perhaps in the world; and nothing can better shew their magnificent height than some trifling houses that are now building just opposite to them, and upon which the trees seem to look down with utter contempt. But Canonbury in our day is most known by the tavern called Canonbury-House, famous for the summer dinners of charitable, religious, and other societies; for nothing can be done in England without a dinner. They have frequently two or three here in one day I believe; and of the rusticating company, some walk down, some sport a saddle-horse, and some a tilbury, according to the strength of their purses; and perhaps I may be excused for remarking, that it is a happy thing for many of the dining gentlemen, that their horses do not drink so much wine as their masters, or they certainly would never find their way safely back to London. Apparently the field between Canonbury and Islington is about to be covered with houses like many others, and it is broken up for the purpose of making bricks.

The country here is flat and insipid, and I hastened away from the *brown* bowling-*green* of Canonbury, up the lane at the back of Highbury-place to Highbury Barn, another tavern of a similar description to Canonbury, but I believe not so successful—perhaps, because it is farther from town. When Willoughby had it some years ago, I can vouch for his giving excellent half-crown military breakfasts, when I was in the weekly habit of attending with the Bloomsbury and Inns of Court Association to practise ball-firing. Perhaps some of my readers would like to have an idea of a military breakfast: this it is then: Coffee, tea, eggs, ham, and other cold meats; pigeon-pies, brawn and veal pies, &c. &c.—pretty well for a breakfast. I almost longed for my musket, a few ball-cartridges, and a target: but I forget, these are the piping times of peace;

and long may they continue. The bank of earth against which we used to fire has been long removed, to make room for the gardens of some charming houses situated on the ridge of the hill, and called Highbury Park, which park in fact extends before them, and the eye is carried beyond it, over one of the sweetest vales imaginable, to the foot of Highgate-Hill, which rises nobly in the back-ground. These houses are, I think, the pleasantest in point of situation of any near town, the prospects both in front and rear being so fine; and from the peculiar ridge on which they stand, they are not likely to be deprived of them. The back view extends to Stoke-Newington, Stamford-Hill, and away to part of Tottenham parish, the New River intersecting it in serpentine beauty. Poor Sir Hugh Myddelton, the projector and principal executor of this great and good work, never reaped any benefit from it; on the contrary, like many other projectors, he was totally ruined, and himself and his successors were allowed an annuity, till very lately, by the more fortunate company that established itself on his ruins: the last of the family was a female, and died some few years since at Nottingham, I think. Again, I say, poor Sir Hugh! Many a monument has been raised to the memories of men of much more doubtful claims to the admiration of posterity: I know of none to you, except indeed the sign of a public-house near the New-River head, and the name of a terrace or a row; yet I never in my life strolled by the side of the stream which must immortalize you, without recollecting your name with innate satisfaction: to think that it is bearing to a vast metropolis pure and pellucid water, and at the same time ornamenting with its elegant meanderings a space of, I suppose, about forty miles of country, is a thought pregnant with pleasure. I shall make no apology for this rather out-of-the-way apostrophe, but go on with my ramble.

From Highbury Park there is a rapid descent into a meadow, where the New River is carried along in a high embankment. Some fifty or sixty years ago it passed over this meadow in an immense trough, and the cows grazed, the flowers grew, and persons walked under it; and it used at that time to be a sort of low-lived fashion for the lads to kiss the lasses *under the New River*. A short distance along this embankment you pass the Sluice-House, and immediately after the *Eel-Pie-House*, a humble, but seemingly well-frequented public-house: probably the inducement is to partake of the New-River eels, many of which I suspect come from Holland, or at all events the river Thames. Here I took a ninepenny pie and a glass of ale for my lunch, and proceeded to Hornsey-Wood-House. This is a *magnifique* establishment apparently: here is a piece of water to fish in, and Hornsey Wood to walk in, and several tubs cut in half to sit in among the bushes, and hot rolls for tea, and cakes and wine, and bottled ale and cider, and tobacco and pipes, and all the delightful *et ceteras*, to solace the hardy cockney who ventures *all this way* out of the sound of Bow-bell. At the back part of the wood is a fine view across the

country to Tottenham and Edmonton; but the trimmed, dandified wood they have made of it now, though certainly pretty, bears no comparison with my boyish remembrance of it, when I came hither to gather blue-bells amid its wildly interwoven tanglements of bush and briar: then it was indeed a "wood-walk wild."

I now turned into the fields, and by a sort of steeple-race found my way to the lane that leads across the top of the Highgate Archway: here is another commanding view towards London. As I paused upon the bridge (I suppose I may call it) I could not help thinking of the large sum of money foolishly expended in the attempt to tunnel the hill at this place, which at last (as the mountain brought forth a mouse) ended in the present arch way. This is certainly pleasanter than the other would have been, inasmuch as it is light, and it is also undoubtedly a great saving of distance for the stages, and an almost incalculable saving of labour to the useful and beautiful horse. But then why not have made an archway at first? I never could understand exactly why the tunnel failed; but I believe there are millions of bricks buried where it fell in; and I have heard, but can scarcely credit the fact, that in prosecuting the work they had lost their level, and if it had not fallen in, would never have found daylight in the line they were pursuing. I now entered the old-fashioned village of Highgate, which of itself needs no description, and not thinking it worth while to stop and be sworn, as I happen to like small beer better than strong, I immediately proceeded to the lane that leads along the top of the hill to Hampstead. Here is Caen Wood, once the residence of the immortal Murray, Lord Mansfield, great as a scholar, greater as a lawyer; except perhaps in his *dictum* with regard to the law of libel, that *the greater the truth, the greater the libel*—which always has been, and I doubt not always will be, much disputed and argued against. The frantic and unthinking mob, in the riots of the year 1780, destroyed the valuable library and manuscripts of this nobleman at his house in town, on which event the following verses were written by the amiable and elegant Cowper:

"So then—the Vandals of our isle,
Sworn foes to sense and law,
Have burnt to dust a nobler pile
Than ever Roman saw!

"And Murray sighs o'er Pope and Swift,
And many a treasure more—
The well-judged purchase, and the gift
That grac'd his letter'd store.

"*Their* pages mangled, burnt, and torn,
The loss was *his alone;*
But ages yet to come shall mourn
The burning of *his own.*"

And these also were written by Cowper on the same occasion:

"When wit and genius meet their doom
In all-devouring flame,
They tell us of the fate of Rome,
And bid us fear the same.

"On Murray's loss the Muses wept,
They felt the rude alarm;
Yet bless'd the guardian care that kept
His sacred head from harm.

"There mem'ry, like the bee that's fed
From Flora's balmy store,
The quintessence of all he read
Had treasur'd up before.

"The lawless herd, with fury blind,
Have done him cruel wrong;
The flow'rs are gone—but still we find
The honey on his tongue!"

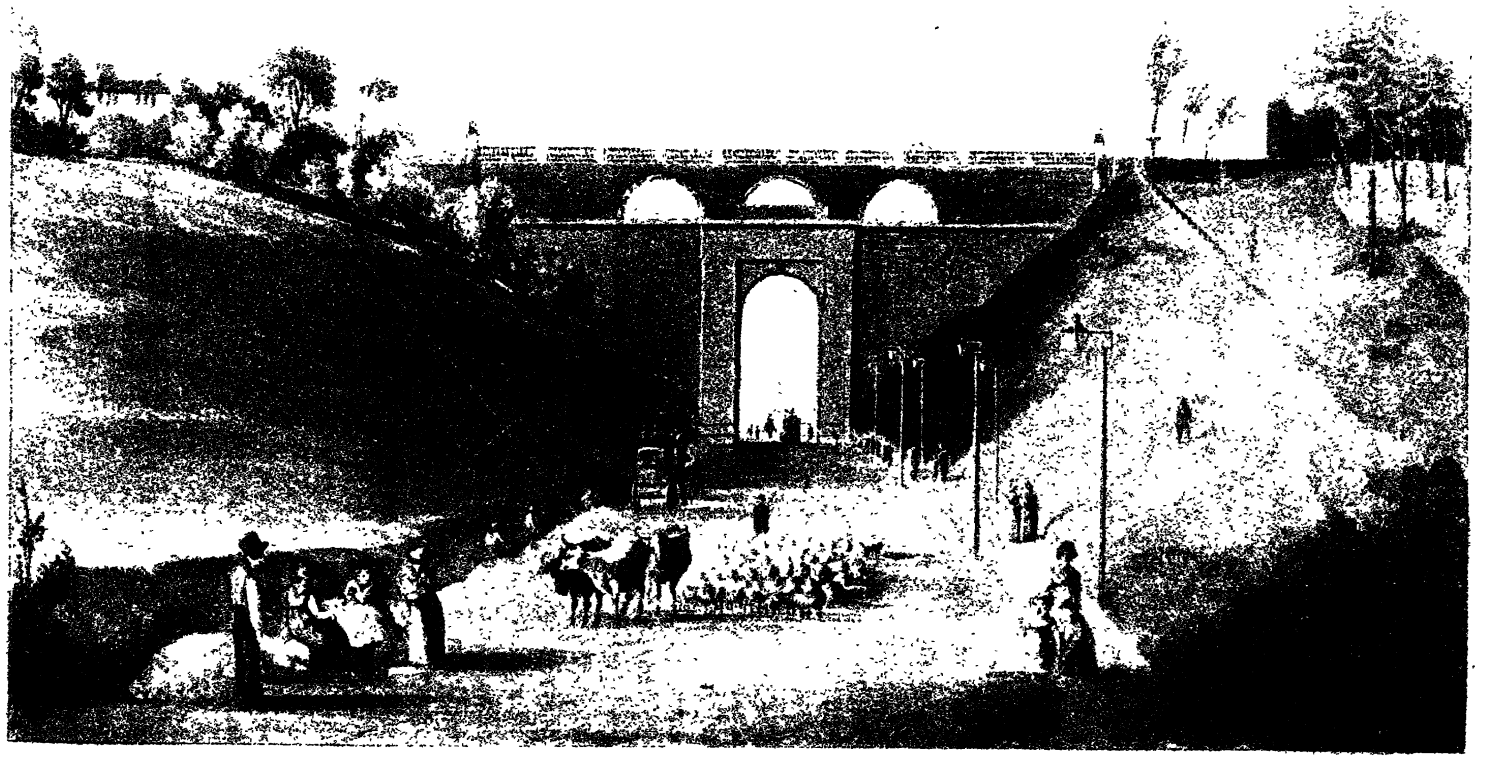
Caen Wood is a beautiful and

romantic place, but the trees are so well grown, that little of it is to be seen from the road. Nigh to it is another *tea and cake house*; the Spaniard is the sign, and that is all I know about it.

I now came to an opener part of the road, where I had a full view of Hampstead Heath, one of the very few remaining pieces of *common* land near town. Here you have Nature in all her wildness: the furze-bush with its golden blossoms; the primrose in spring, with its pale and gentle flower; the noisy troop of geese, the ragged colt, and the poor man's cow, sharing that together which nature seems to have sent for all. On this heath, or immediately adjoining it, are the *seven ponds* which formerly did, if they do not now, supply part of London with water; but I have understood, that from the collection of dead leaves and other vegetable matter in these ponds, the water was not considered so good as that of the New River or Thames. Here again I came across one of my boyish angling recollections: here have I trudged early on a summer's morning, fished through the long day, and gone home *supremely delighted* at night if I had half a dozen little perch in my pocket.

I now passed *Jack Straw's Castle*, as it was anciently called, though now dignified with the title of the Castle Inn, another cockney paradise; turned across the Vale of Health to Pond-street, thence over the fields to Kentish-Town, rather too low down to have a peep at the house of that *rara avis* of widows, Mrs. Coutts. Here it was she lived for several years while yet Miss Mellon; here it was she built up a character of kindness to the poor: let her not lose it now that she has such increased means!

From Kentish-Town I crossed the fields (all of which are pleasant hereabouts) to Maiden-lane, formerly a *green* lane leading to Highgate, but like most other *green* lanes near the metropolis, it is now as good and as gravelly as any turnpike-road. Crossing this I came to Copenhagen-House, which since White Conduit-House has been swallowed up by the town, runs away with most of the Sunday perambulators. Here is a fives-court, which has helped to ruin several London tradesmen: I remember one, whose *misfortunes*, as he pleased to call them, were principally attributable to his being fonder of fives and Copenhagen ale, than his business and his counter. From Copenhagen-House I turned a little out of my way to the left hand, for the sake of rambling over one of the most secluded spots near London: it is called I believe Holloway Park, and has some of the finest trees imaginable growing about it, which are grouped very much in the park style. It lies low, as its name indeed implies, and so low, that no part of the metropolis is visible from it: the consequence is, that you may, if given to the fanciful, fancy yourself any distance you please from London, from one hundred to one thousand miles. Here too is to be found a *real* green lane, one of the last left I should think; and in it, though not more than two miles from town, you will often find a family or two of those extraordinary people, the gipsies, who serve very well to give



a romantic air to a picture, or to meet with a rascal walk like mine, but very kind neighbours to the farmers or gentleman's hen-roost or garden, or to the dying-ground of the hamlet. On this occasion there was an encampment apparently of two families, and some of their light and barefooted children came tripping up to me to beg; but as the old and would-be witty saying has it, what I give away is *nothing to nobody*. A dark-eyed, lank-haired sibyl very much wished me to cross her hand with silver, and to look at my *line of life*. I scarcely need say I begged to decline her *civilities*. One of the girls, with long black hair, very much like the assassins' wigs in the *melodramas*, was carrying an excellent copper tea-kettle to a pond for water: I am not naturally inclined to think ill of others, but I could not help fancying that this was some stray tea-kettle they had picked up in a gentleman's premises back-yard, in their begging excursions. Like the Jews, these people have for ages kept separate from all others, and their Arabian tinge and appearance are I dare say as perfect as they were five hundred years ago. Complete civilization they appear to shun as a bane, and yet they excel in some things: the best dancers, fiddlers, and fighters at country fairs and wakes, are gipsies; their *abilities* at fortune-telling are of course *unrivalled*; the fates of most maid-servants, and some silly mistresses, who ought to know better, are in their hands; and as to stealing, especially eatables, who shall dare vie with them? The very foxes, who are tolerably clever in their way, could not clear a hen-roost so effectually*. By the bye, this out-of-the-way corner, except on Sundays, when *all the world* is making merry, and besides the gipsies, generally has several idle fellows of more than doubtful character loitering about its end, I should especially caution respectable females against walking there *alone* at *any time of the day*. Now some wag of a reader will I dare say be for suggesting, that it's *myself* I am cautioning the ladies against, and will give as his reason, that I was an *idle fellow*, and *loitering about*: one comfort for me, however, is, that I have anticipated his joke.

I had now but two or three fields across to my temporary residence in the Back-road, where I arrived much tired, but highly pleased with my stroll, and moreover with an excellent appetite for my dinner.

J. M. Lacey.

* I have lately seen in the newspapers, that a large gang of gipsies, men, women, and children, have been taken up at this very spot by the police-officers, and the then committed to prison as vagrants. As usual, though they pretended to tell other people their fortunes, they knew nothing of their own.

Plate 26.—HIGHGATE-ARCHWAY.

The advantages of rapid conveyances to trade were so evident soon after the establishment of mail-coaches, that every means of acceleration was resorted to for the purposes of dispatch; and thence road-making has become a work of science and study, instead of be-

ing dependent on labour and material alone.

During the vast changes that have taken place within the last thirty years, that of levelling the surfaces of our chief roads has made a conspicuous and important part of our improvements. The hill has been diminished and the valley raised in almost every place where the roads could not be made to skirt them, unless at the expense of greatly increased distance, or such costs as would be fatal to the undertakings.

At Highgate-Hill, over which one of the great north roads branches from the metropolis, a formidable steep presents itself, and which, until about ten years ago, was endured, but liberally abused, by the sufferers obliged to pass it. To escape the hill, several plans were proposed, amongst which, that of forming a spacious tunnel and road beneath the surface was projected, and which was put into execution, and the tunnel nearly completed; but from some peculiar and unforeseen circumstances of stratification, the resistances to the lateral and indirect pressure of the ground proved to be insufficient, and the tunnel was altogether removed, and the plan abandoned for the present ravine, or open cutting, as it is technically called, and which has produced the stupendous banks between which the road now passes.

The road and the banks necessarily occupy a large quantity of valuable ground, that was proposed to be untouched by the other method of passing, and the ravine as unavoidably separates property that could not be so disjoined but at the cost of adequate compensation to the proprietors; perhaps in itself sufficient motive for the adoption of the tunnel: besides, the crossing roads and paths must have been intercepted by any other proceeding, and which perhaps in some instances could not conveniently have been done; but the failure of the tunnel did that for the present arrangement that would not have been attempted without it.

The archway was built for the purpose of continuing an upper road leading from Highgate to Hornsey and other places to the eastward: it is an interesting feature to the road below, and from the higher road a fine view is commanded, that well repays the visitor for his journey to it; and many make this spot a point of resort, particularly as its neighbourhood well deserves attention.

The archway was designed by Mr. Nash, the architect, and after the engineers formerly employed had failed of success, the whole was intrusted to his direction. Beneath the arch a toll gate is established, and the residence of the collector is contrived in the piers of it. A moderate toll is collected for the remuneration of the proprietors.

ANECDOTES, &c. HISTORICAL, LITERARY, AND PERSONAL.

No. XV.

WEDDING-PRESENTS.

In the Swedish province of Dalecarlia, it is customary for young females on their wedding-day to present each of the guests with a pair of stockings or gloves of their

own knitting. This custom is held so sacred, that weddings are frequently deferred, because the requisite quantity of stockings and gloves is not finished.

MICHAEL ANGELO.

De Thou, the celebrated historian, in his youth accompanied Count de Foix, the French ambassador, to Italy. They were very cordially received at Pavia by Isabel of Este, the grandmother of the Duke of Mantua. The princess shewed them, among other things, a valuable collection of works of art, which she was then making. They particularly admired a sleeping Cupid, from the chisel of Michael Angelo. After they had contemplated this master-piece for some time with transport, they exclaimed, "This performance far surpasses all the panegyrics that have been bestowed on it!"

The princess left them for some time to indulge their enthusiasm; she then shewed them another Cupid, wrapped in a piece of costly silk. It had been found among rubbish, and many traces of the earth in which it had lain for so many centuries were visible upon it. The spectators were obliged to acknowledge, what they never could have conceived, that Michael Angelo's Cupid was far inferior to it. "This," replied the princess, "is admitted by Michael Angelo himself, whose modesty is unequalled. Nay, he has expressly desired that his Cupid might be first exhibited, and then this antique production, that every one may be convinced how much the moderns, and even the most eminent of them, are excelled by the ancients!"

JEWISH INTERMENT.

A foreign journal relates the following circumstance, which recently occurred at Lubeck, as a proof of the strictness of the Jews there in regard to their customs at interments.

An Englishman, who had just arrived at Lubeck, fell ill and died suddenly. He was buried according to the Christian ritual. Soon afterwards it was discovered, that he was of the Jewish persuasion. On ascertaining this fact, the Jews disinterred the body, took it out of the coffin, and carried it into a Jewish house. There it was stripped and exposed to view in such a manner, that the bare feet projected from the window. At the same time they soundly scourged the deceased, as if to chastise him for some sin that he had committed. After he had thus made due atonement, his remains were buried a second time, agreeably to the Jewish custom.

VOLTAIRE AND DESFONTAINES.

Voltaire, when he began to be ambitious of a seat in the French Academy, wrote a work with the title of, *Les Elemens de la Philosophie de Newton mis à la portée de tout le monde*, and to make the more sure of his point, he sent copies of it to all the members of that body. In spite of this *captatio benevolentiæ*, his claim was for that time rejected. The celebrated Abbé Desfontaines availed himself of the circumstance to mention the work in a literary journal with commendation, but observed that there was a gross blunder in the title, for there was the accented *e* too much in the word *portée*, as it ought to

read—*mis à la porte de tout le monde.* This keen witticism occasioned an irreconcileable hatred, which both those celebrated literary characters carried with them to the grave.

BLUNTNESS OF BOILEAU.

Boileau never flattered. Louis XIV. once submitted to him some verses which he had composed with great pains, and with much satisfaction at the success of his efforts, and desired his opinion of them. "Sire," replied Boileau, "there is nothing but what your majesty can do: you wished to write bad verses, and you have succeeded to admiration."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

THEMES WITH VARIATIONS.

THE influx of variations is so great and constant, that we begin to feel the difficulty of introducing any considerable variation into our notices of these compositions. Besides, they are, with few exceptions, so completely made over the same last, that striking variety of treatment is a feature we almost despair to look for: some of course are better than others, some good, and some indifferent; but bating this difference in point of quality, there is such a sameness in the nature and plan of these productions, that we do not at all think it impossible to give a tolerably particular account of nine out of ten, without ever opening the book: such an account might serve us as a general standing formula, and infinitely diminish our critical labours. We should in most cases come very near the mark, if we spoke of the short introductory slow movement, with a slight "dash of the succeeding theme; a bit of arioso; a famous pause, followed by a few cadenzial squibs and crackers to prepare for the theme."

With regard to the theme, the chances are about three to one that it will be Hibernian—Scotch, two to one—English, chances even—foreign, one to five—original, one to a hundred or more.

Here, therefore, we might feel some little uncertainty, but when we enter upon the variations, we shall be upon safer ground: the characteristics of variation, No. so and so, will be the continuous semiquavers by which its melody has been flowingly amplified. No.— is marked by the passages of *basso continuo* subjoined to a treble, exhibiting the subject in a subdued form, assisted by thirds and sixths. No.—, from beginning to end, presents the theme under unceasing triplets, the secret of which mostly consists in that the first of the three notes is the essential melodic one: if it be the second, the case is already of the more *recherché* kind. No.— represents a race of demi-semiquavers, in which the doubtful light infantry of the additional keys is brought into the field. The andante movement, in the relative minor, of var. No.—, excites some interest by the change of tempo, a little serious chromatic colouring, a touch or two of counterpoint, and a short major episode. We had almost forgotten No.—, which manœuvres with crossed hands;

that is to say, the right accompanies in broken chords, while the left arches over into the treble to fetch a significant note, but makes good haste back, to fill up the remainder of the measure by a little steady low conversation.—Let's see, how many have we got? The half-dozen already Well, let it be the baker's; for we *must*, by way of finish, have the vivacious presto (generally ♯); and can we have the injustice to *crop* it of its tail, the bustling, the grand coda, wagging to and fro in modulations, accidentals, and chromatic effects? This we give in, and have done.

But seriously speaking; if the above be a full, true, and particular account of nine-tenths of all the variations that have seen the light, is it not high time to stop the flood, and think of something less hackneyed, resort to a little more originality, to productions more indicative of musical genius? There are, as we have already hinted, some specimens of this kind of composition which stand pre-eminently high among the legion of their companions; but the bulk is nothing more than what a moderate share of musical knowledge, a tolerable degree of musical reading and experience, and a certain mechanical knack may get up with ease and rapidity. It is dressing up a statue in six or seven different suits. Besides, if there were much greater merit in this sort of writing than we think there is, we have had too much of it—"*Toujours perdrix*"—we are satiated, and long for a different fare.

In making the above observations, we hope we shall not be supposed to be influenced by any other motive, than the interest we feel for the advancement of an art which our heart holds dear. Our wish is, to direct composers of real merit to pursuits more worthy of their talent. It is works of their own invention, melodies grown on their own soil, not the themes of others diluted by ever so fertile an imagination, we wish to receive at their hands. There was a time when this wish was in unison with the desire of the composers themselves; and it is to that period that we owe a species of composition now seldom thought of: we allude to the *sonatas* of Haydn, Mozart, Pleyel, Dussek, Clementi, Cramer, Woelfl, &c. and of their successors in skill still actively wielding the pen, but frequently yielding to the caprice of the present fashion. What can be more delightful and more honourable to an author than a regular good sonata, a work which embraces three or four movements of different character, yet all so devised as to bear upon each other with a certain degree of reference, and form a satisfactory whole, like the detached parts of a masterly mass of architectural structure? Let us see a sonata from the pen of one of our numerous compositorial aspirants, and we will cast his horoscope with a tolerable degree of certainty.

After these general remarks on the composition of variations, we may be allowed to be brief in our observations on the following publications belonging to this class.

The admired Irish Air of the Cruiskeen Lawn, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by E. Knight, Junior (Pupil of Mr. T. Cooke), *from the popular Entertainment of*

"*The youthful Days of Mr. Mathews*," *to whom it is most respectfully inscribed*. Price 2s. 6d.—(Goulding and Co.)

A composition in every respect satisfactory, and very creditable to the rising talent of Mr. K. There is freedom and ease in the variations of an active character; the 2d var. presents some touches of good counterpoint, and a considerable degree of aptness and purity of harmony is observable in the whole composition.

A favourite Caledonian Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, by Augustus Voight. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Clementi and Co.)

These variations require an experienced player, Mr. V., in his obvious aim at original and complicated treatment, not having always consulted the convenience of digital motion. Many things are artificial, as 1st var. 2d part. The 2d var. deserves very favourable notice: its bass is active, and well arranged. No. 3. is also very good. In the 2d part of No. 4. Mr. V. has made some rash harmonic attempts, which have been unsuccessful. The vivace, p. 6, is rather common, with the exception of the parts in C minor and E♭ major.

"*Though love is warm awhile*," *Introduction and Air, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed for, and dedicated to, the Honourable Miss Campbell*, by Q. Rousmark. Pr. 4s.—(Goulding and Co.)

In the above six variations we observe no marked deviation from the established forms of treatment in this species of composition, but their general tenor is of a very attractive nature, owing, no doubt, in some measure to the graceful melody of the theme; and many tokens of Mr. K.'s taste, experience, and facility of musical diction, present themselves. The introductory movement is interesting, and not without some touches of original conception.

"*Row gently here*," *from Moore's National Airs, arranged with Variations for the Piano-forte, and inscribed to Miss Madalane Hill*, by W. Barsteff. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Power, Strand.)

Our remarks upon the preceding publication apply entirely to this, except that in the present instance there is no introduction. No. 3. can scarcely be termed a variation; the polonaise, No. 7. is in very good style, and the coda appended to it has some striking harmonic tints.

"*Partant pour la Syrie*," *a favourite French Romance, with Variations for the Piano-forte, composed* by J. H. Little. Pr. 2s. 6d.—(Power, Strand.)

Upon these variations we may likewise, without hesitation, give a favourable opinion, quite similar to what we have said in respect of the two foregoing publications. The martial character of the theme has infused considerable spirit into the variations; many parts are striking and energetic. The minore portions also are commendable, and in character.

The *celebrated Air*, "*Turn again, Whittington*," *Introduction and Variations for the Harp or Piano-forte, composed, with (ad lib.) Accompaniments, for Flute and Violoncello*, by L. Campbell. Pr. 3s. 6d.—*without Accompaniments*, 2s. 6d.—(Power, Strand.)

The theme is agreeably treated and

dry, and Mr. T. has not made much of it in any of his nine variations. The prelude and largo are the best part of the composition.

"*Hail, beauteous stranger,*" *a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, written by Logan, composed, and respectfully dedicated to Lady Busch, by Jos. de Pinna.* Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

This song has a pleasing flow of natural and well connected melody, and the harmony is well devised: in the second part we think there is too much of the minor, and some portions of the composition resemble strongly Mr. Braham's air of "Fancy's Sketch" in "the Devil's Bridge." The second half of the introductory symphony takes an awkward turn of harmony, and the melody, here too very objectionably skips downwards by fifths from B to E, and from E to A.

"*The Beacon,*" *Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, composed by J. M'Murdie, Mus. Bac. Oxon.* Pr. 2s.—(Royal Harmonic Institution.)

There is some beautifully poetic imagery in the text of this song, which, we fancy, held out an invitation to somewhat different tints of harmonic colouring, and we shall presently explain our meaning. But whatever be our opinion in this respect, we should be wanting in candour, were we not to do justice to the obvious merit of this composition in more than one respect. The depictive instrumental passages evince Mr. M'M. to be hand in hand with the author, and in the vocal melody we observe a vein of classic feeling flowered with a little cast of melancholy: some of the phrases present very select terminations; and to say that the harmonies are appropriate and pure, would be a tribute of approbation which Mr. M'M.'s labours do not require at our hands.

The two first stanzas describe a beautiful view of the sea, the repose of nature at the parting of day, solemn stillness, &c.; no object disturbs the calm in the mind of the beholder; he espies a fire-beacon in the distant horizon, and the third stanza contrives, not very plainly, to liken the view to eternity. For such a subject, the greatest possible calmness of melody and measure, the sweetest and most placid strains, appear evidently the most suited throughout the three stanzas, unless the composer chose to vary the impression to greater solemnity in the concluding one. Mr. M'M.'s melody approaches in some degree to this desideratum, but certainly does not reach the full effect in contemplation. He modulates too much at every step, and of course dissonances, fundamental or inverted, are as often resorted to; and minor chords every now and then tend still more to checker, or as an artist would say, to cut up the picture: it grows hard, and requires a tinge of the old church style.

On such an occasion the Italians, from whom we must learn, try to dwell as much as possible in the tonic and its nearest *major* relatives, and to lean the melody as much as possible upon common chords, with occasional inversions only, avoiding discords as much as they can, or employing them reasonably only for the sake of contrast. As examples, we might quote Mozart's

Soave sia il vento, Sor's *Lauotte e placide*, an air of Rossini in *Tancredi* of similar import, the words of which we do not remember at this moment, and many other models of classic masters upon parallel texts.

We have already expressed our approbation of Mr. M'M.'s labour in terms sufficiently decisive, not to fear the imputation of a desire to depreciate its merits by the foregoing remarks. Had we thought less of it, had we had a less opinion of the author's talents and qualifications, we should not have judged it worth while to say thus much.

"*Blessed be thou, Lord God of Israel*," *a favourite Anthem, composed by the late Mr. James Kent, arranged for one, two, or three Voices, with an Accompaniment for the Organ or Piano-forte*, by John Purkis. Pr. 2s.—(Hodsoll, High Holborn.)

The above anthem, so deservedly in favour, has been honoured with the additional distinction of being performed at the coronation, by command of the King, whose taste and judgment in music are universally admitted. Mr. Purkis's adaptation is both able and convenient.

"*Scenes of my childhood*," *written by Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, the Music* by Henry R. Bishop. Pr. 2s.—(Power, Strand.)

Without entering upon any critical analysis, we can assure our readers, that few songs of Mr. Bishop exhibit more abundant traces of his compositorial talents. The "Scenes of my childhood" are replete with touches of decided originality, both in regard to melody and harmonic treatment. There is a fervour and pathos in the former which carries the heart along with the voice; the ideas are full of freshness, and although enhanced by contrasting effects, their connection is unbroken. The accompaniment likewise demands our warmest approbation: it is conspicuous for its richness and elegant variety.

Three Sonatinas, composed, for the Piano-forte, and dedicated to Mrs. Williams, by Jos. de Pinna. Nos. I. II. III. Pr. 2s. each.—(Clementi and Co.)

These sonatinas are intended for beginners, in nearly the first stage of instruction, for which purpose they are fingered throughout. To write good pieces of this class, is by no means so easy an undertaking as it would seem to be at first sight: it is essentially requisite to combine the utmost facility with an almost constant succession of attractive and tasteful melody, and to beware as much not to exceed the sphere of the child's harmonic perception, as not to outstep the fair capabilities of execution. Pleyel's sonatinas still remain models in this respect; but we must do Mr. de Pinna the justice to admit, that he has come very near to this classic prototype. He has fully satisfied the two great requisites above adverted to; his melodies are invariably good, intelligible, and often very graceful; an uncommon degree of ease prevails throughout, and there is an evident progressive advance in the successive sonatinas. On the question of noting the fingers, opinions have long been divided: we would rather dispense with the fingering, as the study after all must be under a mas-

ter, who may *here and there* mark it. In print it disfigures the copy, often puzzles the child, impedes the ready reading, and dulls his ingenuity.

Mehul's "Chasse," expressly arranged for three Performers on one Piano-forte, and dedicated to Miss Broadhurst, by H. Seine. Pr. 6s. —(Goulding and Co.)

For *three* performers on *one* piano-forte! ah! and all their six hands and thirty fingers too. This will be close quarters, we guess, unless they be nymphs of the most graceful shape, and the season rather cool.

In truth this is quite a curiosity, for here we have throughout a score of six staves, pretty well filled too. We would give something to witness the performance, without, however, being of the quorum ourselves: for Mehul's *Chasse* is a valuable composition, and more susceptible of such an adaptation than most pieces; and Mr. S. has taken very great pains in the arrangement, and certainly with as much success as the task would allow.

As a musical curiosity, we can have no objection to a publication of this description now and then; and fortunately they are not very frequent. Their effect does not compensate the labour; the additional keys are not often in tune, and the ten fingers in the bass generally overwhelm the melody.

The celebrated Overture to the Grand Serious Opera, "Il Ratto di Proserpina," composed by Winter, arranged for the Piano-forte, with Accompaniments (ad lib.) for Flute and Violoncello, by J. H. Little. Pr. 3s. 6d.—(Power, Strand.)

"Il Ratto di Proserpina," although now twenty years old, is, we grieve to say, the last classic opera composed in this country. "Il Trionfo dell' amor fraterno," also by Winter, and produced the same season, although certainly a good opera, is, in our opinion, inferior. The overture of Proserpina is universally and justly admired; but it must be heard from a full orchestra. There are parts in it which can be but just hinted at by the piano-forte alone. For this reason, we deem the accompaniments added by Mr. Little, especially the flute, next to indispensable. With those, the labour of that gentleman will receive its due appreciation from the amateur; for he has condensed his score with a discerning eye, with the right taste in matters of this sort, and with the full feeling of his author's intentions.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 28.—WALKING DRESS.

The pelisse is made of silk, of a very delicate pattern, called by the French *peau de papillon*; its colour is a light shade of marguerite: the body is without any fulness, neat, close, and high; the collar is plain, and stands out to admit a large ruff.

The upper sleeve is full, and slashed *à l'Espagnol*, confined half way of every division by *ailes de papillon*. The long sleeve almost fits the arm, and is finished by a garniture of *ailes de papillon*. Down the front of the pelisse is a plain piece of rich satin, of the same colour, cut bias, and continuing from the throat to the feet, gradually increasing in width, and on each side *ailes de papillon*, arranged to form the points of chevrons: trimming of the same kind, though reduced in size, is continued round the bottom of the pelisse. Bonnet, of white *gros de Naples*; the front edged with twisted folds of white and cherry-coloured gauze; the flowers are a beautiful Scotch heath with red blossoms, and are tastefully intermingled with silk and gauze.—Boots, the colour of the pelisse; gloves, lemon colour. The hair parted, and a few light curls on the temple; the hind hair twisted and fastened on the crown of the head *à l'antique*.

PLATE 29.—EVENING DRESS.

Dress of fine tulle over an azure satin slip: the *corsage* is quite plain, and fastens behind; across the front, three rows of beautiful pearl beads supersede the tucker, and from thence over the shoulders and back falls a light and elegant lace; a band of satin and pearl confines the waist, and is fastened behind with a pearl clasp. Short, full dress sleeves, set in a band of satin and pearls, the fulness repressed by three chevrons of fluted net and satin, at the centre of each is a Gueldres rose and leaves of pearl. The bottom of the skirt is richly ornamented by festoons of lace, sustained by pearl loops; between each are Gueldres roses and leaves formed entirely of pearl: beneath this elegant device is a chaste simple wreath of pearl leaves *à l'antique*, surmounting a deep flounce of lace, which has small pearls attached to each flower. The forehead is displayed between the light and elegant curls that fall on each side, and a dress plume of white ostrich feathers, fastened to the hair behind and drooping forward, forms the head-dress. Necklace and ear-rings of pearl and sapphire. Long white kid gloves; azure satin shoes. Buff cachemire shawl.

We are indebted to Miss Pierpoint of No. 12, Edward-street, Portman-square, inventress of the *corset à la Grecque*, for this latter dress.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Our fair pedestrians, wisely preferring comfort to show, begin already to envelope their lovely forms in the habiliments of winter: the warm shawl, or the cloth or velvet pelisse, is very generally adopted: silk pelisses are not, however, exploded, but when worn for walking, they are of colours suitable to the season, and are wadded, and in general trimmed with fur. White gowns are no longer seen in the promenades, they are replaced by lutestring, levantine or *gros de Naples*, and are worn with shawls, among which the Angola, of a novel and silky texture, is much in favour; as is also the British cachemire of every large size. Muffs begin to be general, and we think they have increased a little in size since last winter.

Any change is rather in material

than in form that promenade dress has altered, except that the pelisse now wraps across or closes in front, and that the collar is worn high. Waists still continue the same length; long sleeves are rather tight, and epaulettes very full; collars stand out from the throat; and the ruff, discarded during the violent heat of summer, now resumes its place.

Velvet mixed with satin is a good deal used for trimmings. We see also some composed of stamped velvet. When the pelisse closes in front, the style of trimming which we described last month is very generally adopted: it is now made in velvet mixed with satin, or in fancy velvet. There is also another style of trimming much worn for pelisses that wrap: it is composed of very narrow bands of velvet disposed in a scroll pattern; there are sometimes as many as five or six bands; we have seen this kind of trimming formed of different shades of the same colour; the effect was extremely pretty.

The furs most in favour are ermine, sable, chinchilla, and squirrel: the two last are not of course so tonish as the former, but they are nevertheless very fashionable.

The materials in favour for walking bonnets are velvet, *gros de Naples*, and black Leghorn: the last material is not yet much worn. Bonnets in general are either black or to correspond with the colour of the pelisse; they are still worn small, and always adorned with feathers.

The month of November is one which invariably affords little novelty in carriage dress. One of the most tasteful that we have noticed, is a pelisse of bright *puce-coloured gros de Naples*. It is wadded, lined with white sarsnet, and trimmed with ruched silk plush, disposed in such a manner as to form a very good imitation of plumes of feathers, which droop in a slanting direction: a rouleau of satin finishes the bottom of the pelisse, and is surmounted by the plumes: the fronts open inside: the trimming is composed of an embroidery similar to the bottom. The epaulette is a mixture of silk plush and *gros de Naples*: the latter disposed in *crêves*, the former in narrow bands terminated by small silk buttons: the bottom of the long sleeve is simply finished by a rouleau of silk plush. High collar, to correspond with the epaulette. Plain tight body, ornamented at the hips with Brandenbourgs. The general effect of this pelisse is novel and extremely elegant.

We must also notice a carriage bonnet and hat, which we think novel and tasteful. The bonnet is composed of black velvet, with a low round crown; the brim is shallow, very wide across the forehead, rounded and short at the ears: it is lined with white satin, and finished at the edge with *crêves* of black blond, with a very small black satin rosette between each: a full plume of ostrich feathers droops considerably to the left side, and a knot of black satin, with a steel clasp in the middle, is placed at the base of the plume: black satin strings.

The hat is of violet-coloured velvet, the crown shaped like a man's hat, the brim shallow behind and at the sides, but deep in front, and bent a little on the fore-

head: it is lined with white satin, and has a narrow rouleau of the same material round the edge: a band of violet-coloured *gros de Naples*, disposed in folds, goes round the crown, and is fastened at the side by a gold buckle, and a full plume of marabouts is placed upright in front.

Little alteration has as yet taken place in in-door dress: the *robe de matin* is still of muslin, and some dinner gowns, but not a great number, are also of that material. Various sorts of silk are fashionable, but they are all of a rich kind. We have seen a good many dresses of Irish poplin, and we understand that it is the intention of some distinguished fashionables to bring it into favour for the ensuing winter. We sincerely hope that this may be carried into effect, as it would afford a means of relief to a small part of the distressed Irish population.

The only alteration that we perceive as yet in full dress is, that white satin and white *gros de Naples* begin to be more worn than they were during the summer months.

Fashionable colours are, dark green, *ponceau*, Egyptian brown, lavender colour, dark slate, and different shades of rose colour.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

Paris, October 18.

My dear Sophia,

Although the autumn is so far advanced, and the weather by no means warm, our promenade dress is still of a light description. We see indeed a much greater number of robes and *rédingotes* of *gros de Naples* and other rich silks, than of muslin; but the light *barège* scarf is still more prevalent than the cachemire shawl. Such of our *élégantes* as you in England would term *dashers*, have lately adopted the whimsical fashion of wearing two scarfs of this description at the same time: the one is thrown round the shoulders, and has one of the ends taken up on the arm, or else it is tied carelessly at the throat, and the ends fall perpendicularly: the other scarf is disposed in folds round the waist as a sash, and is tied in short bows and long ends behind. A deep palm border, which is in fact a very good imitation of cachemire, adorns the ends of these scarfs; the border of the sides is always very narrow. White *barèges* are most in favour; blue is next in estimation, and then *ponceau*.

Carmelite brown, slate colour, and *ponceau* are the colours most in favour for the new *rédingotes*: they fasten on the inside, and are usually trimmed with the same material, intermixed sometimes with satin, and sometimes with Brandenbourgs. The *blouse-rédingotes* are now not so much worn, though *blouses*, as gowns, continue quite as much in favour as ever.

We have already a great many new materials for hats; but nevertheless those of the summer are not quite exploded: we still see *gaze lisse* and *crêpe lisse* upon very elegant women: these *chapeaux* are adorned with gauze ribbons, called *rubans rayés*, which are embroidered at regular distances in *pluche de soie*, with plumes of feathers in

vivid colours. Another sort of ribbon also, which is in great favour, is very broad; the middle of it corresponds in colour with the lining of the hat, and the sides are of the same hue as the *chapeau*.

The new materials most in favour are, *velours Iris*, *velours cristallisé*, *mousse de la Baltique*, *mousse du Pactole*, *duvet Milanais*, and *nœud d'amour*; the two former are fancy velvets; the others silks of different kinds: watered satin also begins to be a good deal worn.

We now see but few white *chapeaux*: the most fashionable colours are lees of wine, trimmed and lined with olive; *brun solitaire*, with *ponceau*; grapes of Corinth, with blue; sea-green, with lilac; dead leaf, with rose; black, with *ponceau*; Carmelite brown, with rose; and slate, with white. There is also much variety in the ornaments of *chapeaux*; some have the crown trimmed with gauze, or *crêpe lisse*, disposed in such a manner as to form a diadem in the shape of a double S. Garlands of daisies are also fashionable; and flowers made of partridges' and pheasants' feathers are likewise a good deal in favour. When the hat is trimmed with this latter ornament, the crown is usually half covered with a *fichu* of the material which the hat is composed of, but it is bordered with a different and striking colour. Sometimes the handkerchief forms a rouleau round the crown of the hat; and when this is the case, it is notched, to resemble wolves' teeth

In home costume we are still, generally speaking, *en blouse*. Undress *blouses* have not varied since I wrote last; but we have adopted a new style of *ceinture* and bracelet: there are two kinds, but both of silk plait: the one is yellow, in imitation of straw; the other, and the most novel, is white, and resembles hair. Clasps of polished steel, or mother of pearl, fasten these *ceintures* and bracelets.

Plaid taffetas and Merinos will be very fashionable in November: there are three different sorts of the former which have just appeared; one kind with small squares and shades of the same colour; another sort, of a large and glaring pattern; and a third kind, which has a white ground with squares of rose colour, lilac, or blue. The few Merino gowns that have as yet been made, are pretty much in the *blouse* form: the sleeves are wide, but confined to the arm by five bands of satin, placed at regular distances; the bottom of the skirt is finished by five satin tucks, and this trimming always corresponds in colour with the gown. Where the tucks are of the same material as the *blouse*, they are generally headed with flat silk gimp, of which there are always two different sorts used to ornament a gown; as for example, dark and light green, gold colour, and yellow brown.

The most fashionable dress *blouses* are of clear muslin, very richly embroidered, and worn over a *percale* slip, made with *entre deux* of *tulle*. If the dress is not *en blouse*, it must be made with a *corsage à la Grecque* and a very short sleeve. Gloves continue to be worn below the elbow, and to be as tight as possible.

Toques are a good deal worn in full dress: they are trimmed with a mixture of marabouts and curled ostrich feathers: the first form an

aigrette; the others surround the *toque*, and fall on the shoulders. *Barège* scarfs are frequently thrown carelessly round the shoulders in full dress; and when that is the case, they are embroidered at each corner either in gold or silver in a large pink.

Head-dresses *en cheveux* are still in favour; but I do not think they are so general as when I wrote last. Garlands of marabouts intermixed with poppies have been adopted by some *élégantes:* their effect is very striking, but they do not appear to me elegant.

The colours most in estimation for *redingotes* and *chapeaux* are those I mentioned in the beginning of my letter for home dress: olive, *brun solitaire*, reed-green, and dead leaf, Blue, lilac, rose, *ponceau*, cherry, and white, are most worn in full dress. Adieu! Always you

EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 27.—A SOFA, OR FRENCH BED.

THE taste for French furniture is carried to such an extent, that most elegantly furnished mansions, particularly the sleeping rooms, are fitted up in the French style; and we must confess, that, while the antique forms the basis of their decorative and ornamental furniture, it will deservedly continue in repute. Our present plate, a sofa, or French bed, designed and decorated in the French style, is adapted for apartments of superior elegance. The sofa is highly ornamented with Grecian ornaments in burnished and matt gold. The cushions and inner coverlid are of white satin. The outer coverlid is of muslin, in order to display the ornaments to advantage, and bear out the richness of the canopy. The dome is composed of alternate pink and gold satin, surrounded with ostrich feathers, forming a novel, light, and elegant effect. The tapery is green satin, with a salmon-coloured lining.

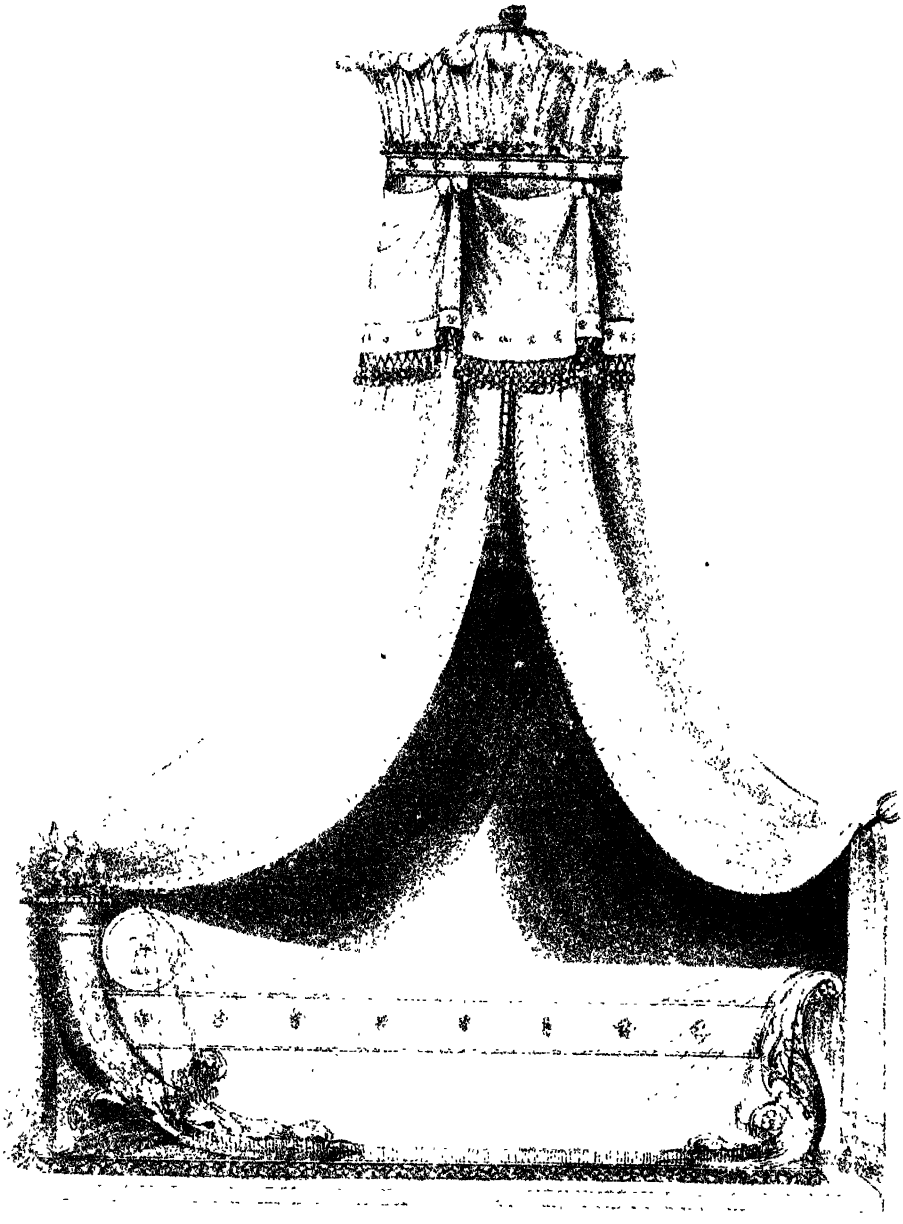
THE SELECTOR:

Consisting of interesting Extracts from new popular Publications.

SUPERSTITION OF THE PERSIANS.

(From PERSIA IN MINIATURE; *containing a brief Description of the Country, and an Account of its Government, Laws, and Religion, and of the Character, Manners and Customs, Arts, Amusements, &c. of its Inhabitants.* In 3 vols. with 30 coloured Engravings.)

THE Persians are perhaps the most superstitious nation in Asia. Among them the remnants of ancient superstitions are not confined to the vulgar, as they are with us; even the present king will not leave his capital, undertake any expedition, or receive an ambassador, till he has had intimation from his astrologer of the fortunate hour for



the act. Before all minor transactions, the people in general take what they call a *fal;* namely, in the old fashion of dipping into Virgil, opening the Koran, Hafiz, or any venerated author, and governing their actions by the first passage on which their eyes chance to fall. They put great faith in the virtue of charms, which they buy of the learned in the stars, and bind not merely about their own persons, but those of their horses: some are composed of prayers sewed up in morsels of linen, in various shapes, such as lozenges, circles, and triangles. The more costly amulets are certain sentences from the Koran, exquisitely engraved on cornelian, and which are usually worn, by persons of rank, round the neck or arms. The lower orders have talismans to avert the influence of evil eyes, curses, and the like; in short, they neither look, move, nor speak, without attention to some occult fatality or other.

Sir Robert Porter informs us, that in the course of his journey, several peasants hearing of his destination, and wishing to travel that way, begged to be admitted to the protection of his company, on account of the unsafe state of the roads. The request was granted, and the men mounted their horses; but just at the moment of setting out, one of these strangers happened to sneeze. This dreadful omen suddenly stopped the whole party; it was a sign foreboding evil, and no arguments could prevail on them to move on that day.

Another species of superstition very common among the Persians is the faith they have in a charm called the *dum*, or breath, which, they say, secures them against the bite of snakes and the sting of scorpions; and the courage with which those who are supposed to possess it encounter those reptiles, is remarkable. Among the servants who accompanied the British embassy with Mr. Morier, one or two had this charm: whenever a snake or a scorpion was found, they were immediately called to seize it. The *ferash-bashi*, or chief of the tent-pitchers, was remarkable for his prowess in such encounters. "I saw him one day," says the above-mentioned traveller, "seize a snake with his naked hand, but the animal turned upon him, bit him, and hung upon him till blood came. The snake was not venomous, and therefore perhaps he seized it with confidence."

Not long before our countryman was at Shiraz, there lived in that city a man greatly celebrated for his sanctity, who had the reputation to possess the *dum* to such a degree, that he communicated it to his disciples, who again dispensed it to the multitude. A young mirza, brother to the then acting vizir of Shiraz, gave to the British ambassador, as a great present, a knife, which he said had been charmed by this holy man, and if rubbed over the bite of a snake would instantly cure it. "One of his disciples was at Shiraz while we were there," says Mr. Morier, "and he willingly complied with our request, that he would communicate his charm to us. The operation was simple enough. From his pocket he took a piece of sugar, over which he mumbled some words,

breathed upon it, and then required that we should eat it, in full belief that neither serpent nor scorpion could ever more harm us. He then pulled some snakes out of a bag, which some of us, whose confidence was strong, ventured to handle and flourish in the air."

Mr. Scott Waring relates the following fact, which fell under his own observation: "I had a servant called Ali Beg, who possessed this gift of the *dum*, and the stories they told me of him I invariably treated with the greatest ridicule. Mr. Bruce told me that he saw him catch two snakes, one of which bit him so violently as to leave two of his teeth in the wound. This was easily reconciled: the snake was not poisonous. Some time after I was at Shiraz, a very large scorpion was found under my bed. Ali Beg was called, and he certainly took up the scorpion without the least hesitation. I saw the animal strike his sting repeatedly into the man's flesh, and he persisted that he felt no pain. I asked the other servants to do the same, but they refused; and the next morning, when I examined the man's hand, there was not the smallest sign of its having been stung. How he escaped feeling any inconvenience, it is impossible for me to guess, as I am confident he had not time to make any preparation, nor did he use any antidote against the effects of the sting: at the same time it would be truly ridiculous to assign the same cause for this escape as is most conscientiously believed by the Persians."

Mr. Morier mentions, that in travelling over the desert between Koom and Teheran, the Persians in the suite of the ambassador expressed considerable apprehensions of the *goule*, an imaginary species of land mermaid, which they affirm entices the traveller by its cries, and then tears him in pieces with its claws. They say that the *goule* possesses the faculty of changing itself into different shapes and colours; that it sometimes comes in the form of a camel, at others as a cow or a horse; "and when on a sudden," continues the writer just quoted, "we had discovered something on the horizon of the desert which we could not define, all the Persians at once exclaimed that it was a *goule*. Our spying-glasses, however, proved it to be the stump of a high reed, which some of the Persians still thought might be an artifice of the dreaded animal." With the gravest faces, they assured our countrymen that many had seen *goules* in crossing this desert, and acquainted them with the spells by which they had kept them at a distance; the most efficacious of which they said was loosening the string of their *shalwars*, or riding-trowsers.

CHARACTERS OF BEAUTY AMONG THE PERSIANS.

(From the same.)

The Persians differ as much from us in their notions of beauty as they do in those of taste. A large, soft, and languishing black eye constitutes with them the perfection of beauty, and diffuses an amorous

softness over the whole countenance, infinitely superior to the piercing and ardent glance of majestic beauty. It is chiefly on this account that the women use the powder of antimony, which, although it adds to the vivacity of the eye, throws over it a kind of voluptuous languor, which makes it appear dissolving, as it were, in bliss. Thus the chief characters of beauty with them are eyes like the antelope's, a full-moon face, and the stature of the cypress: but there are secondary ones, which the poets are fond of celebrating. Ferdousee, in the Shah Nameh, thus describes the females of Touran: "Their stature is tall, like that of the cypress, and the locks of their hair black as musk. Their cheeks are covered with roses, and their eyes full of languor; their lips are sweet as sugar and fragrant as the rose."

"Hark, O moon!" exclaims Hafiz in his Odes, "fresh spouse of heaven, shew not thyself above the horizon, for we this day behold the full moon of the face of my beloved!

"Ah! how admirable is thy form! how delightful thy converse! thy charms and thy gentleness enchant my soul. Thy heart is as tender as the bud of the rose is fresh; thy beauty is equal to that of the cypress of the eternal garden!"

Djami describes the charms of Leilah in these terms: "Her figure was tall and elegant, and in her graceful gait she resembled the partridge of the mountains. Beautiful without the assistance of art, nature had given the most delicate rosy tinge to her cheeks, radiant with freshness; her eyebrow was like a delicate bow formed of precious amber; and her eyelashes, like so many little darts of musk, pierced all hearts; her lips had the lustre of rubies without their hardness. Her enchanting smile displayed teeth as white as the purest pearls; you would imagine you beheld the bud of the rose gemmed with the tears of morning."

Many of the women of Persia are as fair as those of Europe, but confinement robs them of that lovely bloom so becoming and so essential to female beauty. The Persian women have a curious custom of making their eyebrows meet; and if this charm be denied them, they paint their forehead with a kind of preparation made for the purpose.

The Persian ladies not only dye their hair and eyebrows, but also stain their bodies with a variety of fantastic devices, not unfrequently with the figures of trees, birds, and beasts, sun, moon, and stars, as we read was the practice of our ancient British ancestors.

This sort of pencil-work spreads over the bosom, and continues down as low as the navel, round which some radiated figure is generally painted. All this is displayed by the style of their dress, every garment of which, even to the light gauze *chemise*, is open from the neck to that point.

DU BEAU DANS LES ARTS D'IMITATION,

Avec un Examen raisonné des Productions des divers Ecoles de Peinture et de Sculpture, et en particulier de celle de France. Par M. Keratry.

We present our readers with a few brief extracts from the above work, which has just appeared at Paris.

M. Keratry rightly observes, that the task of searching into past ages, of examining the productions of the arts, studying the influences to which they belong, or those which they have exercised, and comparing them with themselves, or opposing them to each other in their different epochs, is not a light one. He acknowledges himself indebted to the *Reflections Critiques de l'Abbé Dubos*, and to the *Lettres de Diderot* on different saloons. "Most certainly," says he, "Diderot did not want enthusiasm, and his pen seldom rebelled against the impulse of his genius. This is a great advantage which he had over us: perhaps, however, it is balanced by the opportunity we have enjoyed of forming our judgments by the *chef-d'œuvres* of Greece and Italy. Besides which, the French school has made considerable progress since the time of Diderot."

In giving a sketch of the history of the arts, M. Keratry traces also that of the different religions. "It is," says he, "to the sentiment of religion that architecture, statuary, and painting owe their existence. They take in each different country their colour from the prevailing mode of worship: thus they present themselves under the most amiable forms in Greece and Asia Minor; while they offer in Egypt only gloomy and mysterious images."

Arrived at the establishment of Christianity, our historian says—"One might fancy that Zeuxis and Apelles had quitted their tombs, and giving to their works the most decent form, combined with the most touching graces, had conveyed them into the sanctuary. Even in its austerity, Christianity had contrived a place for them, and they occupied it under the features of a Virgin, or of the infant Saviour charged with the destiny of the world."

In a chapter on taste, M. Keratry notices how much the detention of the Italian *chef-d'œuvres* in France has contributed to form the taste of the French school. "Before we had a museum," says he, "hardly fifty men in Paris were proper judges of pictures and statues. When we express ourselves thus, we do not mean to say, that they were able to descant on the productions of the arts (that is the affair of the cabinet), but that they took a true pleasure in examining them. Now there is not in France a town with two thousand inhabitants which cannot at this time reckon more."

M. Keratry speaks in the following terms of the natural taste of the fair sex: "It is undoubtedly more prompt than ours. In the examination of a picture, a statue, a book, or a piece of furniture, if they do not anticipate us in discovering the qualities which render it most valuable, and those which diminish its merit, at least they will decide more rapidly whether there

is cause for praise or blame. When a stranger enters a circle, by whom is he judged? By the women. While the men are studying his features, dissecting on them, and at a loss how to decide, the women have already given judgment for or against him. Follow them into the galleries, attend them to the saloon, and you will see that their judgment is seldom erroneous."

Speaking of moral beauty, M. Keratry says, "Represent crime, but do not make it lovely. Some artists of the first schools in Italy have given us reason to reproach them in this respect. When Guido and Guerchino sketched the Herodians, they ought to have thought that hatred and cruelty sympathize but little with the Graces. We regret that they have not given to the regular and handsome features of their personages, that wicked and malignant expression which ought to characterize them; that look, dark and mysterious, beneath which the heart withers. Moral beauty cannot exist but in virtue: when that is absent, you are wrong to shew me the physical beauty, which is the image of it to a certain degree. Thus you deceive me with your chisel or your pencil. Your Antinous disgusts me; I can only look upon him as a study for an artist."

M. Keratry denies the existence of ideal beauty. "It is surely," says he, "not by going beyond nature, that Gerard, one of the most poetical of our painters, has succeeded in presenting us on canvas with a perfect image of one of the purest deities of the Grecian mythology, since Psyche was for them the symbol of the soul. We should be much mistaken if we fancied that this learned and ingenious artist had sought a model from an ideal world; for the figure he presents to us is in truth that of a young person who has at most attained her third lustre: we see that she has not yet reached the form or the graces of womanhood, but we find in her a promise that she will possess them all."

He pays the following compliment to literature and the arts: "Without the happy inspiration of authors and artists, society would be a cold and lifeless mass; they alone form the taste of the public, raise its thoughts, inflame its sentiments, and ennoble its views. In the innocence of its first age, a nation may be happy without deriving its happiness from the arts, but when it is come to maturity, it degrades itself if it does not cultivate them."

After saying, with that modesty so *peculiar* to his nation, that all the schools of Europe united are not so rich in paintings as the French school, he goes on to express a wish, that none but those who can plead a special vocation should be admitted to the exercise of the arts. "If we wish," says he, "to cultivate the arts with the same success as the ancients, we must not expect to do it by erecting corporations of painters and sculptors, to strangle genius with the bands of privilege, but by discouraging, after a certain probationary time, any pupil who does not give undoubted proofs of genius."

As the high price of modern pictures places them out of the reach of people of small fortunes.

M. Keratry proposes to diminish it, and by that means to render a taste for the arts more common in persons of moderate property. He insists that both the arts and artists would gain by this measure, since persons of small talent, having no encouragement, would cease to employ themselves, and those of genius might find a compensation for the diminished price of their labour, partly in the certainty of constant employment, and partly by raising the price of their lessons: thus the double inconvenience of having a school without spectators, and too many pictures without purchasers disposed to buy them at a handsome price, would be obviated.

M. Keratry speaks in the following severe, and we think unjust, terms, of the state of the arts in England. "One would hardly believe what a number of statues, basso-relievos, fine antique marbles, and valuable pictures, have been collected in London, and the houses of the principal English nobility, during the last twenty-five years. The English visit various parts of Europe in order to purchase these *chef-d'œuvres;* they often pay the most exorbitant prices to obtain them: but this is not for the interest of the arts; few amateurs, and a still less number of artists, will visit England to study them: in fact, there are but few who would be allowed to have free access to them. It is a museum only for Great Britain: in the luxury of riches and the pride of possession, they rejoice to have under the public eye those works of art whose value cannot diminish. It is to this cause that we ascribe the determination of some English amateurs to purchase nothing but ancient productions, which will always fetch a certain price. The noble generosity of Comte de Sommariva, occupying our painters, looking for the works of modern sculptors, bespeaking a clock of Breguet, a picture of Prud'hon, a statue of Canova or Bosio, would not be understood in London. There living genius is never encouraged: it is only when the author or the artist has ceased to exist, that his works are duly appreciated. In a word, the Muses and the Graces are regarded in the spirit of trade; they are valued exactly according to the price they will fetch."

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

The first volume of *Russia*, forming the sixth division of *The World in Miniature*, will appear on the 1st of November. It will be completed in four volumes, containing seventy-two coloured engravings of costumes, &c.

On the 1st of November will be published, with an engraving of Buonaparte passing the Alps, from the celebrated picture by David, No. I. of the *Napoleon Anecdotes;* illustrating the mental energies of the late Emperor of France, and the characters and actions of his contemporary warriors and statesmen.

Messrs. Colburn and Co. in conjunction with the house of Bossange and Co. have contracted for the

purchase of the genuine *Memoirs of Napoleon Buonaparte*, dictated by himself. They will be edited by Count Montholon, and the most undoubted proofs of their authenticity will be given. The work will extend to ten octavo volumes, of which the first two will appear in a few weeks in French and English.

Miss Benger has in great forwardness, *Memoirs of the Life of Mary Queen of Scots.*

Mr. J. G. Lockhart has in the press, in a small quarto volume, *Sixty Ancient Ballads*, translated from the Spanish, with notes and illustrations.

A work, with the title of *Royal Naval Biography*, to consist of Genealogical, Biographical, and Historical Memoirs of all the Flag Officers, Captains, and Commanders of his Majesty's Fleet, now living, is nearly ready for the press, and will be published by subscription.

Graphic Illustrations of Warwickshire, consisting of a series of engravings of the most celebrated Architectural Remains, and the most interesting Natural Scenery of the County, accompanied by Historical and Descriptive Notes, are in preparation. The engravings will be executed by Mr. Radclyffe, from original drawings made for the work by W. Westall, A.R.A., P. Dewint, J. V. Barber, and F. Mackenzie.

The *Revue Encyclopédique*, conducted by M. Julien, which succeeded Millin's celebrated *Journal*, proceeds with a regularity, of which the publishers of French periodical works have not hitherto been the most tenacious. One of its late numbers contains an interesting notice of one of its contributors, the late M. Cadet-Gassicourt, a man not less distinguished for his professional eminence as a chemist, than for enlarged philanthropy and benevolence.

Mr. Muss has completed a splendid enamel after Wilkie's picture of "Duncan Gray came here to woo." From the number of works this eminent artist has in hand, we may expect he will be rich in the ensuing Exhibition; for we observe, among others, a noble Head of the Duke of York, after Sir Thomas Lawrence; a fine Head of Canova, after Jackson; with works in progress for the Countess of Caledon, Sir T. Heathcott, H. P. Hope, Esq. Watts Russell, Esq. &c. We were also gratified to see many works in hand for Sir Thomas Baring, whose evident and liberal feeling for the arts deserves the warmest praise.

Early in Nov. will be published, a *new Map of the Internal Ear*, taken from anatomical preparations in the possession of Mr. J. Harrison Curtis, and designed chiefly for the use of his pupils.

The white mulberry, formerly raised only in China, Italy, and France, for feeding silk-worms, has within these few years been cultivated in the Prussian dominions for the same purpose, and with such success, that, as Count Hertzberg informs the Board of Agriculture, there are upwards of one thousand places in the kingdom of Prussia where the culture of silk is carried on; and he seems to think that its silk-manufactures are likely to prosper in the same ratio as those of Lyons decline. If silk can be so readily obtained in Prussia, there can be no doubt of its successful cultivation in the

southern parts of England, and as long as the mulberry-tree thrives so luxuriantly with us, we must not relinquish the hope of seeing silk manufactured in this country from the egg to the loom. Mr. Evelyn, in treating of the mulberry-tree, expresses his opinion that "the indigent and young daughters of proud families would be as willing to gain three or four shillings a day for gathering silk, and busying themselves in this sweet and easy employment, as some do to get fourpence a day for hard work at hemp, flax, and wool."

The following method of making yeast for bread is both easy and expeditious. Boil one pound of good flour, a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, and a little salt, in two gallons of water, for one hour. When milk-warm, bottle it, and cork it close. It will be fit for use in twenty-four hours; and one pint of this mixture will make eighteen pounds of bread.

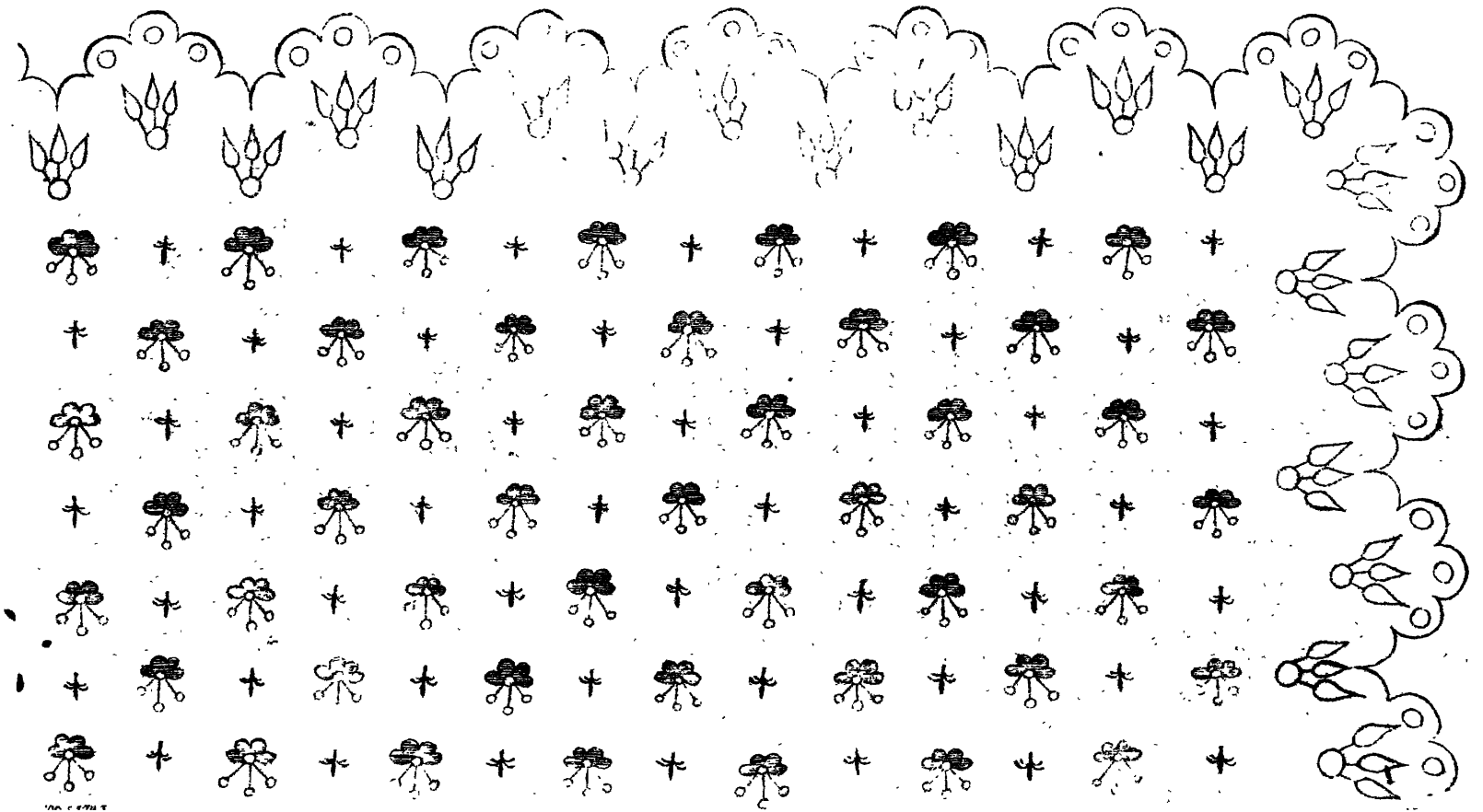
The trustees of the British Museum have determined to build two wings in the garden behind that edifice, 315 feet long, and 38 wide. The estimated expense is two hundred thousand pounds, which government will advance at the rate of twenty-thousand pounds a year for ten years. The present house will be repaired and beautified, so as to correspond as nearly as possible with the new work. The library, the Townley collection, and the heaviest articles will be removed to the new wings, and only the lighter ones will be kept in the present structure.

An elegant cement may be made from rice-flour, which is used for that purpose in China and Japan. Nothing more is necessary than to mix the rice-flour intimately with cold water, and gently simmer it over the fire, when it readily forms a delicate and durable cement, not only answering all the purposes of common paste, but admirably adapted for joining together paper, card, &c. in forming the various beautiful and tasteful ornaments, which afford so much employment and amusement to ladies. When made of the consistence of plastic clay, models, busts, basso-relievos, &c. may be formed with it; and these articles, when dry, are susceptible of a high polish, and very durable.

Dr. Archer, an American physician, has announced that the hooping-cough is cured by vaccinating the patient in the second or third week after the commencement of the disease. This is an important discovery, and if the result be doubted, the experiment is perfectly harmless.

In consequence of the many fatal accidents which are continually occurring from the swallowing of large doses of laudanum, it cannot be too generally known, that Mr. Wray, an eminent surgeon of London, has succeeded in rousing persons from the stupor thus occasioned, by dashing basonsful of cold water suddenly and repeatedly on their heads. The effects in all cases were remarkable: the stupor was so completely removed, that the patients were able to swallow emetic draughts, which succeeded in clearing the stomach, and in obviating any bad consequences.

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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIV. DECEMBER 1, 1822. No. LXXXIV.

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TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

The Publisher cannot close the Second Series of the Repository, *without once more expressing his grateful acknowledgments to those whose liberal patronage has thus far supported him in his exertions for the gratification of the Public. In bespeaking the continuance of that support for the Series which is about to commence, he has the satisfaction to know that he is not soliciting confidence in untried professions. He trusts, therefore, that his endeavours during a period of fourteen years will be the most satisfactory pledge, as well to his former Subscribers, as to those who may be induced by the opportunity offered by a New Series to patronise this Miscellany, that on his part nothing shall be omitted which can, in his judgment, tend to enhance its value, interest, and utility.*

As many of the Numbers of the Second Series of the Repository *are nearly out of print, the Publisher begs leave to remind the proprietors of incomplete sets, of the necessity of an immediate application for deficiencies, in order to prevent disappointment.*

ERRATUM.

In the first page of the present Number, instead of *Mr. Cockerell*, read *Mr. Hardwick*.

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Persons who reside abroad, and who wish to be supplied with this Work every Month as published, may have it sent to them, free of Postage, to New-York, Halifax, Quebec, and to any part of the West Indies, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. THORNHILL, of the General Post-Office, at No. 21, Sherborne-Lane; to Hamburgh, Lisbon, Cadiz, Gibraltar, Malta, or any Part of the Mediterranean, at £4 12s. per Annum, by Mr. SERJEANT, of the General post-Office, at No. 17, Sherborne-lane; and to the Cape of Good Hope, or any part of the East Indies, by Mr. GUY, at the East-India House. The money to be paid at the time of subscribing, for either 3, 6, 9, or 12 months.



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THE SECOND SERIES.

VOL. XIV. DECEMBER 1, 1822. No. LXXXIV.

SELECT VIEWS OF LONDON.

PLATE 31.—A VIEW IN THE NEW STREET.

The annexed view is drawn from a point near to the end of Conduit-street, looking towards the Quadrant; and it consequently embraces in the distance the view exhibited in No. LXXIX. of the *Repository*. The forward subject on the right of the engraving is a handsome range of buildings, erected for Mr. Carbonell, the wine-merchant, from chastely composed designs by Mr. Abraham, the examples for the detail being selected from the Ionic temple of Ilissus at Athens. A little beyond is an entrance to the building, generally known as King's-street Chapel, because it is there situated; but the late improvements have permitted this addition, and given to the chapel a station in the New Street: this entrance is designed by Mr. Cockerell.

The range of buildings beyond is by Mr. Soane, in the *unique* style of architecture peculiar to his pencil, when he chooses to abandon the grave severities of established art for the "dreams and visions of his fancy."

No man has laboured more than Mr. Soane, to impress on the mind of the student in architecture the necessity of following the dignified principles of the art, manifested in the great works of the Greeks and Romans; and to restrain that exuberance of fancy which is always tempting the artist of genius to substitute ideal imagery for the sober proprieties of architecture, and without which it can have little claim to admiration.

The sound instruction that Mr. Soane has delivered from the rostrum of the Royal Academy has long and deeply impressed this truth on all who have attended his lectures there; and his published works are replete with similar admonition: the indulgence, therefore, that he has permitted to his inexhaustible inventive faculties, will have little force in opposition to his better precepts, and those who best know how to value his

great architectural acquirements, yet look forward with anxious expectation to the employment of his powers in the execution of one of the national churches, when he will have an opportunity to illustrate his academic theories, and give to posterity a noble example of British art.

With us, a fine national style of architecture can only result from works designed with British feeling by men of genius, well grounded in the principles on which the ancient architects executed the finest specimens of art. A suitable adaptation of the work to the climate, to the purposes required, and to the habits of the people, will necessarily give to the style a peculiar character, differing perhaps as much from the Roman, as the Roman from the Greek. Simplicity and dignity will probably be its chief attributes, and when ornament is adopted, it will not be without that suitableness of appropriation, the love of which is inherent in every breast in the country.

Until the foregoing was written, it did not occur to the author of this article that the volume would be completed with the present Number; and that he might not therefore have the opportunity to conclude the subject therein started, regarding a national style of architecture; because these notices will probably, in the following Series of the *Repository*, yield to the wish of the proprietor to substitute some interesting novelty. The subject is therefore resumed, as due both to its readers and himself.

By a national style is meant, that character which architecture assumes, identifying itself with the country in which it originates; because of its peculiar suitableness to the place, its climate, its government, its religion, the manners of the people, the local circumstances of nature, and the materials for building which the country affords. Suitableness to all these is the foundation of a national style of architecture, and it must eventually exist in all countries where national wealth permits the operations of art, and where genius is encouraged to create, rather than to copy and adopt.

Character, in architecture, is a term well understood by artists, and is distinguishable at once in the Chinese, the Egyptian, the Arabesque, the Persian, the Greek, and the Roman styles of building: each is evidently suitable in some great and governing circumstance to the country whence it derives its name, of which they bear legible indexes in their constituent qualities.

There are two other characters in architecture limited to no country, because peculiar to none, which are the castellated and the ecclesiastic styles: they are contradistinguished by features essentially belonging to each, but widely differing from each other. The one is solid, massive, and repugnant to approach; the other grave, but inviting, as apprehending no assailment from without, and by its open porches giving assurance of welcome, and leading to aisles suited to peace and devotion.

That this object of creating a national style of architecture in Great Britain may be accomplished, there is no good reason to doubt. He who has sought the principles of architecture in Nature herself,

and has traced their developement as architecture has made its progress, from the Egyptian and the Etruscan, to the Greek perfection of art, and thence through the Roman and the more accommodating Italian style, will readily imagine the possibility of creating another, founded alike on similar principles of art and nature, but better adapted to the local peculiarities of our own country, than the exotic architecture in general use; however worthy it may be on account of its native excellence, much of which it derives from its suitableness to the country of its birth, and necessarily loses in the transplantation to a country differing in every particular of climate, government, religion, manners, and means for execution.

Architecture has triumphed in warmer soils, because wealth, power, and civilization have there triumphed also. The colder climates may triumph in their turn. With more of science, and with equal wealth, they are now enabled to compete with them; and as genius, in despite of the Abbé Winkelmann and his theories, is denied to no climate, and as England abounds with native talent, the energetic spirit of its genius in architecture will render it another Athens, whenever the public mind, like that of the Athenian Pericles, may know how to select, employ, honour, and reward it: but at this moment the public do not sufficiently distinguish its powers beyond that of *mere building*. It is thence, for the present, more likely to be degraded to the rank of trade, than elevated to lead in the society of its sister arts.

True, it is the consequence of refinement to lessen the distinguishing features of character; and that as the asperities of nature are softened by it in manners and habit, so in art: its present refinement may now render it difficult to devise a new and distinguishing character in legitimate architecture without in some degree departing from those principles on which its noblest works have been founded, and which have obtained the suffrages of the civilized world: doubtlessly it is difficult; but not therefore impossible. The honour of the achievement will be proportioned to the difficulty and the labour, and true genius would halt at neither, though it should be given to posterity alone to applaud the accomplishment. But genius must have the opportunity: to effect this, the public must elevate the art by judicious selection and employment, denouncing plagiarism, and opening the field of emulation to genius and merit.

Why should a mere copy in architecture be more tolerated or esteemed than a mere copy of a picture in painting? Yet it is so, and originality is wholly disregarded*. The Parthenon and temple of Minerva Polias, the Choragic monuments, the tower of Andronicus; in fact, the contents of Stuart's and Revett's *Antiquities of Athens* are over and over again copied for any and every purpose, and with these the public are satisfied; and so long as the error endures, any man by that work may set up for an ar-

* It is said that the public and national monument about to be erected on Calton Hill, near Edinburgh, is to be a copy of the Parthenon at Athens.

chitect, fearless of public condemnation.

When Stuart was complimented on the production of the first volume of that work, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, then President of the Royal Academy, his reply was sensible and pertinent. "Sir," said he, "I undertook the labour in the hope to discover the *principles* on which the ancients proceeded, and I have drawn my own conclusions of them; but I fear, Sir Joshua, that many will be content to *copy* what they find detailed in this book, without regard to the *why* and *wherefore* that governed either the ancients or myself." The apprehension is verified by the practice of the day.

With unabated zeal for the welfare and advancement of this noble art, which only needs to be understood by the public to meet with legitimate encouragement, the writer concludes with the year these his humble efforts in behalf of British architecture; for which, indeed, he has little leisure; but he could not forego the opportunity and advantages given him by the publication of the views of the New Street, from the exquisite drawings of another artist, whose works always excite an interest in the tasteful. JOHN B. PAPWORTH.

MISCELLANIES.

THE ADVISER.

MRS. CLACKIT'S ACCOUNT OF THE DISAPPEARANCE OF MR. SAGEPHIZ.

TO THE EDITOR.

As we are sure that our readers feel an equal interest with ourselves in all that relates to Mr. Sagephiz, we make no apology for presenting them with the following letter, which we have just received from that gentleman's landlady. EDITOR.

SIR,

I TAKE the liberty of writing to you, because, as I know my late lodger, Mr. Sagephiz, used to write for your *Magazine*, I hope that you may perhaps be good enough to give me some intelligence of him. It is now, sir, about six months since the old gentleman came to lodge with me. He hired my front garret by the week, paid the first week in advance, and agreed to do the same always; as he could not give me any reference, because he said he was a little embarrassed in his circumstances, and obliged on that account to get out of the way. However, you know, sir, that was nothing to me, so long as I was paid; and so I determined to keep a sharp look-out for my money: for, to say the truth, I thought there was some mystery about the old gentleman, though I must say he had an honest look. I found that he was very quiet, and not troublesome, only that he was rather given to talking, and had a mighty way of meddling, or, as he called it, of advising. I remember one day, when I was running

up stairs to take up my little girl, who was crying in her cradle, he began talking to me of the proper manner of treating children, and I could not get out of his hands till the poor little thing had screamed herself into convulsions. And another time, when the kitchen-chimney caught fire, he insisted that nobody should meddle with it till he had explained the best method of putting it out; but he was so long about it, that the fire got ahead, and there was a great deal of damage done, besides the expense of the engines, before it was extinguished.

However, notwithstanding these accidents, Mr. Sagephiz and I agreed very well, but after a little time I began to be afraid he was going out of his mind. I observed that when I went in or out of his room, he was generally sitting at his desk, either writing or reading letters, and very often talking to himself. And one day he told me, with a very serious air, that although he contented himself to live in a garret, he was in possession of the pearl above price, and might, if he pleased, be the richest man in England. As I knew he had only one coat, and that too threadbare, and no other article of any value whatsoever, I thought that his talking in this manner looked very suspicious, and I set my husband to sift him: but it turned out that the pearl he meant was wisdom. He told Mr. Clackit that he was well known to possess more of it than any man in Europe; that in consequence he had been for several years Adviser General of the United Kingdom, and might, if he chose it, be immensely rich; but he considered that wisdom ought not to be sold, and consequently he had always given his advice gratis. I must say, that this did not appear to me any proof of his wisdom, because I have always taken notice, that people never set much value on any thing that costs nothing; but my husband was so persuaded of Mr. Sagephiz's great cleverness, that he recommended our neighbour, Mr. Squeezall, the pawnbroker, to consult him before he signed his will, which he had just employed Attorney Codicil to draw up. They went together to Lawyer Codicil's chambers, but Mr. Sagephiz had hardly looked at the will before he began to find fault: he told the attorney, that nobody could understand such jargon; and catching up the nine sheets of parchment, twisted them together, and told Mr. Codicil to burn them, and he would *advise* him how to draw up a will properly. The attorney was so much affronted at this, that he turned Mr. Sagephiz out of the house, and threatened to bring an action against him for trying to injure him in his profession.

I could see that the poor gentleman was greatly frightened at this; for he said that he had been once in the hands of a lawyer before, and that the cunning of these gentlemen was more than a match for all the wisdom upon earth. For some days he seemed greatly cast down; but he afterwards recovered his spirits, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he had at last taken his affairs into serious consideration, and had luckily hit upon a plan to retrieve his own fortunes, and those of the nation at

the same time, by paying the national debt out of the produce of a tax upon all the fashionable vices. He made no doubt, he said, that ministers would reward him very handsomely for the invention of this tax; but though he called upon them very often, he never could find any of them at home; and in a little time he fell into a low melancholy way, often talking of people with hard names, who, like himself, he said, had suffered for their country. I observed, too, that he grew very snappish; and one morning, when, by way of comforting him, I told him of an old lodger of mine who made a pretty livelihood by writing ballads and last dying speeches, and such sort of things, and advised him to try and turn his hand to that line, he answered me very tartly, that it was not my province to advise, and that I ought to be ashamed of myself to insult a great man in distress. I was pretty much nettled at this speech, because at the time he owed me five shillings and seven-pence halfpenny, money borrowed, besides a week's rent; and I answered very sharply, that I did not mean to affront him by putting him in a way to get his bread, instead of losing his time in giving advice for nothing.—"Say no more, madam," cried he, "say no more: from this moment Britain, ungrateful Britain, shall no longer be indebted to me for advice; no longer will I waste the midnight lamp in ruminations for the benefit of my fellow-citizens. No, madam, from this hour Sagephiz's occupation's o'er."

Seeing him in such a passion, I did not venture to say any more; but as he went out late that evening, and did not return, I began to be uneasy, and told my husband what had passed. He was angry enough with me for speaking so sharply, and at first we were both of us afraid that it had made an impression upon the poor man's mind, and perhaps caused him to destroy himself; but then, on the other hand, I know that, with all his odd ways, he was at the bottom a Christian; and upon my husband's recollecting the hints which he had dropped from time to time about the great services he had rendered to the country, and his expectation that, long before this, ministers would either have given him a good post, or the public have raised a handsome subscription for him, he is of opinion, that the old gentleman has actually determined to leave off advising, and take up some other trade. I hope it is so: but I must say, however, that it is rather ungenteel of him to walk off in that manner, without paying me my week's rent, or my five and seven-pence halfpenny. If, Mr. Editor, you happen to know where he now is, and will inform me of it, you will very much oblige me. I am, sir, your humble servant,

CATHERINE CLACKIT.

We assure Mrs. Clackit, that we are totally unacquainted with the address of Mr. Sagephiz, whose embarrassed situation we never suspected, or else we certainly should have contributed our mite towards rewarding the eminent services which he rendered to the country in general, and to our Magazine in particular. As it is now a considerable time since we have

received any communication from the old gentleman, we are really afraid that he has put his threat in execution, and that we have lost our worthy correspondent, and Great Britain her Adviser General.

ASMED: An Eastern Tale.

The morning sun saw the Sultan Asmed happiest of the happy; his were the joys of empire and of love; and greater still, the bliss of a conscience free from stain. The evening beheld him a wandering fugitive, indebted to the charity of a hermit for a coarse repast and a bed of leaves. Spent with fatigue, the sultan soon betook himself to his humble couch, first breathing a prayer of heartfelt thankfulness to him whose powerful hand had guided him thus far in safety. Scarcely were his eyelids closed in sleep, when the hermit, approaching with slow and cautious steps, raised a dagger to his breast; but his hand refused to perform its office, and the weapon fell from his nerveless grasp.

Curses burst from the lips of the baffled sorcerer. "What," cried he, "have I thee even in my gripe, and shall the slaves of Allah snatch thee from me? No, by the might of Eblis thou shalt die!" And with the speed of lightning he called the most powerful of the evil genii, and commanded them to tear the sleeper piecemeal: but vain alike were his and their efforts; a lucid flame played round the couch, from which the genii fled in terror, nor could the strongest incantations of their master urge them to seize the sleeper.

While the magician, frantic in his rage, blasphemed the name of Allah and his Prophet, a female form, more foul than even his own, appeared before him. "Fool," said she, "thinkest thou, though force has failed, that fraud may not succeed? Trust to me, and ere another sun goes down, the empire of Mohareb shall be cemented by the blood of Asmed."

The sorceress vanished before the magician could reply. An infernal joy lightened in his eyes; he reassumed the venerable form in which he had proffered to the sleeping sultan the rites of hospitality; and throwing himself upon the couch beside him, awaited with impatience the dawn of day. Roused by its earliest beams, Asmed quitted his couch, and after performing the morning rites, set forward on his journey. Deep sighs rent his bosom, as, spent with heat and fatigue, he still pressed on, but they heaved not for his own misfortunes: it was the thought of the faithful few who fell in his defence, and still more the recollection of his Zulima's fate, that forced them from his labouring bosom: yet even in that moment of extreme affliction, he forgot not the lesson of resignation he had been early taught.

The hour of noon approached, and the wanderer sought a few moments repose beneath a tree, when suddenly a piercing shriek assailed his ear: he darted forward, and beheld a woman struggling in the hands of a ruffian. At sight of Asmed the villain fled, and the exhausted female sunk fainting at

the feet of her deliverer. "Powers of heaven!" cried he, as he stooped to raise her, "can I believe my senses? Zulima!" It was indeed his beloved whom he had rescued from the ruffian's grasp; and as her senses returned, and she beheld Asmed bending over her, she threw herself into his arms, and forgetting in that moment of transport the coy reserve of virgin timidity, she clasped him to her bosom. The heart of Asmed beat quickly: for Zulima's sake he had renounced the harem's joys, and in the sight of heaven vowed himself her's alone. But a few hours and, had he not been forced to fly, their loves would have been hallowed by nuptial rites: yet had the timid Zulima scarcely dared to raise her eyes to his; but now, disordered alike by joy and terror, she returned with eager fondness his caress. "Zulima! my own Zulima!" exclaimed he, as he strained her to his heart, when suddenly his countenance changed, and he released the maiden from his eager grasp. "Asmed," cried she, while tears filled her soft eyes, "Asmed, dost thou put me from thee?"

The fond reproach struck fire to the heart of Asmed. "Put thee from me!" cried he—"thee, Zulima, my love, my wife!" But as again he clasped with transport her fair and yielding form, his conscience smote him. "No, Zulima!" thought he, "dearest maiden, thou shalt not find in me the betrayer of thine innocence;" and with a sudden effort he broke from her encircling arms. But what was his horror and surprise when he beheld the blooming damsel changed into a withered hag, upon whose features sat a hideous scowl of mingled rage and scorn!

"Cold-blooded wretch," cried she, "alike unworthy of the joys of love and empire, for once thou hast escaped my vengeance; but think not thou or thy protectress to triumph long." And as she ceased to speak, she vanished from before the eyes of the astonished sultan; and the genius Nahoma, the protectress of his race, stood in celestial majesty before him. Asmed prostrated himself in silent reverence. "Kneel not to me, O Asmed," said the genius: "like thee, I am the creature of Allah, and his servant, deputed by him to watch over thee. I see with joy thou art worthy of his favour: but go, pursue thy course, and tread with firmness the thorny path allotted for thee; fear not the snares of thy hell-born enemies, their malice will recoil on their own heads."

The genius vanished; and the sultan, his heart expanding with hope and confidence, pursued his way to the dominions of Zeinar; a neighbouring prince, from whom he hoped to gain assistance in the recovery of his throne. Some years before, the father of Asmed had rendered such services to this king as entitled Asmed to claim his aid; and he now hastened forward, in the hope that the monarch's debt of gratitude would be thankfully repaid.

Two days' travelling had brought him within a short distance of the city; night was drawing on, and he looked around for a shelter, when—O sight equally joyful and unexpected!—he beheld his faithful Hamet approach him. A cry

of joy burst from the sultan. "O my friend!" cried he, as he raised his prostrate servant in his arms, "what an unhoped-for happiness it is to find thee safe, thee who I thought had perished by my side!"

"Heaven," replied Hamet, "has perhaps saved me, O royal Asmed, to preserve thy life. At the moment when I fell, covered with wounds, a faintness, as of death, came over me, and hardly had I time to breathe a hasty prayer to Allah for thy safety, when my eyes closed, as I believed, in death: but I awoke, far from the scene of blood, and found myself reclining on a grassy couch; my wounds were healed, and by me stood a youth, whose lucid robes proclaimed him heaven's messenger. 'Hamet,' said he, 'be thine the task to watch thy master's safety: he hastens to the court of Zeinar, to claim protection and assistance; but already has the false vizier, who usurped his throne, sent to demand the daughter of that prince in marriage. Dazzled by the splendour of his offer, Zeinar will forget both gratitude and justice; and should Asmed venture into the city, he will deliver him to the usurper.'"

The heart of the fugitive monarch swelled at this disappointment of his cherished hopes. "The will of heaven be done!" said he at length; "we must then, Hamet, turn our steps homeward: he who has deprived me of my throne cannot have robbed me of the hearts of all my people. I will return, and watch in disguise for the moment in which I may assert my rights. Surely I shall find among my subjects some who will follow the fortunes of a master who never yet oppressed or injured them?"—"Doubt it not, sultan," replied Hamet; "we will hasten homeward with the dawn; but for this night let us seek a shelter." They found one with a venerable dervise, who hospitably placed before them the simple food his cell afforded. Hamet spoke freely to his royal master when they had rested and refreshed. The dervise listened attentively. "My son," said he at length, addressing the sultan, "youth alone just cause make thee sanguine; but I, on whose head the snows of age have long descended, look forward with horror to the blood which must be shed ere thou canst by arms recover thy throne. O my son, the strife is one of perilous and uncertain issue!"

"It may be so, father," replied Asmed modestly; "but is it not an act of justice to my people as well as to myself? Should I resign my kingdom to one who has wrested it from me by murder and treason? Say, father, what happiness could my subjects expect beneath his sway?"

"Thou sayest truly; but bethink thee, are there no means but arms to recover thy throne?"

"None, father, none; all attempt to compromise with the traitor would be vain: were I not sure of this, thinkest thou I would risk the horrors of a civil war?"

"My son," cried the dervise, "a pity for thee springs from me: a secret I meant to have buried for ever within my breast. It is now necessary that a stone change placed in my hands by a talisman of wonderous power, committed in solitude, I use but for virtuous ends for myself: take

it, then, my son; recite the mystic sentence engraven on it, and the genius, its slave, will hasten to thy assistance."

As he spoke, he presented to Asmed a ring, round the rim of which was an inscription in strange characters. "I see not here," said the sultan, "the names of Allah or his Prophet."

"Thou knowest that all good gifts are Allah's: he sends thee here a means to crush thy enemies, and spare thy people's blood: use it then freely."

"I may not," replied Asmed, giving back the ring, "engage in an unhallowed rite: thou knowest that magic arts are forbidden to true believers."

"Nay, sultan," cried Hamet, "here is no art required, no rite performed. You repeat a few words, ignorant of their import; and you do it to save the lives of thousands of your people. Can you then hesitate?"

"Hamet," replied Asmed, "thou knowest I would shield my people's lives with my own; but not even for them can I infringe the laws of the Most High, by seeking aid from evil genii."

"Hear me, my son," cried the dervise. "How canst thou be said to seek aid from arts thou knowest not? Are the secrets of nature known only to the wicked? and are there not good as well as evil genii? May not he whose powerful hand formed this talisman have subjected to his will some of those spirits whom Allah appointed to guard the happiness of his creatures? Or is it," pursued the old man, with a smile of scorn, "that thou fearest the approach of a superior power, lest his dazzling glories should strike thee dead? If so, thou dost well to refuse."

The deepest flush glowed on the cheek of Asmed, as he answered, "Old man, I fear no power but Allah's; and in his name I command thee cease to tempt me." At these words the forms of the dervise and Hamet changed; and Asmed beheld before him the enchanter Harkmar and the sorceress Caila.

"Vile worm, who hast dared to draw upon thy head the wrath of Eblis, see the power thy temerity has provoked," exclaimed the enchanter; and instantly a sprite of the most hideous form appeared: he brandished in his hand a massy club. Harkmar pointed to the sultan; the monster raised his club; Asmed sprang aside, and pronouncing with a loud voice the name of Allah, he rushed upon the giant foe. The savage, howling, sunk into the earth, which yawned to receive him. The sorcerers disappeared; and Asmed found himself in the open air, with his face turned towards the dominions of Zeinar.

He gratefully accepted the omen, and by pressing forward with redoubled speed, soon reached the city. Zeinar readily granted him aid; and Asmed, with a chosen number of troops, was quickly on his way back to his capital.

Meantime the soul of the usurper was filled with terror and perplexity. He had been the favourite and trusty friend of his royal master, who had raised him from obscurity to the post of vizier. This dazzling eminence, which once he would have looked on as the height of all his wishes, was no

sooner attained, than the sovereign power itself became the object of his desires; and forgetting all the ties which ought to have bound him to his master, he eagerly listened to the seductions of Harkmar, and for the sake of empire, enrolled himself among the slaves of Eblis.

The day was fixed for the nuptials of Zulima and Asmed; the night before they were to have taken place was chosen by Mohareb for the execution of his design. Followed by a band of assassins, he penetrated to the apartment of the sultan, whose life, but for the intervention of the genius Nahoma, would have been sacrificed to his fury: shielded by her, Asmed forced his way through the opposing crowd, whose scymeters fell blunted as they aimed at his heart, and escaped by a private postern, where the faithful soldier who guarded it furnished him with the habit of a slave.

The morning after the sultan's flight, Mohareb was proclaimed. The people murmured for their lost sovereign, but they durst not openly vent their grief, for they dreaded the powerful enchanter who appeared as the friend of the new monarch.

Mohareb, when he seized the throne, secured also the person of Zulima: her beauty had inflamed his heart, and regardless of her tears and supplications, he designed her for his harem; but the powerful hand of heaven protected her from his unhallowed desires. In vain did he invoke the powers of Eblis; nor spell, nor charm would act upon the maid; and when he sought to approach her, he remained motionless, as if spell-bound. The baffled tyrant was about to satiate his vengeance with her blood, when he heard that Asmed had entered the kingdom, and was every where followed by his people.

He invoked both Harkmar and Caila to crush his rival; and so much terror did their magic arts strike to the hearts of Asmed's soldiers, that he soon found himself reduced to a few troops, and with these he determined to dare the fortune of a battle. The usurper, who hastened to meet him, laughed in scorn when he learned his resolution. Not so the sorceress Caila; she saw that a dark cloud hung over the fortunes of Mohareb, while the star of Asmed shone with undiminished lustre. The enchantress tried her most powerful spells, and the answers of the evil genii revived her hopes. No vain confidence filled the heart of Asmed, nor yet was his spirit unnerved by despair. Surrounded by his officers, he was engaged in consultation with them how most advantageously to post his forces, when word was brought him that the sage Kaloun desired an audience. "He is most welcome," said Asmed; "his wisdom will assist our councils, and his prayers draw down a blessing on our cause."

The sage entered, leading by the hand a child. "Hail, Asmed!" exclaimed he; "chosen servant of Allah, I bring thee peace and safety. Thou knowest the secrets of the heavenly bodies are familiar to mine eyes: guided by them, I have sought and found the mortal whose existence is linked with that of Mohareb. Behold this child; at

the moment that his lamp of life is extinguished, the usurper also falls: strike then, Asmed, and deliver thy country from a scourge."

"Strike!" exclaimed the sultan, "murder an innocent child! Kaloun, how dost thou dare propose it?"

"Nay, sultan," replied Kaloun, "it is better that one should die, than many perish: the freed spirit of this innocent will revel in the joys of Paradise, and the blood of thy people be saved."

The crowd, who reverenced alike the wisdom and the sanctity of the venerable Kaloun, murmured approbation. Asmed looked round him. "What!" cried he, "would ye men, dauntless in the day of battle, become the butchers of an infant?"

"Sultan," replied the oldest of his officers, "no common cause would urge us to take an innocent life; but thou knowest the danger which to-morrow's sun will bring upon our heads, if Mohareb, assisted by the evil genii, meets us in the field: the sacrifice of one life will arrest it. Thou canst not doubt the wisdom or the sanctity of Kaloun, nor can the deed which he commands be in the Prophet's eyes unlawful: if then thou wilt not strike and rid us of our foe, I will."

He drew his dagger. Asmed clasped the boy to him. "Strike then," cried he, "and pierce the innocent through your monarch's breast." A murmur rose; at length the cry burst forth, "Better both should be sacrificed than all." "Let it be so!" exclaimed Asmed, "so shall heaven receive me guiltless!" Touched by his magnanimity, even the boldest stood abashed, and all with one voice exclaimed, as they prostrated themselves before him, "Long live Asmed, our noble sultan!" At that moment the genius Nahoma appeared. "Live, Asmed, and reign!" cried she, "for the power of thine enemy is at an end;" and touching Kaloun with her wand, the sorceress Caila stood confessed beneath his borrowed form. A lurid flame played round the enchantress, and in a few moments she was consumed. "So falls," cried the genius, "the last of thine enemies: Mohareb and Harkmar have already perished; and thy faithful subjects wait to hail their rightful sultan. The guardian power that watches innocence has made thy Zulima its care; blest in her love, and that of thy people, thou mayst reign long and happily. But remember, Asmed, the virtues by which thou hast regained thy throne; and know, that it is only in the practice of them thou canst find a talisman, to secure to thee thine empire."

FRENCH REBUSES.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

Though the nature of the *rebus* is well known in England, yet this allegorical play upon words, this delineation of ideas by means of sensible objects, is much more popular and much better understood in France, where, espe-

cially at Christmas, it enlivens and amuses the nursery, as well as the *salon*. What mouth would at that season eat a *bonbon*, unless the head might at the same time resolve the *rébus* that is found on the paper in which it is wrapped? I shall give you a receipt for making these hieroglyphics.

A modest lover has not the courage to declare his passion to his mistress. How does he manage? He shews her, as if by accident, his own portrait, over which are represented a hedge (*haie*) and the consonant *m*, which, according to modern French grammar, is pronounced *me*. The lady, who has a good education, that is to say, who has learned to unriddle rebuses, perceives at the first glance that this combination means, *Aime-moi*—"Love me!"

A Gascon is about to take a long journey, and is desirous of recommending to his mistress not to forget him during his absence. This wish, clothed in plain words, would offend the delicacy of the lady and betray a doubt of her constancy. The Gascon, therefore, gives an allegorical or hieroglyphic form to the sentiment. He sends his charmer a paper, on which are figured a nose, an *m* with an apostrophe, a crumpet (called *oublie*, and cried about the streets of Paris fresh every evening), and two legs taking a step. She reads, *Ne* (for the Gascon dialect pronounces this negative particle like *nez*, a nose) *m'oublie pas* (*pas*, a step)—"Forget me not."

By the bye, I have made a discovery respecting the *rébus*, which at first I thought of keeping to myself, till the French Academy, or some of the provincial academies, should have offered a prize for the best dissertation on the subject; but after mature consideration, I cannot help thinking, that the withholding this discovery any longer from the public, would be a robbery committed on the history of modern literature and manners. It is then as follows.

All the French literati agree, or at least will I presume some time or other agree, that the invention of the *rébus* is not of earlier date than the middle of the last century: whereas I have in my possession an irrefragable proof, that it was employed before the end of the fourteenth. Accident has thrown into my hands an old black-letter book, which would no doubt be a treasure to any of our bibliomaniacs: if I do not mention its title, it is not I assure you from the motive hinted at above; for, in fact, it has neither beginning nor end, nor is it divided into chapters. In this book I have found the following anecdote of Charles VI. who reigned between the years 1380 and 1422. This king had married the daughter of the notorious Duke of Burgundy, John without Fear, but nevertheless continued his connection with the fair Cassignelle. This circumstance occasioned quarrels, and finally a war between the two princes. Hereupon, says my anonymous informant, Charles, as well with a view to excite his own courage as to vex the Duke of Burgundy, caused the name of his mistress to be embroidered on his colours: but to avoid giving any scandal to such of his

troops as pitied the fate of the queen, he had recourse to a *rebus*, which consisted of a swan (*cygne*), with the letter K prefixed, and followed by an L.

OBSERVER.

PARIS, Oct. 1, 1822.

RETRIBUTION.

WITH a passion equally ardent and criminal, Anselmo, Archbishop of Naples, pursued the lovely Countess Julia Tartini. To no purpose had she tried all possible means to deter the mitred debauchee; to no purpose had she employed entreaties and threats, without venturing to acquaint her husband with the prelate's licentious importunities, because she feared the effects of Guido's warmth and Anselmo's great power. So little was the unsuspecting Guido aware of the guilty flame which glowed in the bosom of the priest, whose exalted rank and learning he respected, that he was on terms of intimacy with him, and he invited the hypocrite to the entertainment with which he designed to celebrate the birthday of his beloved Julia. The joyful day arrived, and the principal of the nobility and clergy of Naples were assembled in the palace of the count. Like the sun, which, as he rises, obscures all the other heavenly bodies, Julia shone pre-eminent; her auburn hair adorned with a brilliant diadem, which Guido's generous hand had shortly before placed there. Anselmo's wistful looks followed her peerless form, and the mind of the ardent Syracusan was stimulated to the highest pitch of daring. The splendid entertainment was succeeded by a ball, and the countess, who was suffering from severe head-ache, retired, after joining in a few dances, to a contiguous room, to escape for a moment from the noise. No sooner did the archbishop, who watched all her motions, perceive this, than, intoxicated with love and wine, he hurried unobserved after the object of his passion. He found her reclined on an ottoman, and clasping her lovely form in his arms, in the wildness of his delirium he covered her cheek with burning kisses. Indignation imparted to Julia unwonted strength; she spurned from her the enervated debauchee with such force, that he sunk tottering on his knees. "Wretch!" cried she, revolted to the inmost recesses of her soul, "what is there to prevent me from setting my servants to teach you better manners?" The unabashed Anselmo, however, replied only in terms expressive of love and desire. At this moment footsteps were heard, the door flew open, and Guido, with a drawn sword, stood, like the angel of death, before the trembling prelate. Remarking the absence of his wife, and fearing that she might ail something, he followed her: on reaching the door of the apartment, and hearing loud talking within, he listened, and rushing into the room, was on the point of plunging his sword into the breast of the arch-hypocrite, but at the intercession of Julia he desisted. Boiling with rage, "You may thank this angel," cried he, in a voice of thunder, "that you quit my house alive:" but depend upon

it, if ever you presume to set foot in it again, you shall be thrown out of the window, as sure as my name is Tartini!" Then dragging the culprit to the door, and calling one of his servants, "Pietro," said he, "order the archbishop's carriage; he is not well, and wishes to go home." Under the pretext of indisposition, Anselmo suffered the servants to assist him down stairs, and into his carriage, which drove away.

"And shall a count thus command me?" cried Anselmo the next morning, after all the furies of memory had tortured him during the whole night—"me, before whom all Naples trembles? Indeed I should deserve disgrace were I tamely to endure such an insult. I could ruin thee by intrigues; I could deliver thee into the hands of the Inquisition—but no, Tartini, no—blood alone can afford me satisfaction." The execution of this purpose, however, was opposed by another passion, namely, avarice. A *bravo*, he knew, would not lend his dagger for less than one hundred ducats, especially against a man so distinguished as Tartini; and before Anselmo would have given so large a sum, he would have murdered Tartini with his own hand. While his thoughts were thus occupied, he perceived from a window of his palace a wretched Lazzaroni, the picture of extreme misery, clothed in rags, and begging his bread from door to door. "This man," said he to himself, "might possibly be induced to do the deed at a lower price. Call that Lazzaroni, and bring him hither to me," said he to his servants; who obeyed, not without astonishment, the command of their master. "What is your name?" asked the archbishop, as soon as they were alone.—"Benedetto, your eminence," replied the man somewhat shily.—"Would you do me a favour for full absolution?"—"For absolution none," replied he sharply; "for gold any!"—"Even if the life of a man depended on it?"—The stranger shuddered: after a moment's consideration, he heaved a deep sigh, and said, "Yes, even in that case."—"Well then," rejoined Anselmo, "murder Count Tartini, and thirty ducats shall be yours."—"The noble, the generous Tartini!" cried Benedetto with horror: "no, not for any price!"—"Man is but man," said the prelate with a scornful smile, pouring the glittering gold out of his hand upon the table.—"Would to heaven," exclaimed Benedetto, "that you had rather pointed out no way, than such a horrible one, of escaping from my misery! My wife lies at home on a sick-bed, with her infant perishing at her breast. Have compassion, your eminence, succour, save us!"—"The means of saving you are put into your hands," coolly replied Anselmo.—"Be it so then!" cried the Lazzaroni in despair—"the guilt be upon your head! To save my own life I must take that of another: pay me the price of the count's blood, and this day is his last."—"Earn it first, and the reward shall be yours," replied the archbishop; and Benedetto rushed wildly out of the room.

The wretched man hastened unconsciously through the streets, and before he came to himself, he had

reached the beautiful suburb of Chiaia, the pleasure-gardens and vineyards of which are much frequented by the gentry of Naples. Here the horrid deed which he had engaged to commit presented itself to his soul in the most odious colours. It now appeared to him as an abortion of hell, and drove him from the busy haunts of men into the recesses of a sequestered grove. Scarcely had he, tortured by the most agonizing doubts, here taken a few steps, when he perceived some one lying asleep. He approached; his eyes rolled more wildly, and his muscles were agitated more convulsively—for it was Guido Tartini, who had fallen into a sound slumber, while reading in the shade of the lofty oaks. Long did Benedetto waver, in the agonizing struggle with his conscience and his inexpressible wretchedness. Already had the former won the victory; already had he turned his steps for flight, when the demon of mischief represented to him his wife expiring on her straw pallet, and her infant, after vainly endeavouring to extract its wonted food from the exhausted breast, panting with thirst in the arms of her who gave it so painful an existence. His hand became convulsively clenched, and his foot rooted to the spot. "You or I!" muttered he to himself: the sharp knife glistened in the sunshine, and the turf was dyed with Guido's blood. Seized by all the furies of despair, the murderer threw his ensanguined weapon upon his victim: his hair stood erect—his knees shook—and driven by the tempest which now arose within him, he flew, the image of horror, to the palace of the archbishop.

The prelate had meanwhile devised a plan to rid himself of the wretched instrument of his revenge. To refuse a *bravo* the promised reward, might have been attended with danger, as well from the individual, as from the cast of his hardy, fearless fraternity. With one of the Lazzaroni the case was widely different. Profound reverence for the clergy filled their hearts and bound their hands. The hired murderer was detested and shunned by most of them: their pride would not allow them to sink into banditti. Begging, in their opinion, was not disgraceful, like assassination; and though some of them might practise the latter, yet none would have presumed to lay violent hands on him who, next to the Pope, was head of the church. The breathless Benedetto, therefore, on reaching the archiepiscopal palace, was told by Anselmo's valet, in the name of his master, that his eminence was reading mass in the *duomo*, but had left orders for him to quit the kingdom immediately, unless he wished for a lodging in the dungeons of the Inquisition.

The wretched man stood as if thunderstruck for some moments; then gnashing his teeth, he exclaimed with a ghastly smile, "Be it so—I will quit Naples, but the archbishop shall accompany me!" With these words, he rushed from the palace and hastened to his own habitation.

A fresh scene of horror here awaited him. His wife and child, removed from all earthly sorrows, lay pale and inanimate, the latter

with its lips close to the mother's breast. The unspeakably miserable husband and father threw himself upon the beloved objects, clasped them in his arms, covered them with kisses and with tears, and called them by their names, but in vain — their spirits had fled for ever. At length, after all attempts to rouse them from the sleep of death had failed, Benedetto rose from the humble pallet, sunk upon his knees, prayed fervently to the Father of Mercy, imprinted another kiss on the cold lips of his wife and infant, and quitted the abode of woe. The agony of sorrow had given place in his heart to the calm of despair. His hand felt in his girdle for his knife: he shuddered on recollecting that he had left it behind with his victim.— "Aha, Benedetto!" said the Lazzaroni, accustomed to the trade of murder, to whom he applied for the loan of a dagger and a gun, "hast thou at last thought better of it? Here, take them both: the dagger is dipped in the most subtle of poisons, and the gun is fully charged." Benedetto thanked him and departed.

His way led past the palace of the count, whence issued sounds of mourning and lamentation. The body had been found and conveyed home. Julia, pale as death, and with dishevelled hair, lay on the corpse of her beloved husband, her senses wrapped in profound darkness. The miserable Benedetto shook in every limb, and he was obliged to support himself against a pillar of the lofty porch lest he should fall; but soon recovering himself, he hastened forward, and quickly reached the place of his destination, the magnificent *duomo*. St. Januarius on the marble obelisk seemed to look down with menacing aspect, and to rebuke his purpose. "Whosoever sheddeth blood, his blood shall be shed in return," muttered Benedetto, and entered the church.

At the high altar stood Anselmo, a saint in outward appearance, but harbouring every vice within. Extending his hands over the assembly, his lips were just beginning to pronounce the benediction, when the Lazzaroni pointed his gun. The report of the vengeful weapon rolled like the thunder of the Most High through the sacred fane, reverberated and prolonged among the lofty vaults of the majestic cathedral. The ball, true to its aim, penetrated the head of the archbishop, who fell close to the altar. A thousand voices inquired for the murderer, who had dared to perpetrate so atrocious a crime in the very sanctuary of God; but Benedetto stood like a marble statue, with the weapon of death in his right hand. The exasperated crowd approached, his left hand quivered, and the poisoned dagger pierced his lacerated heart.

The unfortunate Julia lost her reason, but it was not long before death released her from all her sorrows.

EXTRAORDINARY DEATH OF THE MARQUISE DE SERGY:

A TRUE STORY.

The Marquise Adrienne de Sergy, a model of beauty, grace, and loveliness, inspired, towards the conclusion of the reign of Louis XIV. all the poets and artists of that most brilliant period in the history of France. Chaulieu, Lafare, Fontenelle, and St. Aulaire celebrated her wit and her charms; and the most eminent painters and sculptors chose her forms as models for their works. Her arms, in particular, were of ideal beauty. The famous Girardon solicited permission, as the greatest of favours, to take them as models for those of his Nymphs in the baths of Apollo. Long after the death of the marquise, it was a proverbial saying, when speaking of a lady with beautiful arms, "She has arms like the Marquise de Sergy's."

Endowed with all the charms of mind and person, the fair Adrienne became an object of public curiosity. In returning from mass at the Minims, which it was at that time the fashion to attend, or in the walks in the Place Royale, then the rendezvous of all the quality of Paris, she was sure to be surrounded by a crowd of curious persons, who thronged from all quarters to gain a sight of this fascinating woman. The concourse was often so great, that the marquise was necessitated to retire. At the theatre the public enthusiasm rose still higher. If she entered after the beginning of the play, it was frequently the case that Baron and Champmêlé, interrupted by the universal cheers, were obliged to stop for some minutes; nay, the musicians at the Opera-House were not seldom thrown quite out on such occasions.

Among the many of the other sex who secretly adored the enchanting marquise, was a young man, whose inferiority in rank and fortune forbade him to betray even by looks the passion which consumed him. St. Elme, for that was his name, was not less distinguished by his talents than by the bounty with which Nature had adorned his person. He was one of the most eminent surgeons of the day, and possessed extraordinary skill in phlebotomy. No arguments would have induced a lady of fashion to submit her arm or her foot to any other than the *beau saigneur*, as St. Elme was universally denominated in the great world*.

Bleeding was at that time the fashionable cure in France for all disorders, real or imaginary. No lady of course could long be well without it. Whether it was owing to accident, or whether the marquise felt a want of confidence in the effect of bleeding, it so happened, that while all the other ladies of fashion in the capital were accustomed to present their arms twice a year to young St. Elme,

* This *calembourg* (*beau saigneur* and *saigneur*) serves to prove that punning was not unknown in the time of Louis XIV. In the last third of the past century, punning was reduced to an art in France by the celebrated Marquis de Bièvres, and has established the popularity of the *Théatre des Variétés*, where Brunet, and his successor, Potier, have been remarkably conspicuous for their knack at mak-

she alone had never made trial of his skill. Without absolutely cherishing any culpable wishes against the health of an object so dear to him, he could not think without a certain involuntary vexation of the obstinate good health of his adored marquise.

After his sole felicity had long consisted in now and then obtaining a sight of the lovely Adrienne at places of public resort, at the moment when he had given up all hopes of ever gaining nearer access to her, chance all at once proved more favourable to him than he could have anticipated. Being one day summoned to an old sick duchess, whose family-surgeon he was, he found on entering her chamber a tall, elegant female figure, whose back was turned towards him. He approached nearer, felt the pulse of the duchess, and turned his eyes at the same time to the stranger. His transport was not to be described: it was the Marquise de Sergy who stood before him. He was near swooning with joy. Scarcely capable of attending to the account which the duchess gave him of the symptoms of her illness, or reading the prescription of the physician, he saw, he heard only the fair Adrienne. At length he strove to collect himself, as he had to bleed the duchess. This operation succeeded beyond expectation, for he was inspired, as it were, by the presence of the marquise. But what language can express the feelings of the young surgeon, when the charming Adrienne pulled off her glove, and shewing him her uncovered arm, asked him if it would be difficult to bleed her! He took hold of the arm of the marquise; his hands trembled, and he stammered forth a few incoherent words. The marquise perceived the impression which she had made on St. Elme, blushed, and cast down her eyes. The surgeon, apprehensive lest if he staid any longer, he should betray still more plainly the state of his heart, dropped the arm of the marquise, bowed, and scarcely knowing what he did, precipitately quitted the room.

A few days afterwards, a new piece was to be brought out at the Opera-House. An indistinct presentiment suggested to St. Elme that the Marquise de Sergy would attend the first representation. He repaired to the theatre. In anxious suspense he sought in every lady who was present his adored Adrienne: but in vain—she was not there. He had already relinquished all hope of beholding the object of his passion face to face, when a box opposite to him opened: the impetuous throbbing of his heart did not deceive him; it was the marquise. Her looks wandered over the house; they seemed to be seeking somebody. At length she perceived St. Elme, and was manifestly confused. St. Elme could not turn his eyes from her, and he remarked with transport that she cast many a glance at him.

Fortune seemed disposed to favour St. Elme. A few days afterwards, he was with some of his friends in the garden of the Tuileries, where it was then customary for people of fashion to lounge,

ing *calembourgs*. Punning is now out of fashion: even in the circles of the *bourgeoisie*, a *calembourg* is considered as a sign of *mauvais ton*.

seated on chairs, round about the great basin. His friends were enumerating the most celebrated beauties of that time. St. Elme, as may naturally be supposed, awarded the palm to the Marquise de Sergy, and the glowing eloquence with which he described her charms at length won over the other young men to his opinion. All at once he heard the name of the marquise pronounced in a party of ladies close behind him. He looked round; it was she herself. At that moment a gentleman stepped up to her, offered her his arm, and conducted her away. In going, she cast a look of ineffable kindness at St. Elme: not a word of the conversation between him and his friends had escaped her.

Several months now elapsed, in which the young surgeon, in spite of the strictest scrutiny, could not obtain a sight of the marquise at any of the public places. She had gone into the country. On her return every one was surprised at the freshness of her complexion, and the general plumpness of her figure. Her physician alone could not help expressing considerable alarm on account of her too blooming health, giving it as his opinion that it might be the precursor of severe illness. All the ladies of her acquaintance too, deeming it incompatible with the *bon ton* of the fashionable world for a lady of quality to have cheeks as ruddy as those of a country milk-maid, coincided in the doctor's opinion. It was therefore concluded that the marquise ought to lose some blood, and St. Elme was sent for.

The marquise, who had not been able to banish the young man from her thoughts, secretly rejoiced in this opportunity of becoming better acquainted with him, without exposing herself either to him or to the world. St. Elme appeared: he was evidently agitated; his limbs almost refused their office. The marquise perceived his confusion: in order to encourage him, she invited him to sit down by her, and then, with that ease and grace which she knew how to diffuse over the most trifling actions, she began a conversation on indifferent subjects. St. Elme sat with throbbing heart, absorbed in the contemplation of the enchanting woman. The extraordinary agitation of the young surgeon did not escape the marquise: she thought for a moment of deferring the intended operation; but fearful of hurting his feelings by her want of confidence, or perhaps of injuring his reputation with the public, she courageously presented her arm. On touching it, St. Elme shuddered; but he endeavoured to compose himself. The necessary preparations being made, he took up the lancet, applied it to the arm, and instantly sunk back pale as death on the sofa, exclaiming, in an agony of despair, "Gracious God! I have cut the artery!—she cannot survive!" The women of the marquise ran in and strove to stanch the blood, while a man-servant took charge of St. Elme, who was about to open his own veins with the same lancet.

The marquise mustered her spirits, and strove to cheer the unfortunate surgeon: to all appearance she did not believe herself to be in such imminent danger as she really was. She then desired to be

left alone for a moment, that she might write her will. When this was done, she sent for St. Elme. Struggling with despair, he sunk on his knees by the bed of the marquise. "Young man," said she, "collect yourself, and listen to me. At the moment of quitting this life nothing is so painful to me as the anguish in which I leave you. I offer you no pardon, for you have done me no wrong; but the world will not shew the same humane indulgence to your misfortune. I have therefore deemed it my duty to anticipate its injustice, and to render you independent of the public opinion. I entreat you to accept the annuity of six thousand livres, which I bequeath you in my will. Promise me not to abandon yourself to despair, but——" She could proceed no farther; her generous spirit had fled for ever.

Vain would be the attempt to describe the state of St. Elme. Months elapsed before he was restored to himself, to life, and to the world. He then made a solemn vow to devote the rest of his melancholy existence to suffering humanity. He adhered to it; for thenceforward he was to be seen only in the habitations of the poor. Thus did he honour till death the memory of her who was at once his victim and his benefactress.

SINGULAR AMUSEMENT OF THE ROMANS.

The people of Rome have a favourite game or amusement, which they call *far il verde*. The season for it is the commencement of spring, when the herbage and trees begin to put forth fresh verdure. A gentleman then agrees with a lady, either single or married, to make a *verde;* and they fix the duration and the forfeit for breaking the agreement. Both parties must then take care to carry about them a fresh leaf of geranium at all times, both at home and abroad. One of them meeting the other, asks, *Avete il verde?* or gives the challenge: *Fatte vedere il verde*, or *Fatte il verde*. The person challenged must immediately produce the leaf, and to prove its freshness, hold it up against a white wall or pillar, or some other object calculated to set it off. If the leaf is withered, or if the party challenged has left it at home, he or she must pay the forfeit agreed upon, or give a satisfactory pledge. This agreement also confers on the gentleman the privilege of entering the apartment of the lady, to exhibit his green leaf against the wall, and to require her to do the same with hers. This pastime usually lasts some weeks, and is more common among the higher classes than the lower.

An agreement of this kind presupposes a previous intimate acquaintance, or is designed to lead to one. On this account it cannot well be concluded with an unmarried female without the approbation of her parents, and as it is frequently the precursor of a match, it is not decorous for a single woman to propose it. The forfeits depend on the degree of intimacy subsisting between the parties: in one case they consist of kisses; in another of sweetmeats or sonnets.

Sometimes the person who has most forfeits to pay at the conclusion of the game, gives a ball or a supper. This social pastime likewise enlivens the *conversation*: one strives to purloin the other's leaf, and then demands its production; while another perhaps drops it on purpose, when the forfeit is not very heavy.

GALLIC LEGEND OF ODUINE, PRIMOGENITOR OF ARGYLE AND THE CLAN CAMPBELL.

"The attachment and friendship of kindred families and clans were confirmed by many ties. It has been the uniform practice of the families of Milford, Duntruon, and Dunstaffnage, that when the head of either family died, the chief mourners should be the other two lairds; one of whom supported the head to the grave, while the other walked before the corpse. In this manner friendship took place of the nearest consanguinity; for even the eldest son of the family had no right to interfere with this arrangement. The first progenitors of those families were sons of Argyle, who took this method of preserving the friendship and securing the support of each other."—*Colonel* STEWART'S *Sketches of the Highland Character.*

THE gathered clouds sail swiftly before a western gale. Dark green billows toss their foamy heads around the flying ships of Lochlin, while, in the beauty and strength of fiery youth, Oduine pursues the invaders of Argathela to their own icy beach. With dexterous hand he twangs the bow, and shafts of death fall fast upon the warriors of dreary isles, as acorns shaken by storms raging through a forest of oaks. Mighty to strike with the spear is the arm of the chief, and his sword earns in blood a terrible name. Lochlin lies blasted, as when shrill-screaming sea-fowl mingle their harsh voice and flapping wings with the squally breath of the north, and driving hail-blasts tear the groves from their far-spreading roots; or as torrents from snow-clad mountains sweep huge masses of ice over the grassy sides of summer brooks, hurling destruction on every vale in their course. The giant strides of death have trampled the foes of Argathela, as creeping ants are crushed by the foot of a traveller through a lonely moor. Angry, mournful ghosts of the unburied dead are stooping from restless mists of tempest-shrowded night, and the low moan of female wailing is heard in Lochlin; for the seers of Odin have named the slain. With a rising moon the battle is renewed, and slaughter rages fiercer and more fierce. The blood of warriors pours on all sides, as a thousand rivers swollen by melting wreaths of snow; but strong in danger was the heart of Argathela, and the spirits of the brave, bending from bright-skirted clouds, look abroad for the fate of their friends. For them again spreads the song of renown. The king of snow is in their bonds, and his sons lie around him, the captives of Argathela. A hostile spear was at the breast of the king, when Oduine warded off the stroke; for a maid, lovely in her tears and blushes, had thrown her fair bosom among the mortal strife, her heart torn with fears for the life of her father, and secret sighs for the hero of Argathela. Oduine had seen and loved Nielvolda, when adverse winds drove his ship to Lochlin; but the stern chieftain, his father, had promised his hand to Mienag of Erin, and

his word never has swerved. The tall daughter of Erin, the mother of his first-born, sleeps the sleep that knows no rising dawn; and thrice nine changing moons have cheered the long nights of Lochlin since Oduine and Nielvolda parted in grief; for he knew, and concealed not from the joy of his sight, that a daughter of Erin had the pledge of his father. But he is now free; and leading Nielvolda from the bloody throng, he said, "King of snow, be thy power immoveable as thy rocks lashed by cold leaping waves! Be thy name dreadful in war and lovely in the glad hours of peace, and between Lochlin and Argathela be peace for ever! Bonds of friendship knit to the name of Oduine are many. The breakers of shields come from afar to proffer their faith, and to mix their steel with the steel of Argathela; but to the mighty heart of Lochlin the bond of friendship is held forth by the warrior that never asked favour from man."

"Lochlin bends only to the stone of power," said a haughty son of the king; "but this is the fatal hour of her people, and Argathela prevails."

"The king of Lochlin grapples to his soul the bond of Oduine," said the king, "for his hand is the grasp of a hero. Half the treasures of Lochlin shall fill that mighty hand."

"Increase to the treasures of Lochlin," returned Oduine, "and exaltation to the fame of the king! but Oduine never has bent a bow, nor lifted a brand, for spoil. No treasure shall enter his ships except the sunbeam of beauty, Nielvolda, the maid of the white heaving bosom."

"Nielvolda," said a son of the king, with surly smiles, "can the ruddy cheek and sinewy arm of a stranger woo thee from the land of bright and cloudless summer suns?"

The glow of virgin blushes, mixed with rolling tears of timid joy, and the thick beatings of a melting heart, spoke to the high heart of Oduine as he bore Nielvolda to his stately ship. Since she saw him a guest in her father's halls, and heard his song around the blazing pine of feasts, the sigh that hardly steals from the struggling soul arose only for the eagle-eyed youth; and oft had she trembled before the wrath of her brothers, for she denied her love to many chiefs of the north.

The light of truth is in the friendship of Oduine; but the sorcerer son of the king mourns in the rage of his pride, and his dark soul owns no bond of friendship. The shadowless Broscolo hears the groans of the chief of demons in the turrets of Oduine; for elfin voices waft to her ear the distant sounds, and the strokes of the shipwrights reach to warn her of coming fate to Argathela. She sends an imp of evil to the stone of power, while Oduine bares his terrible arm of war for the Oguillers of Erin. The Firbolg are wasted by the mighty arm that never failed a friend. The song of peace, the feast of joy, resounds through the castles of ocean, never reared by mortal hands—the haunt of the water-sprite, when love draws the chiefs of the deep from their crystalline towers, to sport with the children of a day. Ranges of eight-sided

columns, marked by fairy steps, drink the briny flood where float the strong-ribbed ships of Argathela; and the lances of her warriors gleam in the light of noon, as they rest on the red and black piles of enchantment. Shells of joy circle around till the chieftain of day hides his flaming beauty in the waves. Soft fall the dews of night, glittering beneath the unclouded moon. Oduine rests his clustering locks on the banner of victory. Wrapped in the gray wreathing fogs of distant skies, Mienag, mother of the first-born, lays her thin chilly hand on the brow of Oduine. A pale weeping shade she stands before him, and points to Argathela; while her blue eyes sparkle through tears, as stars twinkling through the showery mists of spring. The hero starts from slumber, spreads all his sails, and with sinews unmatched plies the oar. The rowers, eager for home, stretch every sinew to follow their leader when he sets his dauntless heart and powerful arm to the helm; but a haze, dismal, motionless, and close, loads the sky, and growling spirits of the deep take malicious sport in eddying currents. Half-circles of dun light shoot across the fog, and the rich lovely slopes, the green hills and craggy mountains, the waving forests and silver waters of Argathela, invite her sons to shelter in the bay of finny multitudes. The sails are lowered; the oars lie along the benches; the vapours are borne away by whistling gales; and, lo! the meteor of war, Oduine, and his men of night, are inclosed in the cave of enchantment! Ice-bolts of horror strike through the hearts of many bold riders of the currents; yet the unshaken soul of Oduine waxes greater and more great, to confront the unearthly powers.

"By the awful forms of my fathers," he said, "the stone of power shall never roll in fear over the sons of Argathela! Let the mirth of shells and the mouth of song speed our night! The isle of enchantment is laved by our own billows; and our fame shall brighten in defying the elves that toil for evil. This feeble spell shall fall beneath the rising sunbeams, and the moon shews her broad face in this shelter unformed by man. Seers of old have foreboded, that when Argathela rides over both ends of the columns of enchantment*, her renown shall echo throughout the earth. Our path of glory now stretches over land, air, and sea; and this deep-bosomed cave dare not stay the predestined lights of valour. The pillars, towering from the oozy beds of ocean, are omens of our renown. More resplendent than torches in the halls of conquering chiefs, the full moon and her thousand starry friends chase the darkness from our vaulted shelter. The broad-faced moon and all her stars shall sail on their blue clouds to caverns of rest; and the sun, great breaker of spells, from his high seat of fire shall overpower the unearthly hidden foe."

Warm rose the chieftain of day over the rippling tides; and the coasts of Argathela, in all the loveliness of woody glens and green-headed hills, smooth a track of waves for the fleet of Oduine.

* Supposed to allude to the Giant's Causeway and the celebrated Isle of Staffa.

But the black prows of Lochlin are moored in the harbours of Cantyre, and the brave vassals of Oduine oppose the invaders with heart and hand. Yet, how in absence of the chief and his men at arms, how shall a hasty array contend with marshalled hosts, rending by surprise the bonds of peace and friendship? The war-cry of Oduine rekindles the flame of their souls; and from eye to eye flashes the rising valour, as they look to each other for nearer notices of the hero. As bursts a volume of fiery smoke before changing winds—as the surges of ocean when spirits from the hills rush in strife to encounter the gliding spirits of the deep—as roaring thunders tear the sky, and quivered lightnings along the darkening gloom: so loud, so frightful is the rage of battle. As howling currents dash over the shrieking whale, drawn by the whirling eddies of Corryerelain: so shouts the war-cry, repeated by ten thousand echoes from shore to shore. Oduine behind in his high-bounding riders of the main, and the valiant clansmen on land, Lochlin is torn and scattered as sea-weed from shelving rocks, when fierce-tumbling billows answer to the blustering north. But Oduine covers with mercy the people of Nielvolda, and the grey locks of his foster are bent to the hero. "Hail," he said, "hail to the conquering arm that never fails!"

"Tell of Nielvolda," hastily spoke the chief, as he gave the right hand of friendship to his ancient friend.

"Nielvolda rests in the cave of safety," replied the foster. "My eight sons stand her guards, and the sage Broscolo awaits her call."

So spake the true of heart, unwitting that Broscolo served the sorcerer son of Lochlin's king, and to conceal her shadowless doom, must avoid the blessed orb of day.

"Since Nielvolda is safe," said the chief, "spread the feast, and with honour dismiss the remnant of her people."

The shadowless Broscolo, enraged at the shame of Lochlin, sent a demon sprite to call the fugitives to the cave, where Nielvolda unconsciously hath received a cup of unearthly preparation. The witch of frozen isles called the fugitives to rob Oduine of the high-bosomed chieftainess; for in the dark bosom of futurity, she saw that the offspring of Nielvolda might crush the pride of the land of snow. Black lowering fogs assist the plot of treachery; but watchful as the lofty-headed stag of the forest, while his friends repose on their dappled sides, all eye, all ear, stand the foster-brothers of Oduine. The stealing steps of villany are heard afar. The hands of the brothers are on their bows, and their whizzing arrows meet the fugitives of Lochlin. Many fall; but the survivors are many. The foe in wild tumult springs forward on the dauntless guards of Nielvolda: spear encounters spear; gashes deep and wide dye the ground in the red stream of life: the sons of Lochlin are laid low in their gore; the faithful guards are marked with death-wounds; yet their swimming eyes are fixed on the sleeping Nielvolda till closed for ever.

A gleaming point of steel pierces the shades of his last hour, when Donil, the young love of virgins, the swift hunter of roes, the unerring dart in battle, sends a winged shaft to the heart of Broscolo, as her arm is raised to strike the breast of Nielvolda, enfeebled by the cup of enchantment. The spirit of Donil is wafted to the half-viewless embraces of his valiant fathers, while the shadowless Broscolo beats the rocky sides of the cave with guilty hands, and howls for aid from the spiteful elves that mock her pains. Her howlings are answered by groaning oaks, tossed by her voice more fierce than the rudest hail-blasts from a hill of storms in the land of snow; the blue rolling ocean whirls into foamy ridges; lightnings shoot athwart the black tempest of night, and the ghosts of the trusty brothers descend from their high caves of repose, to frown upon the witch. She vanishes in smoke, and all is still.

Through the gloom of midnight, Oduine hastens to the high-bosomed chieftainess; but too late to save. The pangs of a mother have broken the sleep of enchantment, and a faint light from the splintered pines discovers to her eyes the corpses of the fight. She would fly; but three sons, born in the lonely cave, detain her with brooding joy. Her voice of music speaks to Oduine.

"Thy steps, fleet as the winds of heaven, O chief of Argathela! come not in time to save Nielvolda. Chief of the high-sounding name! Nielvolda dies. Let her babes fill her place in thy soul. Be their infancy suckled by three sisters. Let each suckle each, that the current of life in our sons may be mingled for ever!"

"Live, my Nielvolda! live for Oduine!" said the distracted chief. "Live! for in thee only glows the light of my soul. Love unending is the birthright of our sons, and of their offspring through all generations. The elder in years shall be chief in his day; and the guidance of aged wisdom, with the triple arms of brotherly friendship, shall strengthen their hands of power. Live, my Nielvolda! for in thee, thee only, breathes the life of Oduine."

Nielvolda feebly clasps the hand of her hero. The damps of death are on her brow. In manly tears the chieftain bathes her fading loveliness. She sighs out her soul on his bosom. Bright shone the rising light of morn into the cave of the dead; but dark and woful is the unconquered hero of Argathela. The lance and bow of his mighty hand were messengers of death to the kingdom of snow; but a daughter of the king has quenched his star of victory. The keen edge of his high-tempered steel wasted her people, as a ridge of fire devours the pride of a forest: but Nielvolda was the sun of his soul; and for her, grief, like a heavy cloud of the desert, hangs over the lofty aspect of Lochlin's foe. The wars of the south shall rouse him from the doleful gloom of his lonely turret. The plumy helmet shall nod over the eyes that weep for Nielvolda; and the sword of his fathers, flashing in terror-dealing gleams, shall break the darkness of his bosom as he turns the hope of battles, like thunders from the pealing vaults of heaven

striking the cloud-piercing crags from their rugged summits. Feeble and affrighted, the sons of the low vales shall fly before the blasts of his valour; and the clang of shields shall hush the moans which Oduine breathes unseen over the narrow dwelling of Nielvolda.

The dull ear of night is filled with the mourning sounds of Argathela for the daughter of Lochlin, in the twilight of the year, the sad weeping hours of closing autumn, when the joy of grief swells high in the soul of heroes for warriors stopped in the career of fame, and laid low on the field of their mighty deeds. As rolling seas of clouds tossed before the coldest gusts of a northern sky, are the hosts of Oduine rushing in might from their hills; and the name of their leader, as a blazing meteor of heaven, spreads terror before his course. At Campa na eilach, a handful of the brave, when reckoned beside the multitude of their foes, were yet a consuming flame in the fire of their valour, and ten thousands melted beneath their flashing steel. The race of Oduine shall bear for ever the renown of the waterfall; the boast of warriors shall swell in the sound through generations long to arise.

Pile high the cairn for the narrow house of Nielvolda, high as the brow of cliffy rocks, high as the far-descended line of her fathers, high as the mighty fathers of Oduine, and lofty as their fame! Heap the cairn, where rests the spouse of the first of heroes, a daughter of kings, a flower of beauty, faded in the warm bright sunshine of her early days! The king of Lochlin tears his silvery hairs, and strews them on the cairn which covers the beam of his darkening age. Deep in his heart lies the source of grief, for the sorcery of his son destroyed Nielvolda. He gave the lovely maid to the conquering chief, whose unfailing hand preserved his life from hostile steel, and loosed the bonds of him who forgot all but the pride of wrath for a conquest fairly won. His little soul hated the generous warrior, and destroyed Nielvolda, as the seers of Odin foretold, that her sons, like Oduine, should be terrible scourges of Lochlin.

B. G.

MR. CHARLES: A TRUE STORY.

A TRADESMAN of Petersburg, a Frenchman by birth, was just dancing his lovely infant son on his knee, with a feeling of gratitude to Providence for the prosperity and happiness which he enjoyed, when a stranger, a Pole, entered the room with four sickly, half-frozen children. "There," said he, "I have brought you the children." The master of the house stared in astonishment at the speaker.—"What am I to do with these children?" cried he: "whose are they? Who has sent you to me?"—"They are nobody's now," replied the Pole: "they did belong to a woman who is left dead in the snow, seventy leagues on this side of Wilna. Do with them just what you please."—"You must have come to the wrong place," rejoined the tradesman.—

"If you are Mr. Charles, I am not wrong," said the Pole.—It was Mr. Charles sure enough.

A Frenchwoman, a widow, had long lived respectably at Moscow. Ten years ago, when the French were in that city, she manifested towards them rather kinder sentiments than were pleasing to the inhabitants. After she had lost her house and all her property in the great conflagration, from which she saved nothing but her five children, she was necessitated, on account of the suspicion attached to her character, not only to quit the city, but to leave the country; otherwise she would have repaired to Petersburg, where she hoped to find a rich relation. She reached Wilna in her flight, after enduring incredible hardships from the intense cold and want: here, attacked with illness, and destitute of all the comforts and even the necessaries for so long a journey, she met with a Russian prince, to whom she represented her situation. He generously presented her with three hundred rubles; and, on learning that she had a cousin in Petersburg, he gave her the choice of pursuing her journey to France, or turning back to the Russian capital, in which case he would procure her a passport. She looked dubiously at her eldest boy, because he was the most sensible, and in worse health than the rest. "Which way will you go, my dear?" asked she.—"Which ever way you go, mother," replied the boy; but before her departure she had to consign him to the grave.

Having provided herself with necessaries, she agreed with a Pole to carry her and her family for five hundred rubles to her cousin at Petersburg, who she hoped would make good the deficiency. But she grew worse and worse from the fatigues of the journey, and on the sixth or seventh day she expired, leaving her children to the poor Pole. He understood no more of what they said than a Pole may be expected to understand when French children talk Russian to him; and they had as little notion of his meaning when he addressed them in Polish. His situation was certainly not an enviable one, neither did he much like it himself. "What shall I do now?" thought he. "Turn back?—where shall I leave the children? Proceed?—to whom shall I take them?"—Do thy duty, at length whispered something within him. Wouldst thou cheat the poor children out of the last and only thing their mother had to bequeath them—of the promise thou hast given her?—He therefore fell on his knees with the unhappy orphans around the corpse, and repeated in Polish that admirable prayer which says, "And lead us not into temptation!" Each then dropped a tear and a handful of snow on the cold bosom of their mother, as a token that they would gladly have performed the last offices for her remains had they been able. Hereupon the Pole proceeded with them towards Petersburg; for he could not suppose that he who had committed the children to his charge would leave him in the lurch. And when the mighty imperial city appeared stretched out before him, he began to inquire of his companions, in as intelligible language as he could, where their uncle resided, and was told by them, as far as he could make out what

they said, "We don't know."—"What is his surname?"—"Charles." The reader is now enabled to account for the appearance of the Pole at the house of Mr. Charles; and if a friend of the latter, who chanced to enter, had been to decide the matter, Mr. Charles would be the uncle, the children would be provided for, and the story would be at an end.

Truth, however, is often more stubborn than fiction. No, Mr. Charles is not the uncle, but some other person; and to this very hour nobody knows the precise name of the real uncle, or whether he resides at Petersburg or not. In this dilemma, the poor man drove for two days about the city, trying to dispose of his bargain; but not a soul inquired, How much a couple? and Mr. Charles would not even have the children as a gift. At length, as one word led to another, and the Pole feelingly described to him their situation and his own perplexity, "I will relieve him of one of them," thought he. His bosom gradually warmed with the glow of philanthropy. "I will take two of them," said he to himself; and when the children began to cling to him, under the idea that he was their uncle, and to give vent to the feelings of their little hearts in French, Mr. Charles was so deeply moved, that he seemed like a father who beholds the tears and hears the lamentations of his own offspring. "In God's name," said he, "if that is the case, I will not turn the poor things out of my house." He determined to keep them all. "Sit down a moment," said he to the Pole, "I will order you a bason of soup."

The Pole ate the soup with excellent appetite, and laid down the spoon—he laid down the spoon, but kept his seat—he rose, but made no motion to depart. "Have the goodness," said he at last, "to dispatch me: it is a great way to Wilna. The lady engaged with me for five hundred rubles." A chill darted across the mind of the humane Mr. Charles, like that caused by the shadow of a flying cloud over a sunny mead in spring.—"Indeed, my friend," said he, "you seem rather unreasonable. Is it not enough that I have relieved you of the children, and am I to pay you for bringing them into the bargain?" Such a question might occur to the most generous mind, to say nothing of that of a tradesman, which cannot help haggling a little, if it be but with itself.—"My good sir," replied the Pole, "I will not tell you to your face what you compel me to think of you. Is it not enough for me to bring you the children? Must I bring them for nothing? The times are bad, and there is not much to be earned."—"For that very reason," rejoined Mr. Charles, "I have abundant cause to complain. Or do you take me to be rich enough to buy up other people's children, or wicked enough to traffic in them? Will you have them back?"

On farther explanation, the Pole now first discovered with astonishment, that Mr. Charles was not the uncle of the orphans, and that he had taken them solely out of compassion. "If that is the case," said he, "to be sure I am not rich, and your countrymen, the French, have taken good care not to make me so—but if that is the case, I

cannot be angry with you. Only be kind for it to the poor little creatures," continued the good fellow, while tears started into his eyes. This was too much for the heart of Mr. Charles. "*Monsieur* Charles," thought he, "and a poor Polish carrier!"—and when the Pole began to take leave of the children, kissing them one after another, and exhorting them in Polish to be good and obedient, "My friend," said Mr. Charles, "stop a moment. I am not so poor as not to be able to pay you the money which you have justly earned, though I have taken your cargo off your hands." With these words he gave him the five hundred rubles. So now the children are provided for, the carrier is paid his fare; and though one or other of my readers might have doubted at the gates of the city, whether the uncle would be found, and whether he would afford them an asylum, they now see that Providence has managed extremely well without him.

HORRORS OF THE SPANISH INQUISITION.

(From the Papers of a French Officer.)

The tremendous battle of Samosierra was fought, a way was opened to the capital over the steep cliffs of this gate to New Castile, and its keys, brought by General Morla, were already in the camp of the conquerors. The Supreme Junta, a band of armed monks, trembling for fear of the advancing enemy and the rage of the incensed populace, had marched by way of Illescas to Toledo, with some armed peasants, and a lawless band of wretches, who dreaded the severity of the victors, on account of excesses committed by them in Madrid. General Lasalle at the head of his light cavalry, and General Valence with part of the Polish legion, closely followed, for the purpose of clearing the banks of the Tajo of the roving insurgents. Fighting and pursuing, the advanced guard approached the ancient and venerable city of Toledo, with its steeples and convents, and the yellow turbid current of the Tajo rolling past them through the valley. Close to the gates of the city another warm encounter took place. The Polish lancers broke at full gallop through the ranks of the infantry, and the *voltigeurs* forced their way at the point of the bayonet through the olive-plantations of the suburbs into the city. Some German artisans, long established at Toledo (among whom, if I mistake not, were some Bohemians, at least our Poles and they could perfectly understand each other), conducted the troops, infuriated with the resistance they experienced, to the buildings of the Inquisition: the gates were burst open, and many of the prisoners were set at liberty, when the enraged populace thronged impetuously to the spot, and the little band was obliged to give way to superior numbers. General Valence then brought up the Polish division with fixed bayonets to a charge; the lancers dispersed themselves in the streets; the cannon, accompanied with lighted matches, rolled awful-

ly over the pavement to the corners of the Plaza Mayor, and the city was ours.

The humane Lasalle immediately hastened to the Inquisition. With horror we turned our eyes from the dreadful spectacle. Surrounded by the wounded whom we had left behind, and who were already barbarously dispatched, twelve or fifteen of the unhappy wretches, liberated by our brave *voltigeurs*, lay on the ground transfixed by knives and bayonets, and others with their brains blown out. The furious mob, headed by some bigoted monks, had sacrificed them after our advanced guard had been compelled to retreat. The fanatical exclamation, that the criminals detained for punishment by the Holy Office were polluted by the heretical touch of their deliverers, had sufficed to point the dagger and the musket at their bosoms and their heads. Many of the prisoners, after a confinement of twenty years, and even more, had, as we were afterwards informed, thanked God for once more beholding the light of the all-cheering sun, and then solicited death at the hands of their countrymen.

This ghastly spectacle inflamed the rage of the already exasperated troops to the highest pitch: gates and doors fell before the axes of the sappers; some armed satellites of the infernal tribunal, found in the spacious halls of the edifice, were cut in pieces; and the thick walls reverberated the report of the carbines, fired with their muzzles against the locks to burst the iron bonds. With bayonets pointed at their breasts, the gaolers were obliged to accompany the soldiers into the most secret dungeons, and, to descend with them into the subterraneous recesses.

What a spectacle! Graves seemed to open, and pale figures, like ghosts, issued from the dungeons, which emitted a sepulchral odour. Bushy beards hanging down over the breast, nails grown to the length of birds' claws, disfigured the skeletons, who, with labouring bosom, inhaled, for the first time during a long series of years, the reviving breath of beneficent nature. Many of them were reduced to cripples; the back arched, the head inclined forward on one side, and arms and hands hanging down rigid and helpless. On closer examination it was found that these poor wretches had been confined in dens so low, that they could not rise up in them, and hence their bodies had in a long series of years naturally contracted this distorted form. In spite of all the care of the regimental surgeons, several of them expired the same day. The light of the sun made a particularly painful impression on the optic nerves. From the portraiture of these unfortunate creatures, the state of the prison may be so accurately inferred, that it is unnecessary to give a more particular description of it.

The following day General Lasalle minutely inspected the whole place, attended by several officers of his staff. The number of machines for torture, especially the rack for stretching the limbs, and the drop-baths, producing one of the most lingering of deaths, which are I believe already well known, thrilled even men inured to the scenes of the battle-field, with horror. Only one of these imple-

ments, unique in its kind for refined cruelty, and disgraceful to reason and religion for the choice of its object, seems to me deserving of more particular notice.

In a recess in a subterraneous vault, contiguous to the private hall for examinations, stood a wooden figure, made by the hands of monks, and representing — who could believe it!—the Blessed Virgin. A gilded glory encompassed her head, and in her right hand she held a banner. It struck us all at the first sight, that, notwithstanding the silken robe descending on each side in copious folds from her shoulders, she should wear a sort of cuirass; and one of the general's aids-de-camp observed, that it bore a strong resemblance to the statue of Joan of Arc, in the Place Martrois at Orleans. On closer investigation it appeared, that the fore-part of the body was stuck full of extremely sharp nails and small narrow knife-blades, with the points of both turned towards the spectator. The arms and hands were jointed; and machinery behind the partition set the figure in motion. One of the servants of the Inquisition was compelled, on the command of the general, to work the *machine*, as he termed it. When the figure extended her arms, as though to press some one most lovingly to her heart, the well-filled knapsack of a Polish grenadier was made to supply the place of a living victim. The statue hugged it closer and closer; and when the attendant, agreeably to orders, made the figure unclasp her arms, and return to her former position, the knapsack was perforated to the depth of two or three inches, and remained hanging on the points of the nails and knife-blades. To such an infernal purpose, and in a building erected in honour of the True Faith, was the Madonna rendered subservient—she, the immaculate and the blessed, who transfused celestial grace into the pencils of the greatest painters, and the highest charm of which art is susceptible, into the works of the most eminent sculptors!

One of the familiars, as they are called, of the Inquisition, Pedro Uguana, who was also interpreter to the tribunal for imprisoned foreigners, and spoke French, German, Dutch, and Italian, pretty fluently, gave us an account, in the former language, of the customary mode of proceeding on using this machine; though he declared with an oath (putting his right thumb over his fore-finger in the form of a cross, which he kissed, saying, "So sure as my name is Pedro Uguana, and so help me God!" owing to which particular circumstance his name was impressed upon my memory), that during the twenty years he had been in the service of the Holy Office, it had not once been employed. The substance of his report was as follows:

Persons accused of heresy, or blaspheming God or the saints, and obstinately refusing to confess their guilt, were conducted into this cellar, at the farther end of which numerous lamps, placed round the recess, threw a variegated light on the gilded glory, and on the head of the figure and the flag in her right hand. At a little altar standing opposite to her, and hung with black, the prisoner received the sacrament, and two confessors sur-

nestly admonished him in presence of the Mother of God to make confession. "See," said they, "how lovingly the Blessed Virgin opens her arms to thee! On her bosom thy hardened heart will be melted—thou wilt there confess." The figure all at once began to raise her extended arms: the prisoner, overwhelmed with astonishment, was led to her embraces; she drew him nearer and nearer, pressed him almost imperceptibly closer and closer, till the spikes and knives pierced his breast. Either agony and terror extorted a confession from the writhing wretch, or if he still withheld it, he remained insensible in the arms of the figure, while the blood trickled from a hundred small but not mortal wounds. Oil and healing balsam were applied to them, and on a carpet spread at the feet of the figure, in the vault now brilliantly lighted up, he was left to come to himself. If this experiment failed, he was remanded to his dungeon, there probably to await fresh torments.

It deserves remark, that the barbarians, by a perversion of language, worthy of Satan himself, give this machine of torture the appellation of *Madre dolorosa*—not the afflicted, but the afflicting mother.

We were glad to quit this place of horror. At a time when this once terrific tribunal is sinking into nought, and a new sun is rising on the patriotic Spanish nation, whose own writers will doubtless soon unveil many yet unknown enormities, and probably confirm what I have here related, I have deemed it not uninteresting to communicate to the public these particulars, which are known perhaps to very few of the officers of the hostile armies then employed in the Peninsula, because General Lasalle ordered all the implements of torture to be immediately destroyed.

When two years afterwards I quitted the fourth *corps d'armée* in Andalusia, and traversing La Mancha, the native country of the far-famed Don Quixote, proceeded to Toledo, a *restaurateur* and coffee-house-keeper from Bayonne had established himself in the extensive edifice; and there where once was heard nothing but sighs and groans, bowls filled with choice Voldepennas cheered the heart. A lodge of Freemasons, a branch of the Grand Orient, occupied another part of the edifice; but whether the dark halls and vaults may not sometimes be employed for the probations, neither mortal indeed nor painful, of the novices who are desirous of being initiated into their mysteries, I am not competent to inform the reader.

ON THE POPULAR TRADITIONS AND FESTIVALS OF THE TUSCANS.

By M. CASTELLAN.

Walking one day in the environs of Florence, which, though abounding in the diversified charms of art and nature, have been scarcely visited or touched upon by travellers, towards the ancient town of Fiesole, after meeting numerous groupes of rustics, dressed in their

holiday clothes, who seemed rather to be taking their pleasure than pursuing their rural occupations. I reached a farm-house, before the entrance to which a young tree had just been planted. Its branches were adorned with festoons of ribbons and gilt streamers. The door of the house, shaded by green boughs decorated in a similar manner, opened, and while music and loud acclamations rent the air, three charming damsels, blooming as the season, came forth in their gayest attire, and welcomed with smiles their friends and lovers. The rustic music soon became more gay and animated. The youth of both sexes formed a circle round the tree, and joined in the merry dance, while the parents began to make preparations for breakfast in the shade of a long arbour that led to the door.

The company had observed me, and I had myself recollected the cause of this festivity—it was May-day, *Calendi Maggio*. The farmer came out to me, and with unaffected kindness invited me to partake of their rural repast; and as I shewed some reluctance to accept the invitation, one of the fair dancers, quitting the circle, conducted me by the hand to the company and into the ring, and the dance recommenced with redoubled gaiety and spirit.

It was not long before they sat down to breakfast, after which a little old man, with a head crowned only by a few gray hairs, was solicited by the young people to favour them with the wonderful history of the two brothers, Ferragosto and Calendi Maggio, and their sisters, Befana and Mezza-Quaresima. The old man, who had already contributed to enliven the repast by more than one merry song, accompanied by himself on the bass-viol, complied the more readily with the urgent request of the company, as I, anxious to obtain a specimen of the peculiar eloquence of these rustic *improvisatori*, had seconded their petition.

Covering his head with a cap of gilt paper, and enveloping himself in a cotton counterpane for a mantle, the old man was hoisted upon the table. He placed a bottle cased in straw beside him, and exclaimed with a loud voice, "Listen, boys and girls; and all the rest of you, whoever you be, attend!" After a pause, during which he took a draught of wine, he thus proceeded, with ludicrous gravity: "The beautiful and true story which I am going to relate to you, I received from the lips of Ferragosto himself. In his last pilgrimage upon earth he related it to me, and it is he who is going to speak. I,"—he then cried, raising his voice to the highest pitch—"I am this Ferragosto." At these words profound silence pervaded the whole jovial company. All eyes were immoveably fixed on Ferragosto, who, raising himself up to his full height, extending his arms, and looking round at the audience, began as follows:

"In ancient times there lived a mighty king, who was at the same time Emperor of Rome: his name was Charlemagne. After he had made many conquests, he came to our country with a great number of his grandees, among whom was my father. Now my father was nothing more than a poor sausage-

maker of the county of Belgiojoso, but a master in his art, and as the king was fond of men of talent, of what class soever they might be, he did him the honour to invite him to his court. My father had the misfortune to die by the way, having first recommended his children to the protection of the good King Charles, who actually permitted us to accompany him to Florence. The conqueror, who had destroyed so many cities, took delight in building this up again. He collected in it the inhabitants scattered over the plain, and many of the people of his retinue, who, after he had conferred on them the distinction of nobility, settled in the new capital, and contributed greatly to its embellishment.

"Before his departure, Charlemagne expressed a wish to view the environs of Florence. My brother, my sisters, and myself accompanied him to Fiesole. What attracted us thither was the high renown of the fairies by whom that ancient town had ever since its foundation been inhabited. The court now approached the entrance of their abode, which is still called the *Cavern of the Fairies**. Here Charles deposited rich presents. He was in return loaded with civilities, and some gift or other was bestowed on each of his companions. Thus, for instance, the fairies rendered Rolando the Paladin invulnerable; and of course the assertion is erroneous, that he was so from his birth. Maugis was furnished with all the knowledge requisite for a good necromancer. Each had reason to be satisfied with the gift that fell to his share. I was not forgotten, neither was my brother Calendi-Maggio, nor my sister Befana. My younger sister, Mezza-Quaresima, who was wholly devoid of ambition, was the only one who would not accept any gift from the fairies, and cruelly was she punished for it in the sequel. For my part, I solicited immortality of the good ladies, but was content at the same time to live every year only the first eight days of August; and merely begged that this epoch should be constituted a festival, during which every one should be obliged to celebrate my revival with diversions and banquets.

"Would you like to know how I contrive to die, so that I may annually have the pleasure of coming to life again?—I will tell you. I repair about midnight to the fairies, whose door is always open to me. There, in a keg of wine, I find the sweet poison that is to deprive me of life. Of this I drink till sleep overpowers me, and then I die quite softly and imperceptibly; and when the time for my resurrection arrives, the fairies possess the secret of renewing my brief but merry existence.

"My brother, Calendi-Maggio, received the gift of music; and ac-

* *Le Buche delle Fate.* These are subterraneous constructions which some consider as the relics of an amphitheatre, others of baths. At any rate the fairies act an important part in the popular traditions of Tuscany; and many places have been designated as their haunts. Thus, for instance, in the Gonfalina, between Florence and Pisa, there is a rock called *Masso delle Fate*. It is in the shape of an immense quadrangular tower, overhanging towards another mass of rock of similar shape. The intermediate space forms a grotto, which would be well calculated for the abode of fairies.

cordingly every year, on this day, songs are sung and May-trees planted in honour of him.

"My elder sister, Befana, had the boldness to express a wish to be transformed into a fairy. Even this was granted, but on one condition, that in the night of the 6th of January, she should rise to frighten naughty children, and threaten to cut in two such of them as will not quietly eat their porridge, or half tease their nurses to death. Some ill-informed scholars have pretended that Befana is of the male sex, and confounding her with the wolf-goblin, who is likewise of service to the fairies, assert, that she merely frightens young damsels: but that is not the case, and these may sleep in peace for Befana.

"My second sister, Mezza-Quaresima, was destined to repent having slighted the gifts of the fairies. Had she but begged permission, as so many people do, to eat meat in Lent, she would not have come to such a deplorable end: for finding herself, in the midst of that period of penance, in a thriving state, she was seized with a most vehement longing for a Bologna sausage, and to complete the measure of her indiscretion, she, in her eager haste, swallowed it raw. The offence was discovered, denounced, declared unpardonable, and my poor sister received the tremendous sentence to be sawed asunder alive. The only favour granted to her on the occasion, was permission to die incognito, and in the habit of a nun. In commemoration of this horrid catastrophe, a representation of the lamentable spectacle is annually given, in the middle of Lent, in the Piazza Padella, where it took place, with a wooden figure, which is to this day called *the Nun*."

Thus did Ferragosto conclude his story, during which he tossed off more than one bumper of wine. He then threw his gold-paper cap among his auditors, and descended, or rather was lifted down, from the table, amid the applauses of the young people, and solicited permission to retire, for the purpose of attending to his duty as a chorister at the church of the neighbouring parish. I also took my leave of the good-natured rustics, and availed myself of the occasion to make farther inquiry of my companion concerning the festival. "The story," said he, glad of the opportunity to display his wit and erudition, "which I have just told, is not of my invention: it is to be found in Buonarotti's history; and the text of Della Crusca, the academician, contains the origin of all the *lazzi*, puns, and pasquinades, current among the people, respecting Ferragosto and his family. This story is one of those which we Italians call *Fataggini*, and the French *Féeries*, and deserves to be introduced into your *Bibliotheque bleue*.

"For the rest," continued he, "the very name, *Calendi-Maggio*, proves that this festival is of high antiquity, and that it is derived from the custom of celebrating the calends of May. The poems composed on this subject were called *Maggiolate*, and the tree, or the bough with which lovers were accustomed to shade the windows of their mistresses, was termed *Majo*. This festival, which is still observ-

ed in the country, was formerly celebrated in the towns, and gave occasion to concerts, balls, and diversions, which lasted several days. This is demonstrated by the grand entertainments given on this day by the Portinari family, at one of which Dante became enamoured of his Beatrice, the daughter of the host. It is proved also by the numerous *Maggiolate* composed by a multitude of poets, and among the rest by Lorenzo the Magnificent. Every body knows the piece by that prince, beginning,

Ben venga maggio
El gonfalon selvaggio;

and another, in which he alludes to this festival in the following words:

Se tu vò appicare un maggio
A qual cuna che tu ami———

One of the latest epochs of the celebration of May-day in Florence, was marked by the planting of a May-tree in the year 1612, at the Palazzo Pitti, in honour of the Archduchess of Austria.

"No nation that has any feeling for the beauteous spectacle presented by spring, suffers the return of May to pass uncelebrated: but Ferragosto, who is to be considered as a relic of the Augustan games, is commemorated only by the Romans and Tuscans; among the latter of whom, however, this festival was not introduced till on occasion of the victory of Montemuerlo, gained on the 1st of August by the Grand-Duke Cosmo I. Be this as it may, friends and relations make presents to each other on that day, and there is no want of poles to climb up, races, and other public diversions.

"There is another popular Florentine festival," proceeded the chorister, "which was not mentioned by Ferragosto in his narrative; namely, that of the *Fierucoloni*. It is not of such antiquity as the others, but yet no writer assigns its origin: it is celebrated no where but at Florence, and that on the 7th of September, the eve of the birthday of the Virgin Mary. On this day, the female peasants from the Casentine and the mountains of Pistoja, repair to the city to perform their devotions before the wonder-working image of the Madonna, in the church della Annunziata, and make the vaults of the temple resound with their rustic hymns. Formerly it was even customary for them to pass the whole night in the cloisters. A fair held on this day in the *piazza* in front of the church, and to which these women bring cheese, yarn, coarse cloth, and other articles for sale, does not fail to attract a great concourse of the populace, who indulge themselves in all sorts of jokes at the expense of the honest mountaineers, whose singular costume and manners, forming the strongest contrast with those of the people of the city, afford indeed abundant scope for the exercise of wit and humour.

"During this festival, the streets of the city, especially in the vicinity of the Annunziata, present an extraordinary spectacle. The whole quarter has the appearance of being consigned to flames and pillage. The children carry and brandish as they run along their *fierucoloni*, that is, torches of oiled paper, fastened to the end of long reeds, at the same time pursuing one another with whips. On all sides are heard a shrill whis-

tling, all sorts of discordant tones, the clanking of old iron, and the yelling of the populace. This medley of sweet sounds, which has no other object than to express merriment on account of the presence of the peasants, who never come down from their mountains but on that day, continues the whole night, and does not cease till the fair itself is at an end."

We had now arrived at the church, the bells of which summoned my companion to his desk. I bade him cordially farewell, and pursued my peregrination to Fiesole.

PLATE 32.—VIEW OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE, NEAR CALCUTTA.

AMONG the efforts which have been made of late years for the amelioration of the condition of the native inhabitants of the British empire in India, by the introduction of the doctrines of Christianity among them, the most important is the foundation of a College, for the purpose of training native missionaries, catechists, and schoolmasters, under the auspices of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.

The plan of this institution was formed by the prelate, who presides with such distinguished zeal over the British church in Hindoostan. It was approved by his present Majesty while Regent; and in 1819, a royal letter was granted, authorizing collections to be made throughout the kingdom for the general uses of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, but with particular reference to the diffusion of Christianity in the East, by means of the proposed College and the establishments connected with it. The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge contributed 5000*l.* and the Church Missionary Society the like sum, towards the building, in consequence of a remittance being made to the same amount and for the same object from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The College is the foundation and property of the latter society, which is answerable for the general expenses, as well as for any deficiency which the contributions of others may leave in the building account.

The Bishop of Calcutta having obtained from the governor-general in council a grant of land for the institution, the erection of the college was commenced in December 1820; and it is expected that the whole will be finished by the end of the present year. The expense will be about 10,000*l.* The site is near the river Hooghly. The main building consists of a Chapel on the right, and a Hall and Library, one over the other, on the left, each 60 feet in length; the whole, including a central building containing staircases, fronts the river, and measures 156 feet. The two wings, each 150 feet in length, and 34 deep, are designed to afford accommodation for three professors, two missionaries, and twenty students. One or two rooms will be appropriated to lectures. A range of offices, not shewn in our engraving, will be detached; and there will also be a printing-house, chiefly for printing religious works and translations of the Sacred Scriptures into the native languages. The style of the ar-

chitecture is simple, but, from the extent of the buildings, the appearance of the whole to persons approaching the city is very striking, and such as the first collegiate institution founded in the country ought to exhibit.

The piece of land granted for the site of Bishop's College comprehends about twenty acres; and to render its inclosure more complete, another piece adjoining to it has been transferred in fee by Charles Theophilus Metcalf, Esq. By which arrangement, the institution will be furnished with every accommodation which its most zealous supporters can desire. Its distance from Calcutta is scarcely three miles; it lies on the opposite side of the river, which is generally preferred for the sake of salubrity; and notwithstanding its proximity to the city, yet as the Hooghly is here a mile wide, than the Thames at Westminster, and without any bridge, the College will afford to the students all the privacy and retirement which can be desired. The college grounds will be open to the south, as the direction of this part of the river, termed the Garden-Reach, is nearly east and west. The benefit of this position will be evident, when it is known that during the hot season, from March to September or October, the wind blows constantly from the southward.

Close adjoining to the westward is the Honourable Company's Botanic Garden, and to its beautiful and shady walks on the banks of the river the professors will no doubt have free access, with the farther advantage, in case of sudden illness, of medical aid close at hand in the superintendent of the garden. Nor is it perhaps to be altogether disregarded in an establishment of this sort, that the scenery is such as to gratify and sooth the mind. Immediately in front of the College is a fine expanse of water, on which vessels are continually passing to and from Calcutta, and on the opposite bank a line of villas, which adorn the Garden-Reach. On the east side of the grounds is a piece of water, which will not only be ornamental, but also useful as a drain, and which can never stagnate, since it communicates with the river by a sluice, so as to receive a fresh supply at every influx of the tide.

In August 1820, the Rev. W. H. Mill and the Rev. Mr. Alt, two gentlemen of superior attainments and exemplary characters, sailed from England to fill the situation of Principal and Junior Professor of the College, the former with a salary of 1000*l.* and the latter of 700*l.* per annum. The last report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, contains a letter from the principal, announcing their arrival at Calcutta in February last, and stating that both are diligently engaged in the pursuit of those studies which would enable them to carry on with effect the designs of the society. It does not appear that the third professor has yet been appointed.

From the same authority we learn that the foundation of a college library, without which the establishment would be incomplete, has been laid by the Society at a considerable expense, both for the use of the professors in their Oriental studies, and for that of the students. Ten theological scholarships, and the same number of lay-

scholarships, have also been founded by them for native or European youth educated in the principles of Christianity, and the sum of 1000*l.* per ann. appropriated to that special purpose. The ordinary age of admission is fourteen. It is competent for individuals also to found scholarships at the College at the rate of not less than 5000 sicca rupees; the first appointment to be in the nomination of the founder, under such limitations as may be fixed by the statutes.

It is possible that, among other uses, the college may hereafter be found to offer to any promising pupils at the School for the Orphan Sons of the Clergy, whose talents and disposition may fit them for so glorious a work, and whose friends may desire to give them such a destination, an opportunity of completing their education for the Christian ministry, with a special view to the diffusion of the light of the Gospel in the East.

A body of statutes for the government of the College, prepared by the Bishop of Calcutta, reached England in the autumn of 1821, and were submitted to the East India Committee of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. These statutes, with certain alterations proposed by the committee, have been provisionally adopted by the society, and transmitted to the bishop, with an invitation to his lordship to propose such further alterations as may seem to him expedient.

It is obvious that an establishment on such a scale as this new College, will require considerable funds for its support. In regard to this point, we have no doubt that the same spirit which has been manifested in the foundation, will secure the maintenance of this institution, agreeably to the anticipations expressed by the right reverend prelate with whom the measure originated. "When," says he, "the College shall have been completed on a liberal scale, and its objects shall be generally known and justly appreciated, donations and legacies will, we may trust, come in to the aid of any funds already possessed for its support, and enable it to become a seminary for missions to every part of India."

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN VOLTAIRE AND HALLER.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,

In a collection of Original Letters made in Switzerland, and published at Geneva in 1821, by the Russian Count Fedor Golowkin, there is one from Voltaire to Haller, and the answer of the latter, which, as they serve to throw light on the real character of those two eminent contemporaries, may be interesting to many of your readers.

A person, whose name is marked by the initial G——, had printed something at Lausanne to the disadvantage of Voltaire, which most vehemently excited the gall of the philosopher. Many of his letters are full of this subject, and every moment he declares how he should delight to hang him, and the like. He leaves no stone unturned to induce the government of the country to persecute this individual;

and he would have been glad to have Bastilles and *lettres de cachet* at his disposal, in order that he might gratify his revenge without any ceremony. He, the philosopher, the champion of liberal ideas, would fain have made laws for all, but not for himself.

In this disposition of mind he applied to Haller, with a view to prejudice him against [illegible] in the hope that Haller would make his cause his own. [illegible] the latter, in the purity and simplicity of his heart, shews how far his great mind soars above such paltry considerations, and that he dwells in a region too elevated to be affected by them. While Voltaire exposes all the [illegible] of wounded vanity, it seems to give pain to Haller that Voltaire can so far forget himself, and nothing but modesty appears to prevent him from bestowing on the latter a deserved reproof.

VOLTAIRE TO HALLER.

[illegible]

Here, sir, you have a testimony which may serve to acquaint you with [illegible] of this [illegible] for whom your patronage has been solicited. This [illegible] at Lausanne [illegible] against [illegible] against the [illegible] [illegible]

on your politeness as well as your [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] Germany, and respects you more than any German.

A certain [illegible] [illegible] is the author of a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] your name. All these [illegible] that a man of your merit should ever be applied to in their behalf. I take this opportunity to assure you of the consideration and regard with which I shall be while I live. VOLTAIRE.

HALLER TO VOLTAIRE.

The letter with which you have honoured me has indeed grieved me. I, for my part, cannot but admire a wealthy independent man who is at perfect liberty to choose his own society, to whom kings pay the tribute of their applause and the public, and who is certain that his name will be immortal, [illegible] without sorrow [illegible] [illegible] for [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and this [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

has found the equilibrium in rendering you so sensitive.

The persons of whom you complain would lose very little, if, as you desire, they were to be deprived of the protection of one who lives secluded in a little corner of the world, and rejoices in being without influence and without connections. The laws alone have here the right to protect alike the citizen and the dependent.

Mr. G—— superintends the business of my bookseller. I have seen Mr. L—— at the house of an exile, whom I have sometimes visited since his disgrace, and who spent his last moments with that minister. If either the one or the other have put my name to anonymous letters, or encouraged a notion that our connection is more intimate, he has done me wrong, and you shew me too much friendship in feeling it so sensibly.

If wishes had power, mine should augment the favours conferred on you by fortune. I would give you that peace of mind which flees from genius; which indeed is less valuable to human society than genius, though to ourselves it is of infinitely greater worth. Then you would be at once the most renowned and the happiest man in Europe. I am, with the highest admiration,

HALLER.

ROCHE, Feb. 17, 1758.

Roche, from which Haller dates his letter, is a mansion near Aigle, in the Pays de Vaud, where the director of the salt-mines of Bex resided. Haller held that office, and here it was that he composed the greatest part of his grand work on the plants of Switzerland.

I am, &c. CRITO.

LONDON, Nov. 1, 1822.

WHAT HAS BEEN: A TALE.

(Concluded from p. 294.)

"WHILE I forbade the match between my son and a young lady who *might* possess every necessary qualification to make him happy, I could not help being struck for the first time with the selfishness of my regard, which suffered my pride to be an obstacle to his happiness. This, however, in spite of all my sophistry, was the case. I soothed myself with the unction, that it was his welfare I was alone seeking, when I hoped to ally him with rank and fashion. Goaded by this feeling, I painted to him in vivid colours the weakness, nay the wickedness, of entailing poverty on a deserving young woman, for he had informed me, she would inherit no property; and I conjured him, by his duty and regard for his parents, to return home, honourable leave for which I knew I could procure him. I deferred from day to day informing his father of this imprudent attachment; and now misfortune fell heavily on me also. Sir Walter Pierpoint died a week before his son's arrival. It is needless to interrupt my narrative by dwelling on the recital of my feelings for the loss of a husband who doted upon me.

"My poor Rupert—my son—arrived nearly broken-hearted: but the grief he also felt for the loss

of it, father seemed to mould him more easily to my views, as in due time we mutually disclosed our arrangements. He was impressed with the narrowness, as I chose to represent it, of our pecuniary expectancies, and promised to relinquish all hopes of marrying Flora Macdougal. Never, no never, shall I forget the morning that he brought me the letter to read, bidding an eternal farewell to her; and never will that countenance, full of the expression of restrained grief, vanish from my sight. He did say, indeed, that he feared he had sacrificed all the happiness of this world to imperious circumstances; and then bursting into a paroxysm of passion, threatened me with a participation in his misery, if I had at all exaggerated our pecuniary wants. This little bitterness of grief, from one that suffered as he was suffering, I excused; but when he left me under a pretence of getting the materials to seal this letter in my presence, I was convulsed with agony: pride, however, carried me through the perusal of his letter, without at length yielding to his feelings. Alas! it was a letter ill calculated to banish love from a sensible heart, but rather to revive all its tenderest emotions.—'Do not curse a wretch,' he ended, 'who relinquishes all his happiness with one whom he can never behold in poverty: for mine you can never be, but at the expense of the wretchedness of a parent, involved with ourselves in one common ruin.'

* * * * * * * * * * *

"I had hoped that after a little time the storm would have blown over. But it burst on my own head! I was fancying he had returned to his usual occupations with his wonted alacrity. But during the time he was on the recruiting service in Cornwall, I received a letter from him, which mentioned, I thought, in cooler terms than I could have hoped, 'that Flora Macdougal had, on the receipt of his letter, taken to her bed, and that she was now no more!'

"Not long afterwards, I received a letter, in an unknown hand, informing me, that my son was guilty of such excesses in drinking, as the writer feared would eternally disgrace his family. I attended to the hint, and had him recalled. On his arrival in town, it was some time before I remarked any thing particular in his conduct, except that, under pretence of spasms, he took brandy. Soon, too soon, however, I wanted no other corroborative of my correspondent's letter: his manners were extraordinary, and his ideas confused, long before the hour of dinner. The family physician was called in: he restricted him indeed from all stimulating liquors; but the mischief he said was done—alas! he was now sinking into a premature grave.

* * * * * * * * *

"He met me indeed with a smile of joy; but that soon vanished, and a cold sullen despair settled on his pale visage. Life ebbed and flowed till the Christmas-day of—" [here she pointed to her ring]—"a day indeed of grief to me—when I lost my murdered boy. * * *

"Perhaps there are those who would hold me blameless, having the end in view of saving him and the object of his regard from poverty; but since these awful events,

I feel that much more could have been spared from my disbursements than I then reckoned on. I must, nevertheless, do myself the justice to say, that I dreamed not the attachment was so warm: perhaps I wilfully shut my eyes to consequences, and suffered myself to fancy Flora an artful girl, who had caught an inexperienced young man of fashion, for the sole purpose of gratifying her vanity—but how wofully was I mistaken!

"You will now, my dear young friend," said she in conclusion, "no longer judge of the goodness of the heart from appearance Check this feeling for the future, when you think of the unnatural mother, and the now repentant Lady Pierpoint."

MUSICAL REVIEW.

Melodies of various Nations, with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by Sir John A. Stevenson, *Mus. Doc.; the Words by Thomas Baily, Esq Author of "Rough Sketches of Bath."* Vol. II. Pr. 15s.—(Goulding, and Co. Soho-square.)

The first volume of this elegant and interesting work has been submitted to the notice of our readers in a former Number of the *Repository of Arts*. The present volume contains twelve vocal pieces; viz. two Irish airs, two Scotch, one Welch, two German, a Florentine, Portuguese, Spanish, Swiss, and French. Of these, two or three are set as duets with chorus, and the rest are single songs; but four or five of the latter are likewise arranged for four voices. We cannot say whether all these are originally *vocal* pieces in the countries whose name they bear; some resemble waltzes, and the last is obviously extracted from a well known instrumental andante of Haydn's. But the selection and adaptation are good, and the melodies certainly suit extremely well the poetry, which is of a superior order. For ourselves, we should have been better pleased had there been more foreign airs, and less of the united kingdom. Indeed one or two of the latter description, although agreeable enough, are scarcely of an interest sufficiently striking to have a decided claim of insertion in a work of this kind.

Sir John Stevenson's task in framing the symphonies, devising the accompaniments, and casting several of the pieces into four parts, laborious as it must have proved, considering the extent of the task, merits the highest approbation. Some of the symphonies are particularly neat and characteristic; the glees are harmonized with taste and skill; and in regard to the instrumental support, the discernment of that gentleman appears to have pointed out correctly those melodies in which simplicity of accompaniment was desirable, as well as those which seemed susceptible of a florid system of harmonic colouring. In the latter respect, the Florentine, German, and especially the Swiss air, may be mentioned as very successful instances of Sir John S.'s labour.

The typographical execution of the work reflects great credit on the publishers. Type and paper are of a superior kind; and a finely engraved portrait of Sir John Stevenson adds considerably to the beauty of the publication, the price of which, compared with its extent and interest, appears to us to be very moderate.

"*All in the Dark, or the Banks of the Elbe,*" *an Opera in two Acts, performing at the Theatre Royal English Opera-House, written by J. R. Planché, Esq.; the Music* by Barham Livius, Esq. Pr. 6s.—(Power, Strand.)

The decided success which this operetta has met with, is due to the united merits of the author and the composer. Mr Planché's little pieces at the Adelphi Theatre had for some time formed a source of attraction and rational entertainment, when better taste, all at once, was doomed to yield to the gross vulgarity of a production, which remains a blot in the annals of the English drama, and the success of which is a disgrace to the national character. But as there is no evil unattended with some redeeming considerations, we console ourselves with the thought, that the above circumstance may have been the means of assigning to Mr. Planché's talents a higher sphere of action, to which they appear to us to be fully entitled; and this opinion is confirmed by the present operetta.

Mr. Barham Livius, the composer, like Prince Louis of Prussia, unites in his person two, apparently, very opposite callings. He is a musical dilettante and an officer of dragoons; and we are free to say, if his military pretensions equal his compositorial qualifications, the king has not a better officer in his service, provided always that—we will not say the whole—but the major part of this operetta be of Mr. L.'s own inditing.

The whole effective force Mr. L. indeed cannot lay claim to, as, besides some occasional aid from abroad, one or two entire bodies are altogether foreign auxiliaries. This we regret; for under such circumstances, the critic, with the most favourable disposition, must necessarily be at a loss how to do full justice. To settle the matter as well as we can, we shall take that to be Mr. L.'s own, which our memory is unable to assign to any body else. That's fair enough.

The overture, which, according to former fashion, consists of three pieces, is quite satisfactory; the movements are light, in good style, and of pleasing melodies. Here and there the harmonies appear a little bare; but that may be otherwise in the score.

The first song, "I know when folks are married," (Miss Kelly,) exhibits a degree of *naiveté* and ease quite in consonance with the text and the singer's dramatic forte; the accompaniments and short instrumental episodes are very proper and characteristic, and in the conclusion there is a deal of musical humour. The little bit of contrapuntal harmony at "And now and then," &c. (p. 11.) is neat, but the conclusion of the phrase is somewhat *en l'air*.

"My bold hussar" (Miss Carew) is a little in the martial way, spirited, fresh, determined, altogether very proper. "*His proud*

charger" is inconvenient for pronunciation with the quick semiquavers. In the 2d and 3d bars, p. 14, there is a slight tinge of consecutive octaves; and in the 14th bar of the same page, the voice drops unmelodically to the cadence. The embellishments and amplifications in this song are tasteful.

"Fair as the morn's light," (Miss Povey). This aria we hope, and we believe, is entirely Mr. L.'s own. It is the *corps d'élite*, the flower of the flock; it is really beautiful. Its perfect rhythmical symmetry, chaste simplicity, depth of feeling, its apt accompaniments and fine instrumental repletions, all combine to impress us with a high opinion of the composer's talent. This song cannot fail to fascinate the ear of taste, and will, no doubt, long remain a decided favourite. The division of the long lines of the poetry into two phrases evinces Mr. L.'s judgment.

The finale of the first act is almost copied from a well-known French song.

The second act has only two vocal pieces, a duet and a finale. The latter, taken from a dance, is unimportant; but the duet (Miss Carew and Miss Povey) presents another flattering instance of Mr. L.'s cultivated taste, and does great credit to his musical skill. The first great division (in F major), as far as "throbbing breast," is distinguished by the perfect rhythm of all its constituent parts, the regular connection and progress of the melody, and the sweet and soft nature of the melody itself. The sudden change to the key of A b major at "Grant too, ye powers," is certainly borrowed or imitated from "Voi che sapete" (*Figaro*), but it comes in with the best effect, and the whole of this period, including the progress through F minor, and the transition to C major, by the extreme sixth upon A b, calls for unqualified approbation, every thing is so smooth and natural. In the further progress of the air, other pleasing and appropriate thoughts present themselves, excepting perhaps the modulation at "banish," (p. 28, l. 1), and the duet proceeds satisfactorily to its termination.

"*Constancy*," *a Canzonet*, by Geo. Vincent Duval, Esq. Pr. 2s.—(Power, Strand.)

A pleasing little song, of sweet melody and good rhythmical proportion, probably the production of an amateur, whose taste it leaves us no room to doubt. The accompaniment is of the most simple kind; arpeggios in the guitar manner throughout, with here and there a slight imperfection, such as doubling thirds, concealed octaves, p. 4, bars 5 and 6. The last stanza is neatly thrown into the shape of a duet.

"*The disappointed Maid*," *a Ballad, written by James Stewart, Esq. sung by Miss Tunstall at the Royal Gardens, Vauxhall, composed by* J. H. Little. Pr. 2s.—(Power, Strand.)

Vauxhall songs have indeed for years been out of the good graces of the musical world; but the establishment exhibited last season abundant tokens of amelioration; the chickens were better, and the wine certainly was excellent. The harmonic fare, therefore, may *a priori* be supposed to be altogether on the amendment; and Mr. Lit-

tle's ballad serves to confirm this surmise of an improving system. It is of a light texture, but the melody is by no means uninteresting: it is natural, innocent, gay, and humorous, without musical vulgarisms. The periods are in good connection, and the rhythmical distribution is perfect. 'Tis a good ballad.

"*Absence*," *a Song, written by T. Campbell, Esq. the Music* by H. Bishop. Pr. 2s.—(Power, Strand.)

We were forcibly struck with the numerous great beauties of this song; and yet, when at the end, there was a something, we could not instantly account for, that seemed in some degree to diminish the satisfaction which the composition appeared fairly calculated to produce. Was there any rhythmical imperfection? On examining the periods more closely, we discovered none in any: but we found that the successive periods or parts, however separately beautiful, did not sufficiently partake of one general impression; the principal subject, once propounded, recurred no more; other ideas follow each other, occasionally it is true, resembling the motivo in movement, but yet of too remote a similarity to strike the recollection forcibly, and impress the mind with a sensation of unity of plan.

This remark aside (and to many it may not occur or appear fastidious), it is impossible to speak in terms too high of the individual and numerous charms of melody and harmony which this song presents to the cultivated ear. A vein of intense feeling prevails through every part, the ideas are truly pathetic, quite in unison with the fine poetry; the melody glides through some beautiful modulations, and the accompaniment is of the most varied and select description.

In the 6th page, at the exclamation "Absence! is not the soul by it," &c. the emphasis required for "Absence" seems to be wanting in the melody, especially as the second syllable has been brought into immediate connection with the next word, "is."

"*When the days of the Summer were bright'ning*," *a Ballad, composed* by G. Kiallmark. Pr. 2s.—(Power, Strand.)

There is no striking novelty in this little ballad, but the melody is lively, agreeable, and written in good taste. The change of movement from $\frac{2}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ is appropriate, and produces a suitable effect of contrast. The accompaniment is neat, and, like the vocal part, free from difficulties, so that the song adapts itself to a large class of amateurs.

"*'Tis sweet to hear*," *Recitative and Aria, sung by Mr. Nelson at the Nobility's Concerts; the Words selected from the Poems of Lord Byron; the Music* by John Barnett. Pr. 2s.—(Power, Strand.)

This composition is not entirely free from harmonic objections, such as concealed octaves, doubled thirds, &c.; and one or two of its periods are irregular as to rhythm; but these imperfections are not of so grave a nature as to obscure in any sensible way the high merit of Mr. B.'s labour in many respects.

The music betrays, what we value most of all, a vein of noble conception, of intense emotion and poetical inspiration, mingled

with considerable originality of thought. Mr. B. sympathises with his poet so intimately, that, without the text, one can form a pretty correct idea of the feeling which he wishes to excite. The plan and construction, too, of the composition evince a cultivated taste, guided by sound judgment; and in some particular instances we discover harmonic combinations of a very superior order. The recitative, the changes of key, the bold and yet able modulations, will serve to confirm this assertion.

In the first line of p. 7, some G's occur, which ought surely to have accidental flats prefixed to them.

"*'Tis vain to deck thy brow with pearls*," *a Song, with an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte; composed, and respectfully dedicated to Joseph Fry, Esq.* by Joseph de Pinna. Pr. 2s.—(Clementi and Co.)

The symphony which precedes this song is well conducted, and the song itself proceeds in a melody of graceful ease, properly diversified by periods of varied expression. In some instances the rhythm is not quite regular, the bars composing each phrase not being throughout in corresponding symmetry as to number.

A Military Divertimento for the Piano-forte, composed by J. F. Danneley. Pr. 4s.—(Clementi and Co.)

An introduction (allegro), much with cris, and a rondo, all in D major, and all, we will add, written with much skill and with a considerable stage of originality. In the two first movements Mr. D. has presented us with abundant specimens of good counterpoint contrivances by means of which a fixed motive is wielded about in a variety of ingenious ways, and with great attention to purity of harmony. The divertimento altogether is a clever compositorial study, highly creditable to the author. With the science from which such a production could emanate, with Mr. D.'s great facility of harmonic combination, his spirit, and the original turn of many of his ideas, we may confidently and speedily expect works of classic importance, especially if he cultivate simplicity and softness of melody, and use his contrapuntal knowledge rather as a foundation to his harmonic structures, than as an integral and prominent part of the edifice.

The rondo, the principal movement, is full of interest. It has one or two reminiscences, and one or two somewhat naked portions; but as a whole, we consider it entitled to great praise. The simple motive is worked up into a variety of attractive ideas, in good keeping and connection; and some of the modulations are bold, without being extravagant; indeed they are of a very superior order, such as pp. 5, 7, and 8.

This may suffice—indeed it must. We are compelled to lay down our pen, for while humming in our author's ear Mr. D.'s modulations in D major, there is a concerto grand in Bb major of two pianofortes and a horn, just over the way in the street, a piano-forte and flute right under our feet are pursuing through Payne's fourth to the fourteenth; and the young lady next door is dreaming, through the thicken wall, at three practices manually in the same

key, but on an instrument about a quarter of a tone lower. Our situation has for this quarter of an hour been one of actual torture, quite that of Hogarth's Enraged Musician. What critic can stand such a compound of discordance? This evil has more than once assailed us in a less degree; but the meloniania gains ground every day, and we expect soon to be obliged to review either with cotton in both ears, or after all the people are gone to bed.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We have to congratulate the musical world on the foundation of an Institution with the above title, under the patronage of his Majesty and some of the most distinguished of the nobility, designed to promote the science of music, and afford facilities for attaining perfection in it, by assisting with general instruction the natives of this country; and thus enabling those who pursue this branch of the fine arts, to enter into competition with, and rival the natives of other countries, and to provide for themselves the means of an honourable and comfortable livelihood. The plan has been made public: its most prominent features are as follows:

This Institution is intended to open on the 1st January next. The number of students proposed to be admitted for the present is forty of each sex, between the ages of ten and fifteen years. They must have received such previous instruction as to be able to read and write with tolerable proficiency, and shew some decided aptitude or disposition for music, to be ascertained by the professors and masters in council. Each student to pay on admission fifteen guineas, and afterwards ten guineas per annum, so long as he or she shall remain in the Academy: children of musical professors to be admitted at a subscription of ten guineas, and afterwards a yearly payment of eight. The students will be required to attend strictly to their religious and moral duties, and will receive lessons in the English and Italian languages, and in writing and arithmetic. It is proposed to admit into the Academy extra-students, to be recommended by subscribers, who will be required to pay twenty guineas per annum to the funds of the society, unless they be the children of professors in music, when their annual payments shall be fifteen guineas. These extra-students will be admitted without ballot, and will be allowed to board in the Academy upon payment of eighteen guineas per annum in addition to the annual contribution. No student is to remain in the Academy beyond the age of eighteen. Subscribers of the *first* class, contributing one hundred guineas or upwards in one payment, or fifty guineas and an annual subscription of five guineas, are to be governors, and may introduce two persons to all the concerts, trials, or rehearsals, which shall take place in the Institution, and to the public examinations of the students. They will also have the recommendation and election of students, and have three votes for each student at each election. Subscribers of the *second* class, contributing fifty-five guineas in one payment, or ten guineas and an annual sub-

scription of five guineas, will be entitled to the same privileges as those of the first class, excepting that they will have but two votes at elections, and may introduce one person to the concerts, &c. The subscribers of the *third* class, paying thirty-five guineas at once, or five guineas and an annual subscription of three guineas, will have one vote at elections, and admission for themselves to the concerts, &c.; and those of the *fourth* class, contributing twelve guineas in one payment, or an annual subscription under three and not less than one guinea, will be entitled to an admission to the public examinations of the pupils. The admission of the students will be by ballot: but it is provided that in case persons of very conspicuous musical talents should apply for education, without having the means of defraying the charges incident thereto, the sub-committee shall have the power to order them to be admitted and educated free of expense.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

The copies by students from the Roman, Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools, last exhibited in the British Institution, evinced in general the most praiseworthy proficiency. It was also gratifying to find that they attracted more than usual attention; and for the day or two last month, when they were exhibited, the British Gallery was thronged by the most distinguished patrons of art.

The permission to copy from the old masters, so liberally and judiciously afforded at the Institution, has considerably advanced the cultivation of the fine arts, and relieved a deficiency for which our Royal Academy was long remarkable. The opportunity thus periodically afforded to young artists of copying from the standard works of the old masters, cannot fail to be productive of the best effects upon the arts and manufactures of the country; and we look forward with confidence to the ultimate establishment of an English school of painting, fit to take its place among those national collections which remain to attest the fame of illustrious continental artists.

The collection of original pictures, from which the copies lately exhibited were taken, was certainly beautiful: nevertheless, we could not but observe, that it did not contain many of precisely that class of works which is best calculated to elevate the study of the arts. Perhaps it is that the Directors have already in their successive Exhibitions nearly exhausted the parent stock, and presented to the public eye the great *chef-d'œuvres* which have found their way into the private collections of Great Britain. The stores of art, like those of natural history, may have become exhausted amongst us: the pictures which we have seen, have naturally infused a taste, and excited a desire, both among students and the public, and in the language of the poet,

As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on,

we are eager to enjoy a gratification, without reflecting at the same time that the means of administering to it are bounded, and the sources from which it is supplied becoming daily less fertile. Without at all meaning to derogate from the merit of the Dutch and Flemish schools of painting, or to insinuate that they do not furnish useful and abundant materials to the copyist, we may still be permitted to say, that, compared with the Roman and Italian schools, they only present examples of mechanical improvement: they are more calculated, to use the words of an elegant critic, to multiply production, than to exalt talent; to produce pictures, rather than painting; to remove the art from the science, to foster a frivolous facility of manner, in the place of the steady and philosophical train of study which the genius of England seems to demand in all pursuits. Notwithstanding the predominance of the Dutch pictures in the late Exhibition, and the consequent accumulation of copies from them by the students, and with no small share of seeming encouragement also, we were rejoiced to find some prouder spirits among our young artists soaring into the higher regions of their profession, and studying, from the few Roman, Florentine, and Bolognian pictures which the previous Exhibition afforded, the great historical examples which they have handed down for the fame and glory of art.

We have not space nor time to give more than a general view of the copies lately executed in the British Gallery; nor indeed are the means of entering into details afforded: the Exhibition being private, there is no catalogue; and perhaps it will be said, there ought to be no criticism.

It is due to modest and unassuming merit, as much as to the grace and courtesy of manners, to give precedence to the ladies' copies. The miniature copies are beautiful. Miss Sharpe's, from Titian's *Holy Family, a Virgin and Child*, and the *St. Matthew* of Carlo Dolci, are exceedingly well executed. Miss Ross's *Head* from Dominichino, Miss Kendrick's *Misers*, and Mrs. Pearson's *Child* from Vandyke, are really beautiful; and we regret that we have not the opportunity of entering more fully into their respective merits, and enumerating in detail the copies taken by these and other ladies, whose talents are so well calculated to advance the reputation of British art.

Mr. Hofland's copy from Poussin is extremely clever, and like the original, except in the shadows, which want transparency. Mr. Reinagle's *Female listening*, from Maes, and Mr. Leahy's copy from Metzu, are excellent. Mr. Ross's Correggio, and *Child* from Titian, are faithful and excellent copies.—Messrs. Green, Noble, and others displayed great proficiency in copying from Correggio. Mr. Drummond's copies from Titian and Teniers are in many parts good, but in others so chalky, as to evince in the imitation little of the transparency and richness of the originals. Mr. Wilson's copy of Vandervelde's *Brisk Gale* is excellent. There are also good copies from the same

artist—*Storm coming on*, executed with considerable merit by Messrs. Reinagle and Child. There is a good copy from Tintoret by Mr. Simpson; and some well executed, from De Hooge, by Messrs. Child, Emerson, and Nesbet. We were also pleased with some good copies from Cuyp, and with several other studies by students, whose names it was difficult to collect in the crowded state of the rooms on the day of private view.

With the consent of the students, or of such of them as desired it, a small catalogue might easily be prepared, which would direct the eye of the spectator, and enable him to do justice to the merits of particular works.

HIGHGATE ARCHWAY.

This interesting work, some particulars of which are contained in the last Number of the *Repository*, was begun in 1811; and at the time when the tunnelling under the Hornsey road proceeded, and was rapidly advancing towards completion, it fell in, in the early part of 1812; but fortunately without injury to the workmen, who at the time were absent. The form of the tunnel section was a parabola, its width being 24 feet, having a footpath on each side, raised above the level of the carriage-way: its proposed length was 330 yards, and its substance 22 inches thick, and executed in brick.

After this failure, the works were undertaken by Mr. Nash; and under the superintendence of Mr. Morgan, it was completed in twelve months, being opened to the public in August 1813, by the chairman, Mr. Edward Smith, and a committee of the directors.

The open cutting is about one mile and a half in length, 60 feet in depth at the highest part, and is supposed to be the greatest road-excavation in the country; the cost of which amounted to 100,000*l*.

During the progress of the works, several extraordinary fossils and organic remains were found at various depths, many of which were preserved by a scientific gentleman residing at Highgate, who has ably described them in Sir Richard Phillips's *Monthly Magazine*.

FASHIONS.

LONDON FASHIONS.

PLATE 34.—CARRIAGE MORNING DRESS.

High dress of mulberry-coloured velvet, fastened behind. The collar is unornamented and projecting, and admits a full lace ruff. The long sleeve nearly fits the arm, and is finished with a pyramidal ornament of leaves, composed of velvet, edged with a double cord of *gros de Naples*: the base of the pyramid extends round the bottom of the sleeve, and confines it at the wrist. The epaulette consists of squares of velvet, edged with two





rows of *gros de Naples* cord, and fastened at each point with knots of cord: across the bust, the pyramidal ornament is arranged longitudinally. Broad band of velvet, edged with cord round the waist, and fastened behind with an elegant cut steel buckle. At the bottom of the skirt are three rows of chinchilla fur, equidistant, which harmonizes beautifully with the rich colour of the velvet. Long tippet and muff of chinchilla. Velvet bonnet, to correspond: the front of the edge is trimmed, within and without, with fluted velvet, and interspersed with wolves' teeth or velvet points, edged with two rows of *gros de Naples* cord: the crown is low, and a folded *fichu* crosses it in part, and ties under the chin: a plume of white ostrich feathers, fastened by a cluster of velvet points, surrounding a steel star, is placed on the right side of the bonnet, and falls gracefully towards the front. Bonnet-cap of blond, with full border. Boots the same colour as the pelisse. Gloves citron colour.

PLATE 35.—EVENING DRESS.

Dress of plain net over a gold-coloured satin slip, lined throughout; the hem and two tucks wadded. The body of the dress is rather high, cut round, and edged with white satin: its fulness is horizontal, and regulated with perpendicular rouleaus of white satin, equidistant at the top, but approaching towards their termination at the waist, which is rather long, and confined by a white satin band, fastened behind with an elegant pearl clasp in the centre of a satin bow. Very full coque sleeve of net, with satin rouleaus from the shoulder, set in a band round the arm. At the bottom of the skirt is a triple row of white satin rouleaus, which are continued to a point nearly half a yard up the right side of the dress, and gradually descend behind, till they unite with those at the bottom. The head-dress is a garland of lance leaves, interspersed with velvet convolvuli, the hair in light curls, and a little powdered in front. Necklace, earrings, and bracelets, of pearl and topaz. Long white kid gloves. White satin shoes, with gold trimming. Silk kerchief, or *élégantine*.

The chaste simplicity of these dresses displays the correct taste of Miss Pinspoint, who supplied both in the present Number.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Promenade dress affords us this month but little room for remark: pelisses still continue the favourite envelope, but they are always worn either with a shawl or a fur tippet: the latter are in general of a very large size; and if the trimming of the pelisse be of fur, the tippet corresponds. Velvet begins to be in great request, both for carriage and promenade pelisses. One of the most novel that we have seen among the latter, is composed of puce-coloured velvet, wadded, and lined with sarsnet to correspond: the waist is of the usual length, and the body tight to the shape: the skirt is full, and a good deal gored: the trimming is an intermixture of fancy velvet and *gros de Naples* to correspond with the pelisse: the latter is disposed in waves laid on in folds, which are

ornamented at each point by a velvet star. This trimming goes all round; it forms the collar, which is unusually high, and rounded behind. The long sleeve is finished to correspond, but the trimming is much narrower. The epaulette is very full: it is composed of three folds, each terminated by a star, to correspond with the trimming. The pelisse closes in front, but fastens on the inside. We consider it one of the most elegant walking dresses that we have lately seen, and extremely appropriate to the season.

Angola shawls are still more in favour than they were last month: they are of a very large size, and are not worn over pelisses, but with silk, poplin, or Merino gowns. It is only the beautiful silky kind of Angola shawl that is in favour.

Brown beaver bonnets are coming a good deal into fashion. We think the brims of these bonnets are rather larger than those of other materials: a wrought silk band, to correspond in colour, goes round the bottom of the crown; and a very full plume of feathers, which also correspond, is placed to the left side. Black bonnets are, however, more generally in favour than any other kind for plain walking dress. The materials continue the same as last month.

Levantine, poplin, and Merino have now entirely displaced muslin in morning dress. We have certainly brought the last article to a high degree of perfection; there is in fact no sort of comparison between it and the boasted Merino of France. The morning dress which we are about to describe, is composed of this material: it is of a dark chesnut colour, made up to the throat, and to fasten behind: the *corsage* is ornamented on each side of the bust with a kind of cord composed of curled *pluche de soie:* it is laid on in the figure of an S, and continued at short distances to the bottom of the waist; a small frog is attached to each end of the latter: plain back, with a high collar edged with *pluche:* tight long sleeve, also edged to correspond: full epaulette, confined by bands of *pluche*, cut in the form of the letter S, and interspersed with frogs. The trimming of the bottom of the skirt is similar to the epaulette: it consists of a broad *bouillonné* of Merino, confined by bands of *pluche;* each edge of the *bouillonné* is bordered with a rich silk cord. We should observe that this trimming is very broad, and the dress has altogether a novel and striking appearance.

Caps are greatly in favour, both in morning and half-dress. We see only *cornettes* in the former: they are composed of our own lace, and are made with small ears and full narrow borders: they are ornamented in general with ribbon. *Demi-cornettes* are more in favour in half-dress: they are worn in lace, blond, and *gaze lisse;* but lace appears most in favour. These caps are always ornamented with small bouquets or half-wreaths of flowers: roses, *pensées*, jessamines, mignonette, and various other flowers, are in favour. A full bow of ribbon, to correspond in colour with the flowers, fastens the cap under the chin.

Velvets, both white and coloured, are now fashionable in full

dress, but are not yet so generally worn as white plain and figured satin and *gros de Naples*. Full-dress trimmings are composed in general of satin, with an intermixture of gauze or tulle, disposed in *bouillonné* of various forms, and intersected with flowers. We have seen also some dresses finished at bottom with a blond lace flounce, headed by a satin rouleau, turned *en serpent*, of two colours: this was surmounted by a blond trimming disposed in puffs, formed either by small bouquets of flowers or knots of pearl.

We have seen lately a good many full-dress gowns cut very low on the shoulders and in the centre of the bosom, but rather higher on each breast; these gowns have in general a small tucker *à l'enfant*. Waists have not diminished in length. Sleeves are worn very full, but not quite so short as usual. Sashes and *ceintures* are equally in favour: the latter are always confined by a clasp composed of pearls, rubies, &c.

The colours most in favour are, scarlet, purple, dark brown, lavender, green, rose colour, orange, and gray.

FRENCH FEMALE FASHIONS.

PARIS, Nov. 18.

My dear SOPHIA,

WE have changed our autumnal garb this year with more than usual quickness; in fact, we had hardly exchanged the *barège* scarf for the warmer cachemire, when we added to it the *rédingote*, or enveloped ourselves in pelisses. At present, promenade dress is of three different descriptions: Merino gowns, worn with shawls; *rédingotes*, either of silk or Merino, also worn with shawls or fur tippets; and silk dresses, which are worn indiscriminately over Merino or levantine robes.

The favourite colours for Merino dresses are, lavender, *pouceau*, London smoke, fawn colour, and Egyptian brown. Waists continue the same length; collars are very high, and sleeves tight. Merino gowns are trimmed in three different ways. Some have flounces, edged with ribbon or velvet of a different colour from the gown; they are narrow, are generally five or six in number, and put pretty close together: the top flounce is usually headed with a rich cord or plaited silk band. This kind of trimming, though it has nothing novel in it, is at present I think the most in favour. Velvet bands of different breadths, from three to five in number, are also fashionable. Another sort of trimming is in the form of cocks' combs: there are five rows placed one over the other; they do not form a continued chain of trimming, but are in different compartments, of nearly a quarter of a yard in breadth, with the same space between each compartment: this trimming is pretty deep, as each row of it is more than a nail in breadth; it is edged in general with silk cord. Merino gowns are always worn with shawls, either cachemire, or *cachemire de Lyons*.

Pelisses are in general of silk; they are lined and wadded, and

the hoods are, I think, of the same size as last year: they are trimmed either with fur or velvet; sometimes, instead of trimming, a very narrow edging of the lining appears all round. A few very tonish *élégantes* have revived a fashion which I believe I described to you last year. It is a pelisse of rich silk, lined and trimmed with ermine. Black velvet pelisses, lined with cherry colour, are much in favour; as are black satin, with rose, *ponceau*, or cherry-coloured linings.

Redingotes are made in velvet or silk; there are also a few, but very few, composed of Merino: these last are usually made in a very plain style, and without any other trimming than a narrow cord of *gros de Naples* at the edge. Those made in silk are trimmed with fur or velvet. Some of the dress *redingotes* are very much trimmed, but without any great novelty. Satin *bouillonné*, interspersed with velvet straps, and Brandenbourg [illegible] appear for these dresses, as are also wreaths of leaves of curled silk, *plushe*, bordered with *gros de Naples*.

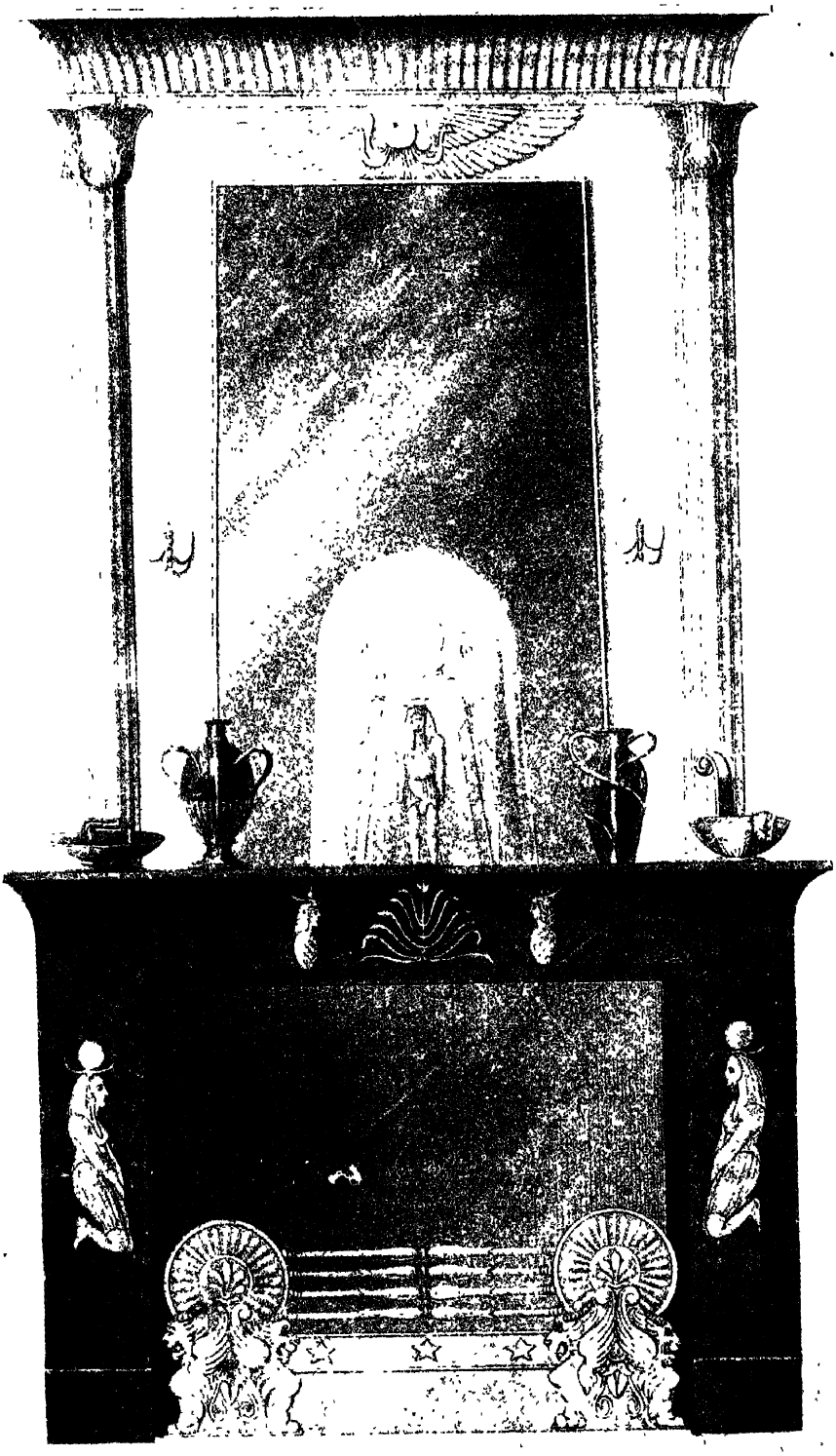
Chapeaux [illegible] are in very great favour. They are made of the new material [illegible] introduced in my last, and also of black velvet and satin. [illegible] nearly the same size, but the crowns are rather higher, and the brims shorter, than last month. The linings of the *chapeaux* are sometimes black, but not always; cherry colour is fashionable, and white is partially worn. The edge of the brim has either a narrow edging of the same material as the bonnet or a rouleau, or sometimes a wreath of shells or cocks' combs in gauze. Blond lace, laid on the edge in draperies, with small satin rosettes placed in each cavity of the drapery, is also adopted. Many hats are trimmed with the material of which they are made, disposed in [illegible]. There are generally three in front of the crown. Others are trimmed with ostrich or marabout feathers, or sometimes with an intermixture of both, formed by a rosette of marabouts being placed at the base of a plume of ostrich feathers.

Black bonnets may be worn with any dress, as may also rose-coloured hats; but if the *chapeau* is not of either of these hues, it must correspond with the dress. Coloured bonnets are usually trimmed with feathers, which are sometimes, but not often, intermixed with knots of satin.

Many of our fair pedestrians appear in half-boots, the lower part of which is composed of black leather, the upper part of gray cloth: they have always very stout soles.

Dinner gowns are now of silk or Merino: the *blouse* is still in favour both for dinner and full dress; but tight-bodied gowns are, upon the whole, as much worn. The trimmings of the latter are generally of the same material, or of velvet; sometimes, however, gauze, or *crepe lisse* mixed with *pluche de soie*, is used.

The hair continues to be worn in thick full curls so as nearly to conceal the forehead: the hind hair begins to be worn rather higher; it is arranged in full bows interspersed with bands. Crape and gauze scarfs, disposed among the



hair, are very fashionable in full dress; they are sometimes interspersed with flowers, and still oftener with ears of silver corn.—Toques and small dress hats are also a good deal in favour in full dress; a good many of them are made in black velvet. Coronets of short plumes of marabouts, placed all round the crown, are very fashionable for dress hats.

Our favourite colours at present are, *pouceau*, purple, London smoke, water of the Nile, cherry colour, [illegible] and rose colour. Adieu, my dear Sophia! Believe me always your EUDOCIA.

FASHIONABLE FURNITURE.

PLATE 36.—AN EGYPTIAN CHIMNEY-FRONT.

THE propriety of designing every piece of furniture so as to correspond with the style of the apartment for which it is destined, has frequently been urged in the course of this publication; and its advantages are now generally admitted, because the public taste is prepared to distinguish the characteristic and leading features of the several styles of art usually adopted in this country, and the eye of taste is offended when articles of furniture are [illegible] together that have not been designed on uniform principles.

In the subject of the annexed plate there are four articles that were not unfrequently placed together, as accident might produce the assemblage; the chimney-piece was bought at the mason's—the grate at the smith's—the frame at the carver's—and the clock, any where so that it was from Paris—all ready-made, all differing in style, and all unlike in composition and execution. Instead of this *melange* of conflicting parts, a uniform whole is now studied, and propriety and suitableness established in its place.

The engraving represents a chimney-piece of [illegible] marble, or verd antique, and decorated in the Egyptian style. The grate is designed to correspond, and the clock and glass frame are also in a similar style of art, exhibiting at once the advantage of designing every article with reference to the whole and to each other.

INTELLIGENCE, LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC, &c.

THE Surrey Institution, after an existence of fourteen years, is about to be dissolved, owing to an error in the original plan of the establishment, which did not provide for an annual payment for its support. Under these circumstances, proposals have been circulated for the formation of a New Surrey Institution, embracing all the objects of the former establishment. To [illegible] this end it will be necessary that [illegible] guineas each, [illegible] and that each shareholder be made responsible for the payment of two guineas per annum. It is proposed that [illegible] shall be invested in public securities, as a pledge for the permanence of the new Institution; and it is calculated that the remainder of the sum raised by

shares will be sufficient for its outfit.

Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. is proceeding assiduously with his *History of Modern Wiltshire*. The Hundred of Mere, which is now ready for publication, may be looked upon as the foundation-stone of a complete history of that interesting county. It contains upwards of 200 folio pages of letter-press, and seventeen plates, some of which have never before been engraved. Among the rest, there is an excellent likeness of the author, by Meyer, and a picturesque view of his gardens at Stourhead, by [illegible].

A new edition of *the Progresses of Queen Elizabeth* is in considerable forwardness. Two volumes are finished at the press, and the third is so far advanced, that the whole may be expected early in May. The volumes are entirely new arranged, and will be accompanied by copper indexes. A separate volume of *the Progresses of King James* is also preparing for the press, by Mr. Nichols.

Fonthill Abbey having excited an extraordinary degree of public attention, has also called into activity the pens and pencils of many writers and artists. Mr. Britton, whose highly embellished publications are well known to most connoisseurs and antiquaries, has announced a splendid volume, to illustrate the interior and exterior of that edifice. The drawings by Mr. Cattermole are distinguished for accuracy and beauty. About eight or ten of them will be engraved, and accompanied with an historical and descriptive account in 4to.

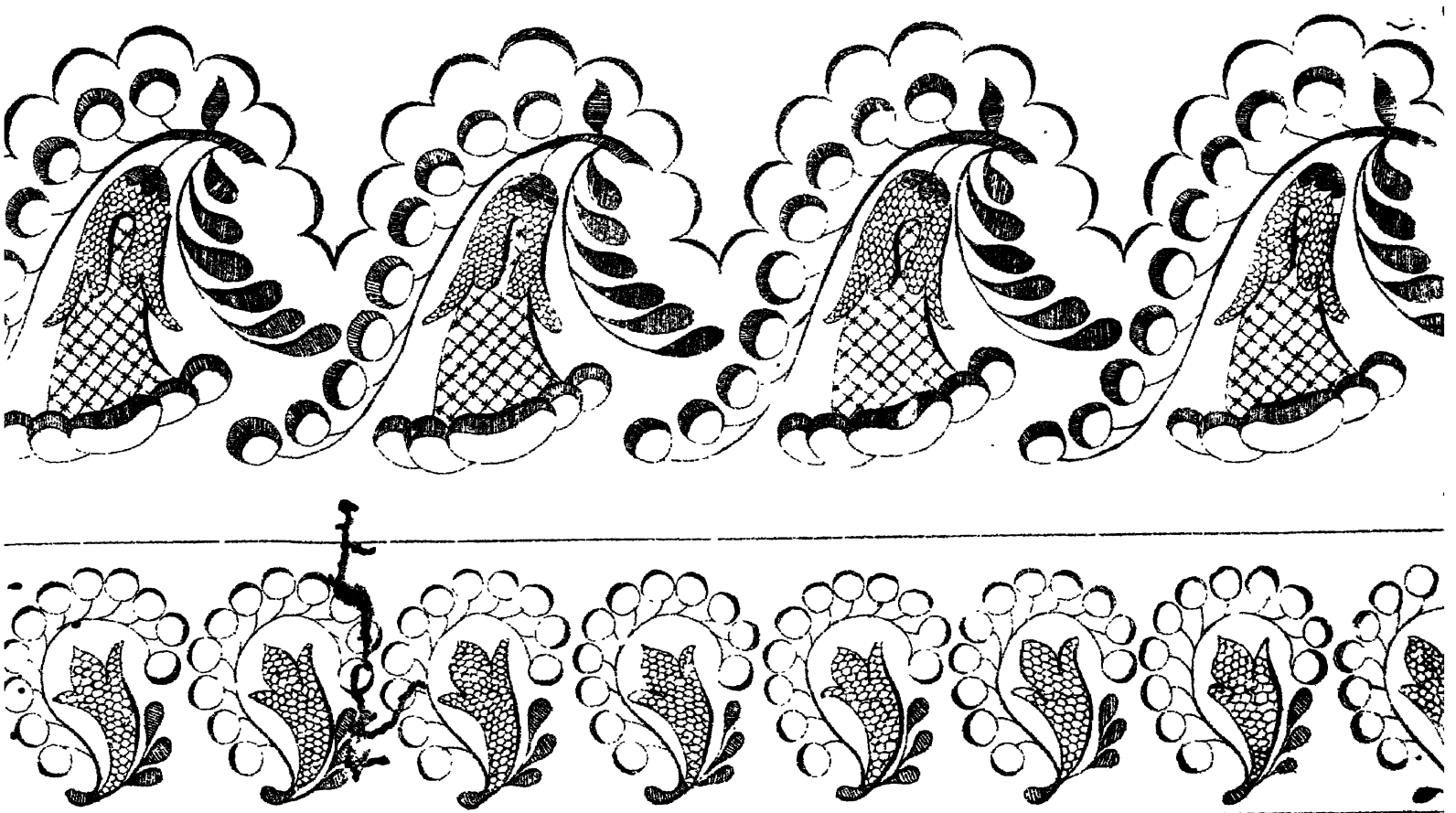
The first number of Mr. Fosbrooke's *Encyclopædia of Antiquities and Elements of Archæology*, will very speedily be published.

We have occasionally noticed some [illegible] Views of the Cathedrals of Mr. Wild's Engravings of French Cathedrals, which exhibit views of that of Amiens. The second, which may shortly be expected, will contain the West Front of the Cathedral of Rheims, the Tower of Chartres, and the Choir of Beauvais. The French antiquaries assert, that to make a perfect cathedral, the west front of Rheims, the nave of Amiens, the choir of Beauvais, and the spires of Chartres should be united. By means of Mr. Wild's views the propriety of this remark may be appreciated.

The Portrait of Mrs. Hannah More, lately painted by H. W. Pickersgill, and which was last season exhibited at the Royal Academy, is in the hands of an eminent [illegible] will be shortly published.

[illegible] announced, some [illegible] of a commodity and [illegible] of conveying [illegible] memorial of his visit to Ireland in [illegible]. The result was a commission to Mr. T. C. Thompson, of Hanover-square, to paint a large picture, who proposes to represent the Queen's embarkation on leaving Dublin, with portraits of his Majesty, the Ministers, Officers of State, [illegible], &c. present.

[illegible] J. A[illegible] by subscription [illegible] engraved by [illegible] nearly completed [illegible] Tower [illegible] its dimensions will be 14 inches by 9½.



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